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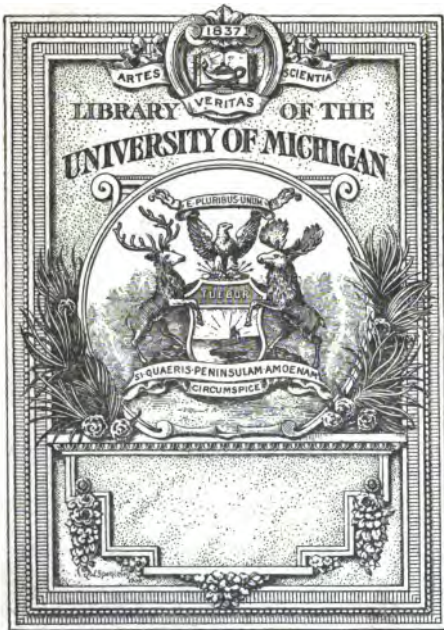
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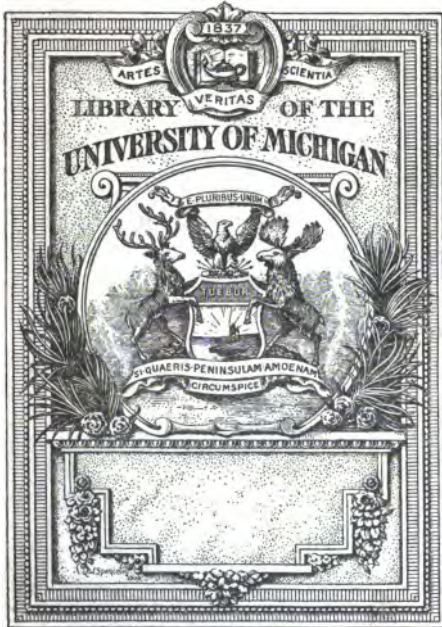
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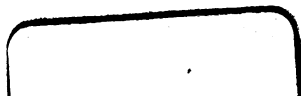
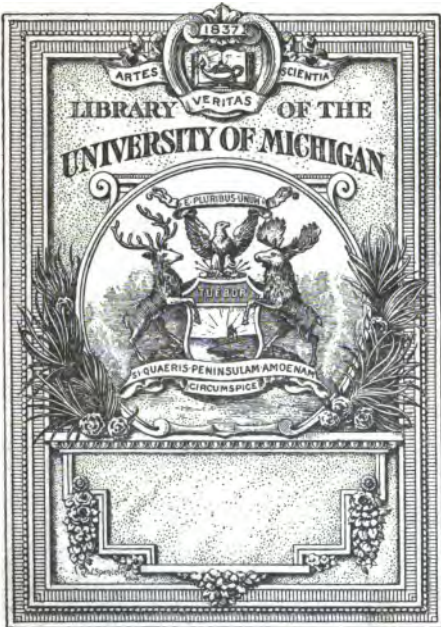
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P O E M S

BY

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E L I Z A C O O K.

My muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

BURNS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Fifth Edition, Illustrated.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

MDCCLL

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. O. CLARKE, 121, FLEET STREET.

DEDICATION.

~~~~~  
TO CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.  
~~~~~

THE early melody my heartstrings bore,
Free and untaught as God's Æolian notes
Of winds in woods, or waves upon the shore,
Was heard by thee long since,—thy soul, which dotes
On high, Eternal Nature, gave to me
Its gentle sympathy, and all unknown
Thy spirit clung to mine, and craved to see
The simple reed that pleased thee with its tone.
Fate brought thee hither from the far-off West;
Thy Genius shone, and Fame can tell the rest!

I gazed with joy upon thy open brow,
And Faith sprung up between us—firm and sound;
We were good, earnest friends at first, and now
Where is the hand by which could be unbound
The mingled threads of Feeling's fairest hues,
That hold us captive in Affection's thrall?
Where is the poison-tongue that could infuse
Into our draught of Peace, Doubt's burning gall?
We speak too meaningly, and mean too well,
For any worldly craft to break the spell.

We have talked on through many a cheerful day,
 As Reason's mood or Fancy's impulse led ;
 Time oft has flown so deftly on our way,
 That ere the South seemed light the West was red.
 And if my later song bear harvest grain
 Of richer excellence, as some declare,
 Thine be the praise that waits upon the strain,
 And thine the leaf of laurel it may wear ;
 For thou hast brought back all the zeal of youth,
 Broadened my brain and fortified my truth.

I love thee ! and herewith I dedicate
 Unto thy name the children of my mind ;
 My verse is honest if it be not great,
 And thou wilt brook the fruit's unseemly rind.
 My first instinctive lays poured with the hope
 Of soothing breasts that meet too little heed ;
 And add a star unto the horoscope
 Of hearts that in their darkness still can bleed.
 I sing for the chafed " mass," and not for those
 Who, couched on flowers, groan o'er a rumpled rose.

I know thou art an altar where my lyre
 May honourably yield its worship-chant ;
 'Tis only worth like thine that can inspire
 The unbought minstrelsy of this Romaunt.
 I would not flatter monarchs for their thrones,
 Nor serve a golden shrine to win its pelf ;
 My Harp, the proudest thing my spirit owns,
 Lies only at the feet of thy dear self.
 Friend, Woman, Sister ! let it lie there long,
 And mark how Love and Trust shall help its song !

ELIZA COOK.

A

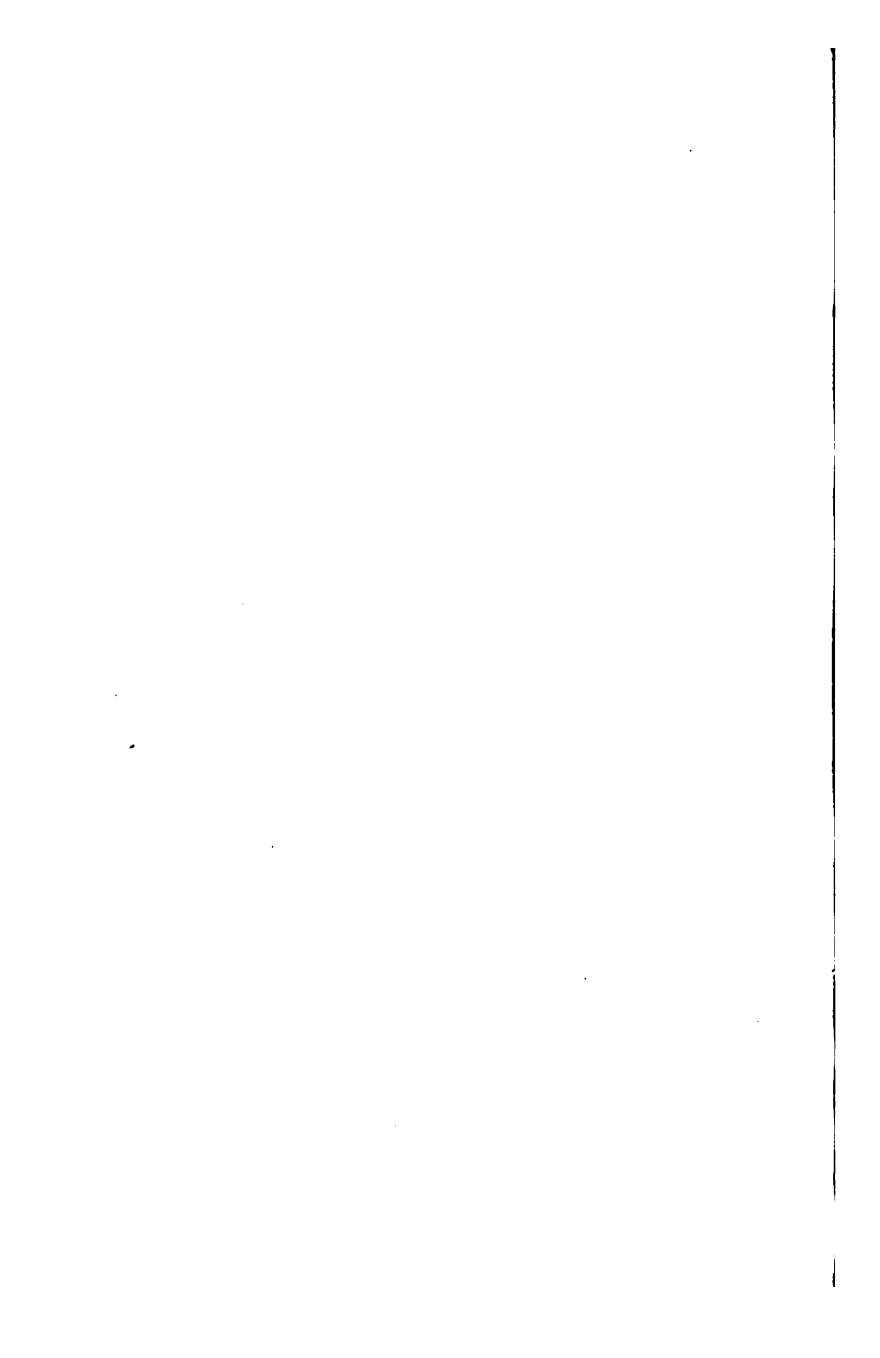
WORD TO THE READER,

WITH THE FIFTH EDITION.



Few writers have more occasion to congratulate themselves on "a people's generous patronage" than myself, and gratefully proud am I of the honour and sympathy enjoyed therein.

It would be tedious to recapitulate an author's feelings with every new edition; so on presenting my Poems in three uniform volumes, I shall only say, that if my last effusions are weighed in the balance of critical justice, and not found less weighty than the first, I shall fully hope to claim a continuance of the inspiring encouragement that only "the people" can bestow.



PREFACE

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.



I MUST confess, "gentle reader," my joy is somewhat great to prove that these "wood-notes wild" have charms enough to create repeated "encores."

I little thought when, in childhood's days, I flung myself under the forest boughs, and "dreamed uncounted hours away," staring at the mossy sod and making rhymes, that the ill-traced pencil-marks would spread from English firesides to American prairies. I little thought other lands would echo my simple strains—that my deep musings would be chanted in the Eastern desert, and become dear to the banished

convict.* I little thought the moments spent in stringing together my ideas as feeling prompted would win me future friends whose name is "Legion,"—but so it is, and I can only say,

"The sun of Favour falleth on a branch
Whose bloom is grateful for the helping rays,
And flingeth back a sweet and kindly odour."

Perhaps it is necessary I should tell those who may not have seen these Poems before, that many of them

* One of my friends who happened in his travels to converse with a wretched-looking felon at a penal settlement in Australia, was much struck by the acute suffering the man betrayed when questioned about his home and relatives. "Let this tell you how I think of them," said the miserable offender; "there, see, I have almost worn it out with reading over and over again,"—and he pulled forth a dirty paper, on which was copied in rude unformed hand, "Our Native Song." His eyelids fell, and his lips compressed, as he unfolded the blurred scrawl, and glanced over the stanzas. He commenced reading them aloud, but when he came to the line,

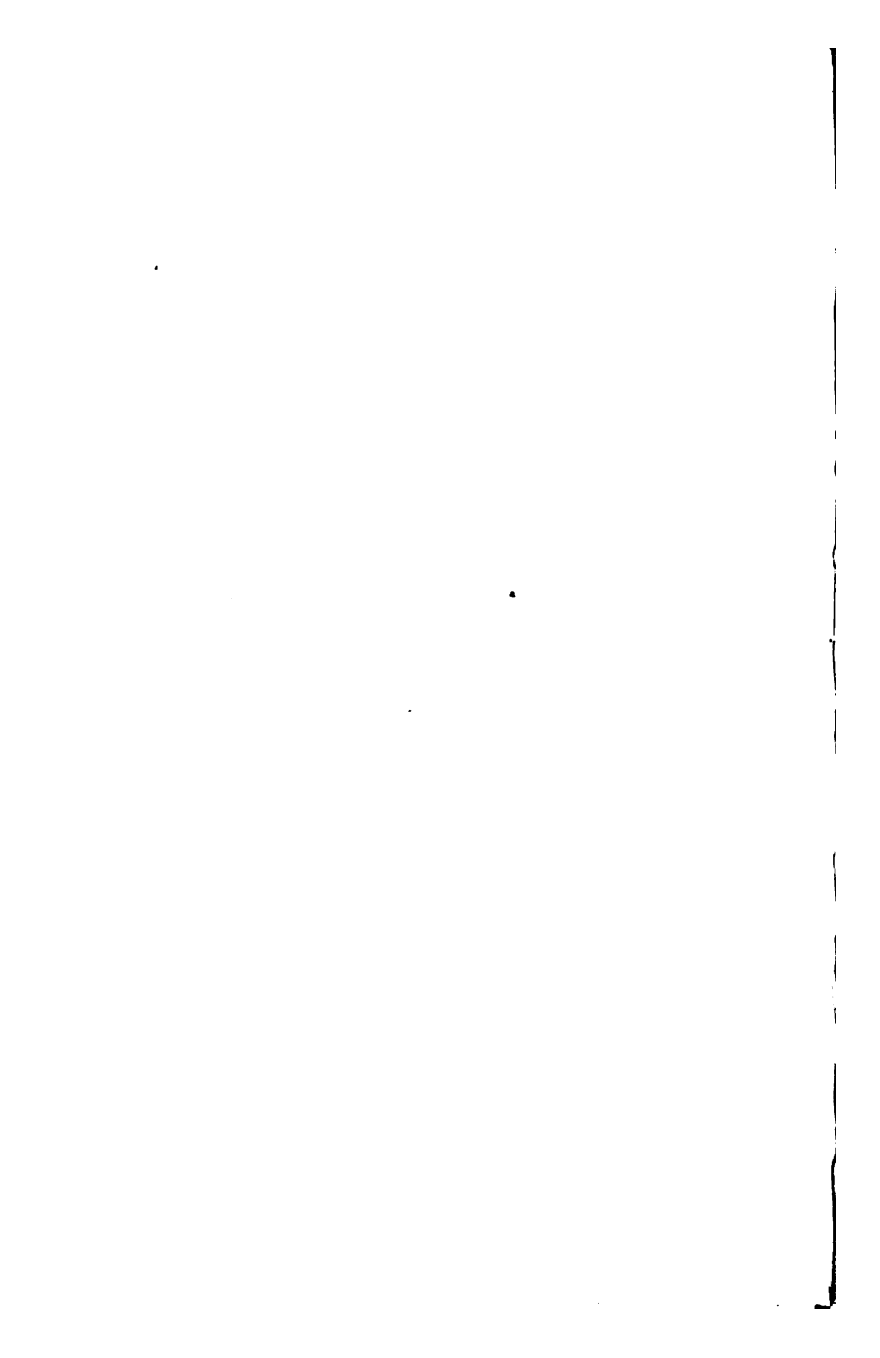
"Some lay his mother taught her boy,"

his voice broke, and he wept like a child.

That man was not "all evil:" deep, holy sympathies of a better nature lurked about his heart. Portions of fine sculpture might yet be seen in the despoiled and shattered temple—the ingot-bar might yet be found amid the fragments of the desolate wreck; the soft wings of the dove might yet be marked fluttering back to the lightning-riven tree, where she had built in the spring time; gleams of God's fair light still poured through the dungeon chinks, and the bold, defying spirit that toiled sulkily in the chain, and endured the galling agony with brute-like hardihood, fell down in trembling submission to the Shadows of the Past that stand around the Shrine of Poetry.

are of very juvenile texture. Some I would fain have expunged, but found they were admired by many, so I let them stand, though I am fully aware they breathe "of too much youth."

Seeing I would rather indite a dozen Poems than one Preface (prefaces are sad illustrations of "first person singular"), my brevity—a constitutional quality—will probably be forgiven. In truth, the laconic advice given by the late eccentric Dr. Abernethy would afford the most ample and honest preface ever written, for a ream of foolscap and a lexicon of language generally yield nothing more than he expressed in three words, "Read my book."



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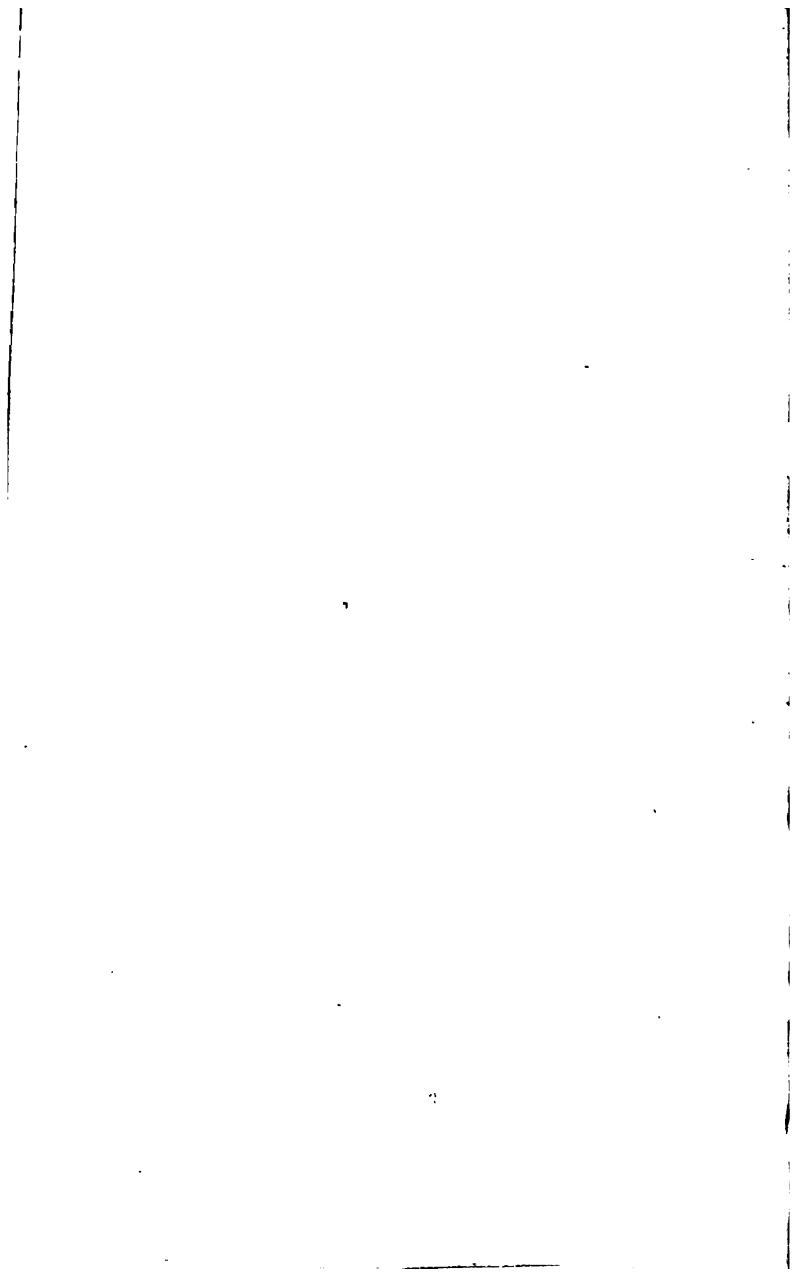
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MELAIA.





J. Macchant del.

H. Adlard, sc.

I fled but soon the deep toned bay

Of blood hound followed on my way

Melana

MELAIA,
AND OTHER POEMS.

MELAIA.

'Twas in the age when Arts and Peace
Revived once more in mighty Greece—
When Fame forsook the camp and blade,
And turned from purple fields to wreaths
Her meeds again for those who bade
The canvas glow, the marble breathe:
'Twas in this age Melonian stood
The highest in his sculpture art;
Known as the great, loved as the good;
With hand but rivalled by his heart,
His was the power to wake the gaze,
Yielding the spirit's speechless praise—
His was the spell that flings control
Over the eye, breast, brain, and soul;
Chaining our senses to the stone,
Till we become
As fixed and dumb
As the cold form we look upon.

Melonian was about to leave
 His idol toil one summer eve,
 When at his door a stranger guest
 Appeared, in venerable guise,
 Whose weight of years had dimm'd his eyes,
 And meekly lowered his "haught crest."
 His garb was of a shape and sort
 That plainly augured little wealth;
 But his frank smile gave good report
 Of rich content and placid health.
 No stern and frowning gloom was seen
 To curl his lip or shade his mien;
 His bending limbs and silvered head,
 Stricken with patriarchal age,
 Gave ample sign that he had read
 Life's volume to its closing page.
 Melonian rose; the stranger bowed:—

"Artist," cried he, "I've come to scan
 Thy blazoned works,—is it allowed?
 Though great, perhaps thou'rt not too proud
 To please an old and curious man.
 The restless wings of Rumour waft
 Fair tidings of thy works and craft!
 Crowds speak of thee with lauding joy.
 I like thy name, and would employ
 Thy hand. Say, Artist, what may be
 The sum that forms thy common fee?"

The Sculptor smiled. "Friend!" he exclaimed,
 "My charge may startle, when 'tis named.
 Excuse me, Stranger, if I say
 I deem 'tis more than thou canst pay.

Two thousand bizantines I ask
For simplest form or briefest task."

"Two thousand! 'tis indeed fair store
Of gold, but *he* deserved much more.
Have what thou wilt, 'tis ne'er too much;
 Double the sum, it shall be thine;
But will thy chisel deign to touch
 A form nor human nor divine?
I see thou hast a goodly band
 Of gods and heroes scattered round;
But I invoke thy master hand
 To carve me but a simple hound."

"A hound! a dog!" Melonian cried:
"How's this, old man, wouldst thou deride
My noble art? I blush with shame.
Say, dost thou mock my skill and fame?
I, first in Greece, think'st thou 'twould suit
Such hand to carve a cur!—a brute?"

"Hold!" said the Guest; "I must not hear
Such light words thrown to one so dear.
Long as I've trod the world, I've found
Naught half so worthy as my hound;
And thou, Melonian, wouldst not spurn
His claims and merit, didst thou learn
The strange and strong, nay, holy tie
That linked so firm and tenderly.
Of all the boons that men possess
To aid, to cheer, instruct, and bless,
The dog—bold, fond, and beauteous beast—
Is far from either last or least.
His love lives on through change of lot;
 His faith will chain him on our grave

To howl and starve ; but thou mayst not
Have proved their love and faith : I have.

“Thy guerdon’s sure : look on this ring,
A precious, though a bauble thing ;
The meanest jewel would suffice
To render safe thy utmost price.
But do my bidding, and the stone
Of richest lustre is thine own ;
Behold and judge.”—The Sculptor gazed
Upon the slender hand upraised,
And saw a finger thin and white,
 Encircled with a hoop of gold,
Embedding diamonds of light,
 Nor loosely worn nor cheaply sold.—
“Speak,” cried the Stranger ; “dost thou choose
 To carve my dog ? decide and tell
Enough : I see thou dost refuse
 The favour craved. Artist, farewell.”

Melonian seized his hand : “Nay, nay,
 Thy parting is not thus with me ;
Thy speech, thy bearing, all betray
 Thou art not what thou seem’st to be ;
There’s more than meets the eye and ear
 In thee. Say who and what thou art !
I’m honest, and thou need’st not fear
 A gossip tongue nor traitor heart.
May I beseech thee to relate
Thy secret pilgrimage and fate ?
You start—ay, ’tis a bold request ;
But you have stirred within my breast
That quick and sudden interest
Which is not easily suppressed.

The warmth you've kindled doth defy
 The rules of gentle courtesy ;
 And prompts, perchance, to ruder word
 And freer tone than should be heard.
 Your pardon, if I give offence ;
 But, trust me, mine's no wily soul—
 This fervour, bursting all control,
 Is not the bearing of pretence."

The Stranger spoke not for awhile
 But strove to check a rising sigh,
 And fixed his calm and searching eye
 Upon the Sculptor's brow. The smile
 Which erst illumed his mouth had fled,
 And with it every trace of red
 From cheek and lips ; a change had spread
 O'er his fair mien, as though some deep
 Keen pangs had woke from Memory's sleep.
 Where is the one who hath not had
 Some anguish trial, long gone by,
 Steal, spectre-like, all dark and sad
 On busy thought, till the full eye
 And aching breast betrayed too well
 The past still held undying spell ?
 Some pensive vision of this kind
 Seemed shadowing the Stranger's mind.

" My fate," said he, " hath been to see
 And bear Mortality's extremes.
 My days have run 'twixt cloud and sun,
 But oh ! with more of shade than beams.
 What I was once has been concealed
 Right cautiously from other ears ;

My tongue has never yet revealed
 The state that marked my earlier years;
 But *thou* shalt hear it. I will trust
 The earnest radiance in thy face:
 'Tis spirit-lit, and I can trace
 The breathing of a soul all just.
 Listen, Melonian; but I claim
 Thy sacred vow that words or name
 Pass not thy lips till death has laid
 This breaking form in peace and shade.
 Say, Sculptor, dost thou yield thine oath?"

"Ay!" cried Melonian; "but the troth
 Of simple promise is, with me,
 As strong a bond as there can be.
 My oath! Ay, take it if thou wilt;
 Yet is that bosom base and cold,
 And little worth, that does not hold
 A broken word as meanest guilt.
 But stay, my friend, here 's rich, rare wine,
 Of years, I ween, outnumbering thine;
 I know its vintage to be good;
 Pour, fill, and drink—'twill warm thy blood;
 Come, pledge me deep, thy cheek is pale;
 First brace thy heart, then tell thy tale."

The cup was drained, and Friendship's power
 Had grown so great in some short hour,
 'Twere difficult for host or guest
 To say which liked the other best.

"Now," cried the Stranger, "hear me tell
 My simple tale; and, mark me well,
 Though my plain style may sound uncouth,
 It yields naught else than bitter truth.

" My long and chequered course began
 Far hence, in sultry Hindostan :
 Perchance I was a monarch's heir ;
 My toys, the sceptre and the crown ;
 Shown like an idol to the stare
 Of a vast nation ; taught to wear
 A princely port, and proudly share
 A power I should one day bear,
 All kingly—all my own.

" I know full well ye cannot see
 A trace of what there once might be ;
 My sand is almost out, and now
 Ye find but furrows on my brow.
 I know no records linger there,
 Save those indorsed by Age and Care ;
 Heaven gives no stamp ; Misfortune's tide
 Brings prince and peasant side by side ;
 And who can tell the monarch when
 He ranks and herds with other men ?

" You smile, as though it were a thing
 Absurd, a jest to rouse your mirth,
 To say my sire might be a king,
 And hold dominion o'er the earth.
 Yet such he was, and such was I.
 Nay, start not !—"Tis but empty sound ;
 Strip off the robes of purple dye,
 Throw all the peacock trappings by,
 And nothing more than Man is found ;
 And often *less*—some scorpion worm
 That crawls and stings in human form ;
 Some upright brute, whose ruthless might,
 In covert of a regal den,

Lays waste all Mercy, Sense, and Right,
 Defies a God, and tramples men.
 But who expects the sapling tree
 To flourish, nursed in Royalty,
 Amid the worst the world can lend
 To choke and tangle, warp and rend,
 'Mid all to blast the goodly shoot,
 And turn fair bloom to bitter fruit.
 The monarch's glance hath little chance
 To scan a page in Nature's book.
 The lessons there are sealed with care ;
 He must not, dare not, cannot look.
 Lulled by the songs that courtiers sing,
 No harsher music suffered near,
 If Truth should whisper, she would ring
 A strange alarum in his ear.
 Could ye but see what I have seen,
 And know as much as I have known,
 You would not wonder there have been
 Such graceless tyrants on a throne.

" I had an empire at my nod,
 And ruled it like a demigod ;
 I was caressed as one divine ;
 Wealth, Might—scarce limited—were mine.
 My word could free the veriest slave,
 Or doom the guiltless to a grave.
 I was a feared and homaged one ;
 Perched on Ambition's utmost height,
 And thought, as other fools have done,
 Ne'er to be lower or less bright.
 But I was taught a mighty change,
 In spirit, feeling, place, and word ;

I've brooked the trials wild and strange,
Which some might question if they heard.

"I've proved how hard it is to cope
With traitors' blows and blasted hope;
I've drunk the cup of dark despair
E'en to the dregs; I've brunted all
Of searing pain and withering care
That Heaven can send to goad and gall;
Yet have I stood the trying test,
And found at last my hour of rest.

"Old age is garrulous, they say
And this choice wine has wrought so well
That my tongue gains a swifter play,
And my lax heartstrings warmly swell.
But come, I'll speed my tale, and pray
None else may have such tale to tell.

"'Twas on the nightfall of a day,
When Slaughter's red and fierce career
Had lasted from the breaking ray,
Leaving, as twilight died away,
Some thousands on one common bier.

"The night came on, the work was done,
The glory ours, the battle won;
My hand was tired of the sword,
And gladly to its sheath restored
The dripping blade; for though my life
Has oft been risked in human strife,
Elate and proud to have my name
Grow dreaded for its soldier fame;

Though I have stumbled o'er the slain,
 'Mid splintered bone and scattered brain ;
 Though I have seen the streaming blood
 Drench the green sod and tinge the flood ;
 Still, when the raging hour had sped,

I sighed to think such things had been ;
 And though I helped to strew the dead,

I sickened at the carnage scene.

My soul was reckless in the crash
 Of ringing shield and striking clash.
 Then I had all the tiger's will,
 And all the lion's strength, to kill ;
 But when I trod the dead-strewn plain,
 With mercy at her post again,
 I felt a shuddering horror lurk,
 To think I'd mingled in such work.

" 'Twas on the night of such a day,

Exhausted and o'erspent,

I flung my heavy mail away,

And hied me to my tent.

There, close beside my couch, I found

A young and almost lifeless hound ;

Some random sword or falling spear

Had deeply gashed his neck and ear :

He panted fast, he freely bled ;

His eyeballs had a glazy beam ;

He moaned with anguish as his head

Fell weltering in his own life-stream.

I asked who owned him—all were mute,—

Not one stood forth to make a claim.

Who brought him there ?—None knew the brute,

Nor how, nor whence, nor when he came.

Poor wretch ! I could not let him lie
 Unheeded, there to bleed and die :
 The girdle from my waist I tore,
 To bind the wound and stanch the gore.

“Twas done ; I marked enough to see
 He was a dog of noble breed,
 A whelp that promised fair to be
 The first in beauty, strength, and speed.
 I liked the beast, and turned to give
 Command that I would have him live.
 It was enough ; he found repose ;
 Secure from further wounds and foes.

“ Full soon he won my right good-will ;
 I liked him well,
 As ye may tell,
 By how he claims my homage still !
 His fleetness held the longest chase ;
 He never knew the second place ;
 The prey once seized, he'd ne'er resign
 His hold for any voice but mine ;
 The bribe was vain, the threat defied,
 I was his lord, and none beside.

“ *He* did not serve me for my throne,
 Yet was he grateful, fond, and brave ;
He loved me for myself alone.
 He was that good and gracious thing,
 That rare appendage to a king,
 A friend that never played the slave.

“ There was one other tie to hold
 My heart ; I never loved but two ;

That other—must the name be told?
 Yes, yes,—it was my queenly bride,
 My worshipped star, my joy, my pride;
 But *she* was false; my *dog* was true!

“ I saw her in a lowly grade,
 Too bright a blossom for the shade;
 I wooed, but with an honest love;
 I spread no snares to catch the dove;
 The bar of rank was trampled down,
 I stooped, and raised her to my crown.

“ Oh! how I doted on her smile,—
 That sunbeam o'er a gulf of guile!
 How I adored her orbs of blue,
 Clear, full, and lustrous in their hue;
 Rich as the deep cerulean light
 Of autumn's melting moonlit night!

“ I've met their tender glance, half hid
 Beneath the thick-fringed falling lid;
 I've seen the pearly drops of grief
 Swim like the dew on violet's leaf;
 I've watched their pleasure-kindled ray
 Flash out like summer lightning's play;
 And thought, had old Prometheus caught
 The gleaming spark from eyes like those,
 He would have found the fire he sought
 On earth—nor made the gods his foes.

“ Her golden hair, with glossy sheen,
 Fell round her temples rich and free,
 With all the graceful beauty seen
 In flowers of the laburnum tree.

Her soft cheeks made the maple fade,
 Such tint, such bloom, was theirs alone :
 The sculptor's art could ne'er impart
 Her stately bearing to the stone.

“ Oh, why does Heaven bequeath such gifts,
 To fascinate all eyes that mark,
 With magnet charm, till something lifts
 The mask, and shows how foully dark
 The dazzling reptile is within
 Beneath its painted harlot skin !
 If it were so, that outward part
 Bore witness of the mind and heart,
 How many a one must shun the light,
 Or show a leper to the sight !

“ I know I carried much of taint
 That gave offence to Heaven and man ;
 But if ye seek a sage or saint,
 Search courts, and find him if ye can.

“ I was corrupt, and did much wrong,
 But never breathed of harm to *her* ;
 Mine was that passion, warm and strong,
 Which keeps its radiance pure and long,
 However else the soul may err.
 I loved her with a zeal intense,
 That thrall'd each colder, wiser sense ;
 I drank the nectar from her lip,
 As bees the honied poison sip ;
 I trusted her, my tongue revealed
 All—much that should have been concealed :
 She laboured not in vain, to wrest
 Some potent secrets from my breast ;

And then she leagued with traitor band ;
 A toil was spread, foul work was planned,
 A rueful deed was to be done,
 And I the victim,—she the one—
 Oh, mercy! have I speech and breath—
 She, she to weave the mesh of death!

“What’s this upon my cheek? a tear!
 Weak drop, what business hast thou here?
 I fondly hoped the shattered string
 Had been by now a tuneless thing;
 But touch it lightly as I will,
 It gives a mournful echo still.
 Oh! when the heart has once been riven,
 The wound will firmly close no more;
 Let Memory’s searching probe be driven,
 It bleeds and quivers freshly sore.

“This must not be;—more wine, I say;
 Your nectar juice shall sweep away
 The phantom pang. Fill up, I’ll drain
 This bowl, and to my tale again.

“She leagued with traitors; ’Twas no dream!
 I’d proof of all the hellish scheme;
 I’d noticed much of late to make
 The drowsiest suspicion wake.
 Strange glances interchanged by those
 I guessed were less of friends than foes;
 And more than once I plainly heard
 A whispered treasonable word.
 But these I brooked, and thought to quell
 All petty brawls that might betide;

Till I beheld the Hecate spell
Was conjured by my trusted bride.

“Chance gave a paper to my sight,
Meant for another eye to meet.
It stated that the coming night
Would render treachery complete.
It told, what fiends would scarce proclaim,
Of treason, murder!—and the same
Bore impress of her seal and name.

“Mute with dismay, I still read on:
And oh! the direst that could be,
I found her very honour gone—
She loved another, and not me.....

“I stood with fire in every vein;
My pulses beat with frenzied stroke;
I breathed with that short heaving strain
Which teaches what it is to choke.
A moment, and there came a chill,
A stagnant, icy chill, as though
The blood recoiled, afraid to fill
A heart made weak with such a blow.

“The jarring chaos could not last;
Such struggling state is quickly past:
Such conflict is too close and strong
For mortal strength to bear with long.
When we have learnt the very worst,
The spirit soon must yield, or burst.

“I was betrayed, ay e'en to life;
Sedition round, and death in view.

And they who see the assassin's knife
 Must aptly think and promptly do.
 My love was wrecked, my faith deceived,—
 The strokes that ever madden most.
 Without these, all had been retrieved ;
 With them, I cared not what was lost.

“ My kingship flitted o'er my brain,
 My pompous sway, my courtier train ;
 I laughed, and rent the ermine vest,
 That only mocked my abject state ;
 I dashed the jewels from my breast,
 And sought my palace gate.

“ I trod all soft and stealthily,
 The path was clear, I meant to fly.
 Ne'er call me coward, till ye bear
 The test by which I then was tried ;
 Remember, had I tarried there,
 The stroke was sure—I'd meanly died.

“ I knew some minions round me then
 Were more of demons than of men :
 Their aim was sure, if life the mark ;
 Once set on blood, they'd keep the track,
 And would not scruple in the dark
 To sheathe their dagger in my back.

“ With fearful haste, I saddled straight
 An Arab courser, newly broke,
 Whose strength and grace were fit to mate
 With those that form Apollo's yoke.
 'Twas no meet moment to restrain
 His mettled zeal. Away he sped,

With tossing mane,
 And flinging rein,
 Upon the way he chose to tread.
 The die was cast—flight, instant flight,
 Alone could lend me hope to live.
 The monarch-born, the gem-bedight,
 The flattered god, the ever right,
 Was now a friendless fugitive.

“ Away ! away ! the clattering hoof
 Re-echoed from the palace roof :
 I fled, unrivalled by the wind,
 Nor threw a single glance behind.
 Crown, sceptre, throne—such dreams were o'er ;
 Melaia was a king no more.

“ I fled ; but soon the deep-toned bay
 Of bloodhound followed on my way ;
 And even now there's a rebound
 Of joyous throb, a glow that steals
 Swift through my frame, to tell I found
 My gallant dog upon my heels !

“ How welcome are the words that tell
 The culprit, doomed to death and pain,
 That he may quit his chains and cell,
 And rove the world all free again !
 How precious is the ray of light
 That breaks upon the blind one's eye,
 Unfolding to his wondering sight
 The glorious scenes of earth and sky !
 But never to despairing ear,
 Or hopeless orb, was aught so dear
 As he to me appeared to be
 In that dark hour of flight and fear.

"I checked my steed, and lost some time,
 To let that dumb retainer climb,
 With whimpering joy, and fondly greet
 The hand he ever sprung to meet.
 I stooped above his glossy head,
 And many a streaming tear I shed,
 Ay, like a child ;—but recollect,
 In perils we must not reject
 The meanest aid. The straw or plank
 Will lure us then to snatch and thank.

"I lingered, but, ere long, my ear
 Had warning of pursuers near.
 My rowels touched my Arab's side,
 Away he leapt, like rushing tide,
 That rolls to fling its sweeping waste
 With furious all-defying haste.

"On, on, we went, I took no heed
 How such a strange career would end.
 I urged my Barb to meteor speed,
 But cared not where that speed might tend.
 He sprung, he flew, as though he knew
 A frenzied wretch was on his back ;
 And kept his pace for goodly space,
 Upon his own free chosen track.
 He bore me on for many an hour,
 With headlong sweep, and bounding power.
 At last he faltered on his path ;
 I goaded, but the goad was vain.
 Where was I? with the sun's full wrath
 Around me on the desert plain.

"What an unthought-of goal I'd won!
 Mercy, what wildering race I'd run!

'Twould soon be o'er, my failing horse
 Was strangely wheeling on his course ;
 His strength was out, his spirit flagged,
 His fire was spent, he faintly lagged ;
 His dripping flanks, and reeking neck,
 Were white with rifts of foaming fleck.
 His laboured breath was quick and short,
 His nostrils heaved with gasping snort ;
 He tottered on,—his will was good,—
 His work had not belied his blood.

“ Another mile, and then he fell :
 His part was o'er, he played it well.
 With snapping girth, and reeling head,
 He groaned and sunk,—my steed was dead !

“ Above me one vast concave spread,
 No dappled clouds, no mellow blue ;
 Hot, darting rays, like torches, shed
 A light of most unearthly hue.

“ Below was one smooth glittering sheet,
 That crisped and cracked beneath my feet ;
 No springing herb, no daisied sod,—
 All barren, joyless, and untrod.
 My dog was fawning at my side,
 Untired with my rapid ride ;
 But I rebuked the sportive bound,
 That scattered choking dust around.

“ My breath was faint, my skin was dry,
 The little moisture in my eye
 Served but to scald ; the striking beams
 Fell on my form like sulphur streams.

What hideous change ! I, who had known
The sickening splendour of a throne,
I, humbled wretch, was craving now
A moment's shadow for my brow !

“ Thus to be left on such a spot,
Appeared the climax of my lot.
Death hovered there in such gaunt shape,
That Hope scarce whispered of escape ;
But I was not in fitting state
To weigh the chances of my fate.

“ I wended on with hasty stride,
’Twi’x’t torrid earth and brazen sky,
Reckless of all that might betide,
To meet the worst, to live or die.

“ But some conjecture, quick and wild,
Flashed sudden o’er me, and beguiled
To flattering hope. I vaguely guessed
That nigh the desert in the west,
A city stood. That thought inspired
And held me on a while untired.

“ I doubted if my wasting strength
Could last the unknown burning length.
It might ; yet, oh ! ’twas fearful risk.
To toil between the blazing disc
Of eastern sun and shining sand,
With lips unmoistened, cheek unfanned.
’Twas frightful ordeal, but yet
Dire evils pass if boldly met.

“ I will not tire thy patient ear
With tedious detail of my woe

But bring my rambling speech to bear
 On that I wish thee most to know.

“ Hour after hour brought on the night,
 With something less of heat and light.
 You may believe I was outworn ;
 And trembling, famished, and forlorn,
 I flung me on the dewless ground,
 And fast and bitter tears I wept,
 Till, pillowed on my faithful hound,
 Like a tired child, I sobbed and slept.

“ Slumber like mine wrought little good :
 I started as the sun uprose,
 And fancied that my boiling blood
 Had gathered torture from repose.
 I felt my temples glow and beat
 With faster pulse and fiercer heat :
 I would have wept again, but now
 My very tears refused to flow.

“ I woke—I lived, to meet, to bear
 With famine, thirst, and blank despair :
 I cast my eager straining eye
 From sky to sand, from sand to sky ;
 No, no relief! my hound and I
 Were all that broke the vacancy.

“ The whirling blast, the breaker’s dash,
 The snapping ropes, the parting crash,
 The sweeping waves that boil and lash,
 The stunning peal, the hissing flash,
 The hasty prayer, the hopeless groan,
 The stripling seaboy’s gurgling tone.

Shrieking amid the flood and foam,
 The names of mother, love, and home;
 The jarring clash that wakes the land,
 When, blade to blade, and hand to hand,
 Unnumbered voices burst and swell,
 In one unceasing war-whoop yell;
 The trump of discord ringing out,
 The clamour strife, the victor shout;—
 Oh! these are noises any ear
 Will dread to meet and quail to hear:
 But let the earth or waters pour
 The loudest din or wildest roar;
 Let Anarchy's broad thunders roll,
 And Tumult do its worst to thrill,
 There is a *silence* to the soul.
 More awful and more startling still.

" To hear our very breath intrude
 Upon the boundless solitude,
 Where mortal tidings never come
 With busy feet or human hum;
 All hushed above, beneath, around—
 No stirring form, no whispered sound;
 This is a loneliness that falls
 Upon the spirit and appals
 More than the mingled rude alarms
 Arising from a world in arms.

" This is a silence bids us shrink,
 As from a precipice's brink;
 But ye will rarely meet it, save
 In the hot desert or cold grave.
 Cut off from life and fellow-men,
 This silence was around me then;

'Twas horrible, but once again
 I dragged along the scorching plain,
 Till the consuming orb of day
 Shot down the close meridian ray.

“ Exhausted nature now had done
 Its utmost 'neath a desert sun,
 And moments of delirium came ;
 A staggering weakness seized my frame ;
 My feet refused their task, when lo !

My gaze met

Many a minaret :

A city rose ; 'twas nigh ; but oh !

The beacon star now shone in vain ;

Though short the space, I ne'er could gain
 That other league. My limbs, my heart,
 All failed ; I felt my sinews start
 With the last shudder of despair ;
 And Hope expired—my grave was there.

“ 'Twas Thirst, 'twas maddening Thirst alone,
 That wrung my spirit's inmost groan.
 Hunger is bitter, but the worst
 Of human pangs, the most accursed
 Of Want's fell scorpions, is Thirst.

“ I looked upon this precious ring,
 That few beside a king could buy ;
 What was its value, would it bring
 A cup of water ? No ! its gleam,
 That flashed back to the brazen beam,
 But taunted with its brilliancy.

“ My strange distempered fancy wrought
 The doom of Tantalus ; for naught

Broke on my frantic, waking dream
 But the deep well and limpid stream;
 Distorted vision conjured near
 All that is cool, fresh, moist, and clear.

I saw the crystal fountain play
 In leaping sheets of snowy spray;
 I heard the undulating wave
 Of the swift river gush and lave;
 I saw the dew on grass and flower;
 I heard the gentle summer shower,
 With its soft pattering bubbles drip;
 I heard the dashing waterfall—
 Oh! it was cruel mockery all.

I laughed, and then my shrunken lip
 Oozed thickened gore; with upraised hand,
 I sunk upon the shining sand,
 A Maker's mercy to implore.

I fervently invoked a name,
 Which, I confess, with much of shame,
 I'd rarely called upon before.

"'Mid Pleasure, Plenty, and Success,
 Freely we take from Him who lends;
 We boast the blessings we possess,
 Yet scarcely thank the One who sends.
 But let Affliction pour its smart,
 How soon we quail beneath the rod!
 With shattered pride and prostrate heart,
 We seek the long-forgotten God.
 Let Him but smite us, soon we bleed,
 And tremble like a fragile reed;
 Then do we learn, and own, and feel
 The Power that wounds alone can heal.

'Twas thus with me; the desert taught
 Lessons with bitter truth replete.
 They chastened sorely, but they brought
 My spirit to its Maker's feet.

" My glance was for a moment thrown
 Toward the heaven I addressed ;
 But the fierce rays came rushing down
 Upon my brow
 With furnace glow,
 Dense, lurid, red,
 Till my smote head
 Fell faint and stricken on my breast.

" Thus while I knelt, my hound looked up—
 Fate was about to give the last,
 The o'erflowing drop to Misery's cup—
 He started, fled, and bounded fast.

" Oh! what a moment, all the past
 Was blended in that little space.
 He fled me at his utmost pace,
 Like arrow from the string he flew
 Right on—he lessened to my view.
 'Twas o'er; he vanished from my sight ;
 I breathed his name, and groaned outright.
 I was alone ;
 My dog had gone—
 He that I deemed the firmly true—
 In the last hour *he* left me too.

" I saw no more; I snatched my breath
 Like those who meet a drowning death ;
 One cry of hopeless agony
 Escaped my lips, while earth and sky
 Grew dark and reeled before mine eye.

A whirling pang shot through my brain,
 Of mingled madness, fire, and pain.
 'Twas rending, but it was the last.
 Thank God, it came like lightning flame,
 And desolated as it past.

“ No more of this ; I only know
 I felt strange pressure on my brow ;
 The world was not ; I can but tell,
 That, senseless, lone, and blind, I fell.

“ The next that Memory can mark
 Is of a clear and shrill-toned bark.
 Sense tardily came back ; I woke
 Beneath a gentle pawing stroke.
 I gazed with wild and doubting stare—
 My dog ! my noble dog was there—
 It was my Murkim that I saw,
 With blood, wet blood, upon his jaw.
 What sight for eyes like mine to meet !
 I shrieked, I started to my feet.
 Judge of my joy, beside him lay
 A small and lifeless beast of prey.
 I seized it ; I was in no mood
 To play the epicure in food :
 I waited not to think on what
 That prey might be, nor whence 'twas got.
 Had you but seen me clutch and fall,
 Like famished wolf or cannibal,
 Upon that mangled, raw, repast,
 My hands, my teeth, all tearing fast ;
 Had you beheld my dry lips drain
 The current from each reeking vein !

No nectar half so sweet or fresh ;
 Oh, it was rare delicious fare !
 I never quaffed such luscious draught,
 Nor tasted viand like that flesh.
 It soothed my brain, it cooled my eye,
 It quenched the fire upon my brow ;
 It gave me breath, strength, energy ;
 And, looking to the city nigh,
 I felt that I could reach it now.
 Could I do less than kneel and bless
 My Saviour in the wilderness ?
 But what will all of speech avail ?
 The choicest eloquence would fail ;
 The feeling that absorbed my heart
 Was of that deep entrancing kind
 Which doth defy the lips to find
 A fitting language to impart
 Its glowing zeal and passionate start.
 My lips would falter to discuss
 The sense he kindled in my breast ;
 My dog had snatched from death, and thus—
 I leave thee to suppose the rest.

“ Again I took my onward way,
 Once more I tracked the desert ground ;
 Again I knelt to thank, to pray,
 Nor deem me impious if I say
 That next to God I held my hound.

“ I reached the city ; many a year
 Has rolled away,
 Since that long day,
 But yet behold this truant tear
 Proclaims that trying day is set
 Among the few we ne'er forget.

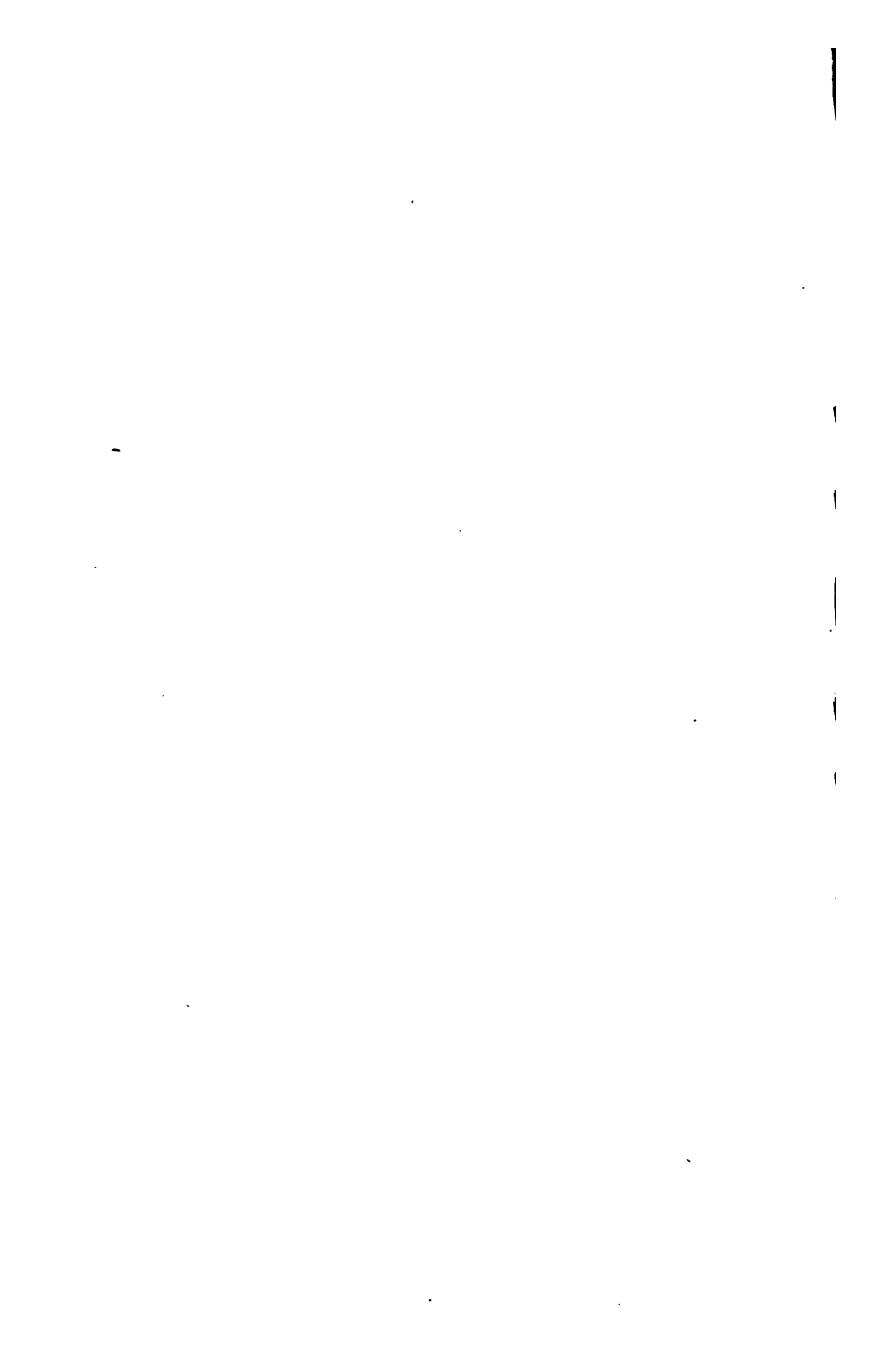
"Methinks I'm getting sad, and see,
 The sun's behind yon orange tree :
 'Tis well my tale holds little more ;
 It wearies and I wish it o'er.
 Some time, perchance, when thou'rt inclined,
 I'll yield thee more of what befell
 The throne and bride I left behind :
 But now I do not care to dwell
 On what to me
 Will ever be
 A most ungrateful theme to tell.

"I walked the world unmarked, unknown;
 Remote from man, but not alone ;
 I kept one friend, the closely bound,
 The dear, the changeless, in my hound.
 He had become my spirit's part,
 And rarely did he leave my side ;
 He shared my board, my couch, my heart,
 Till pressed by time he drooped, and died
 Of sheer old age. Why, Murkim, why
 Did not Melaia too then die !
 I miss thee still, I mourn thee yet.
 But lo ! again my cheek is wet.
 Fool that I am—this will not do—
 Artist, this suits nor me nor you:
 My words have just worn down the sun.
 One question, friend, and I have done.

"I've told thee how he bore and braved
 The darkest chequer in my lot :
 You know his worth ; he served and saved.
 Now, wilt thou carve my Dog, or not ?"

Pillars had mouldered, Ages waned,
 Since this plain tale beguiled an hour ;
 And Time and War had both profaned
 The glory-seat of arts and power ;
 Famed Greece, the beautiful and great,
 Was but a wrecked and fallen state ;
 She was but as a funeral urn,
 Holding the ashes worlds revere,
 O'er which the coldest heart will mourn,
 And strangers hang to shed the tear.
 Each monument was laid in dust,
 By some ungodly savage hand ;
 Her palace gates had gathered rust,
 Her picture scrolls had fed the brand :
 When, 'mid the relics scattered round,
 One of surpassing skill was found ;
 The work was rare,
 The marble fair,
 The form, a bold and couchant Hound.

The old and wise, with judgment stern,
 In curious search were seen to turn
 With careless glance from all the rest,
 And own that image first and best.
 The artist boy was seen to pause,
 Ecstatic in his rapt applause. .
 No idle wanderer passed it by,
 But marked with brighter, closer eye.
 They lingered there to ask and trace
 'The legend such a form might lend ;
 But naught was known save what its base
 Told in the words, " Melaia's Friend."



A ROMAUNT.





J. Merchant, del^t

H. Adlard, sc

And now, at the waterfall, side by side,

Stand the herdsman's son and the Castle's pride.

Tracy de Vere and Hubert Grey

A ROMAUNT.

TRACY DE VORE AND HUBERT GREY.

A TALE.

KNOW ye not the stripling child
That strolls from the castle wall,
To play with the mate he likes the best,
By the mountain waterfall?

With delicate hand, and polished skin,
Like Parian marble fair;
Know ye him not? 'Tis Tracy de Vore,
The Baron's beautiful heir.

'Tis Tracy de Vore, the castle's pride,
The rich, the nobly born,
Pacing along the sun-lit sod
With the step of a playful fawn.

The waving plume in his velvet cap
Is bound with a golden band;
His rich and brodered suit exhales
The breath of Arabia's land.

His light and fragile form is graced
 With a girdle of silvered blue ;
 And of matchless azure the belt would seem,
 Were it not for his eyes' own hue.

Look on those eyes, and thou wilt find
 A sadness in their beam,
 Like the pensive shade that willows cast
 On the sky-reflecting stream.

Soft flowing curls of an auburn shade
 Are falling around his brow ;
 There's a mantling blush that dwells in his cheek,
 Like a rose-leaf thrown on the snow.

There's a halcyon smile spread o'er his face,
 Shedding a calm and radiant grace ;
 There's a sweetness of sound in his talking tones,
 Betraying the gentle spirit he owns.

And scarcely an accent meets his ear
 But the voices of praise and love :
 Caressed and caressing, he lives in the world
 Like a petted and beautiful dove.

He is born to bear the high command
 Of the richest domain in Switzerland ;
 And the vassals pray that fame and health
 May bless the child of rank and wealth !
 Oh ! truly does every lip declare
 What a cherub-like boy is Lord Tracy's heir.

And now on the green and sedgy bank
 Another stripling form is seen :
 His garb is rough, his halloo loud ;
 He is no Baron's heir, I ween.

Know ye him not?—'tis the mountain child,
 Born and reared 'mid the vast and wild ;
 And a brighter being ne'er woke to the day
 Than the herdsman's son, young Hubert Grey.

There's a restless flashing in his eye,
 That lights up every glance ;
 And now he tracks the wheeling bird ;
 And now he scans the distant herd ;
 And now he turns from earth and sky,
 To watch where the waters dance.

A ruddy tinge of glowing bronze
 Upon his face is set ;
 Closely round his temples cling
 Thick locks of shaggy jet.

Mark him well! there's a daring mien
 In Hubert Grey that's rarely seen ;
 And suiting that mien is the life he leads,
 Where the eagle soars, and the chamois feeds.

He loves to climb the steepest crag,
 Or plunge in the rapid stream ;
 He dares to look on the thunder-cloud,
 And laugh at the lightning's gleam.

The snow may drift, the rain may fall,
 But what does Hubert care ?
 As he playfully wrings, with his hardy hand,
 His drenched and dripping hair.

He can tread through the forest, or over the rocks,
 In the darkest and dreariest night,
 With as sure a step, and as gay a song,
 As he can in the noon-day's light.

The precipice, jutting in ether air,
 Has naught of terror for him ;
 He can pace the edge of the loftiest peak
 Without trembling of heart or limb.

He heeds not the blast of the winter storm,
 Howling on o'er the pine-covered steep ;
 In the day he will whistle to mimic its voice,
 In the night it lulls him to sleep.

And now he has brought, from his mountain home
 (With feet and forehead bare),
 A tiny boat and lancewood bow,
 The work of his own young hand, I trow,
 To please the Baron's heir ;
 And now, at the waterfall, side by side,
 Stand the herdsman's son and the castle's pride !

Tracy de Vore hath high-born mates
 Invited to share his play ;
 But none are half so dear to him
 As lowly Hubert Grey.

He hath a spaniel taught to mark,
 And wait his word with a joyous bark;
 He hath a falcon taught to fly
 When he looses its silver chain;
 To range at his bidding round the sky,
 Then seek his hand again.

His ear is used to the softest song;
 To the lute, and gay guitar;
 But the native strain of the herdsman's son
 Is sweeter to him by far.

He hath toys and trinkets, bought with gold;
 And a palfrey in the stall;
 But Hubert's bow and Hubert's boat,—
 Oh, they are worth them all!

And Hubert Grey hath learnt to love
 The smile of Tracy de Vore;
 He delights in leading the timid boy
 Where he never trod before.

He teaches him how to note the hours,
 By where the sunbeams rest;
 He wades for him where the virgin flowers
 Gracefully bend 'neath the cascade's showers,
 To pluck the whitest and best.

He tells him the curious legends of old,
 Known by each mountaineer;
 He tells him the story of ghost and fay;
 Waking his wonder and fear.

Never so joyful is Hubert's shout
 As when his eagle eyes look out,
 And spy afar in the plain below,
 Young Tracy's cap, with its plume of snow.

Never so glad is Tracy de Vore
 As when he can steal away
 From his father's watchful doting care,
 To rove with Hubert Grey.

And now, at the waterfall, side by side,
 Stand the Herdsman's son and the Baron's pride!
 The summer beams are falling there
 On the mountain boy and the noble heir!

Time flies on, a year has sped,
 And summer comes again;
 The sun is shining warm and bright,
 O'er forest, hill, and plain!

But never again will Tracy de Vore
 Stroll from the castle wall,
 To play with the one he loves the best,
 By the mountain waterfall.

There's silence in the mansion now;
 Loud mirth is turned to sighing;
 The Baron weeps, the vassals mourn,
 For the noble heir is dying!

Look on the lip that so sweetly smiled,
 The cheek that was freshly fair ;
 Oh, cruelly sad is the tale they tell !
 Consumption revels there.

With panting breath and wasting frame,
 The languid boy lives on,
 With just enough of life to show
 That life will soon be gone !

Pallid and weak, he is slowly led,
 Like an infant, from his downy bed ;
 He turns his dimmed and sunken eye
 To look once more upon the sky ;
 But, ah ! he cannot bear the rays
 Of a glowing sun to meet his gaze.
 He breathes a sigh, and once again
 Looks out upon the grassy plain ;
 He sees his milk-white palfrey there,
 His own pet steed, so sleek and fair :
 But there's no silken rein to deck
 The beauty of its glossy neck ;
 No saddle-cloth is seen to shine
 Upon its sides—the steed doth lack
 A coaxing hand, and seems to pine,
 To miss the one that graced its back.

Young Tracy stands, his azure eye
 Dwells fondly on the favourite brute ;
 The struggling tear-drop gathers fast,
 But still his lip is mute.

He looks once more in the castle court,
 The scene of many a festive sport;
 He sees his spaniel dull and lone,
 He hears its plaintive whining tone;
 He looks beyond the castle wall,
 Where he used to play by the waterfall;
 He thinks on the days of health and joy,
 When he roved abroad with the mountain boy!
 And the gushing tears start down his cheek,
 His eyelids fall—he cannot speak—
 He turns away—a damask couch
 Receives his fainting form:
 Exhausted, trembling, pale, he sinks
 Like a lily from the storm!

The mother sits beside the couch
 Her arm around him thrown,
 And bitterly she grieves above
 Her beautiful, her own.

He is dying fast—he murmurs forth
 The name of Hubert Grey—
 “Where? where is he I love so well?
 Why comes he not to-day?

“Oh! bring him to me ere I die”—
 Enough—away; away!
 With eager speed, dash man and steed,
 To summon Hubert Grey!

And where is he? the herdsman's son,
 The bold, the bright, the dauntless one!

The dew is off the shadiest spot,
The noon is nigh, why comes he not ?

Long since, the mountain boy was brought
 Within the castle gate ;
For none could soothe the pining heir,
 Like his old and lowly mate.

And, true as sunrise, with the dawn
Hath Hubert bent his steps at morn
Over the crags where torrents roar,
To tarry till night with Tracy de Vore !
But where is he now ? the sun is hot,
The noon is past—why comes he not ?

The vassal Oswald wends his way,
 To Hubert's home he hies ;
To the herdsman's hut that stands alone,
Where cataract streams dash wildly on,
 Where giant mountains rise.

He calls aloud : " Hist, Hubert Grey !
Quick, back with me on the gallant bay ;
 Why have ye kept so long away ?
The darling heir is dying fast ;
This day, this hour, may be his last !—
 Come, haste thee, quick, I say ! "

The door flings back—the herdsman's wife
 Comes forth with wondering look ;
" 'Tis strange ! " she cries, " three hours ago
He started, with his staff and bow,
 And the castle way he took !

"He talked of gathering for the heir
 A bunch of wild flowers, 'sweet and rare—
 He talked of climbing Morna's height,
 Where the large blue-bells grow;
 They overhang—yes, yes—oh Heaven!
 That dark ravine below!

"Hubert! my child! where art thou gone?
 Thy mother calls to thee!"
 No answer!—"To the rock!" she cries—
 "On, Oswald! on, with me!"

Together, up the craggy path,
 Speed Oswald and the herdsman's wife:
 She calls and listens—calls again—
 Her heart with fear is rife.

And Oswald gives the well-known sign;
 He whistles shrill and clear;
 He winds his horn, and blows the blast
 That Hubert loved to hear.

But ah! the whistle and the horn
 Are only echoed back;
 No Hubert comes—and now they reach
 The highest mountain track.

The foot of Oswald presses on
 Right cautiously and slow;
 For few would dare, like Hubert Grey,
 Near Morna's edge to go!

The dark gulf breaks with frightful yawn,
 Terrific to the gaze ;
 A murky horror shades the spot,
 Beneath meridian rays.

But hush!—that sound—a hollow moan—
 Again, a stifled, gurgling groan !
 The mother stands, nor speaks nor moves,
 Transfixed with mute dismay !
 The vassal fears, his footsteps shrink,
 He trembles as he gains the brink ;
 He shudders, looks with straining eyes
 Adown the abyss—“ Oh God !” he cries
 “ ’Tis he—’tis Hubert Grey !”

Yes, yes, ’tis he! the herdsman’s son—
 The bold, the bright, the dauntless one !
 He hath bent him o’er to reach the flowers
 That spring along the dreaded steep ;
 His brain grows dizzy—yet again—
 He snatches, totters, shrieks, in vain—
 He falls ten fathoms deep !

The groan that met his mother’s ear,
 Gave forth his latest breath ;
 The mountain boy is sleeping fast
 The dreamless sleep of death !

Thrown wildly back, his clotted hair
 Leaves his gashed forehead red and bare.
 Look on his cheek—his dauntless brow—
 Oh God, there’s blood upon them now !

His hand is clenched with stiffened clasp,
The wild flowers still within his grasp ;

The vulture, perched upon the crag,
Seems waiting for its prey ;
The vulture that at morning's light,
His halloo scared away.

Stretched like a lion-cub he lies ;
As wild he lived, as lonely dies :
The mountain-born, the free, the brave,
Too soon hath found a mountain-grave.

And many an eye shall weep his fate,
And many a heart shall rue the day ;
For a brighter being ne'er had life
Than the herdsman's son, young Hubert Grey !

And Tracy de Vore, the Baron's heir,
The meek, the cherub-like, the fair,
He is sinking to eternal rest,
Soft pillowed on his mother's breast ;
He knows not that his lowly mate
Hath met so horrible a fate.

No dark convulsion shakes his frame ;
No change comes o'er his face ;
The icy hand hath touched his heart.
But left no scathing trace.

One murmuring sigh escapes his lip ;
 The sweetest toned, the last ;
 Like the faint echo harp-strings give
 Of thrilling music past.

The signet seal of other worlds
 Falls softly on his brow ;
 He seemed but sleeping when it came,
 He seems but sleeping now.

For death steals softly and smilingly
 To close his earthly day ;
 Like the autumn breeze that gently wafts
 The summer leaf away.

The Baron weeps ; his look declares
 All hope, all joy has fled ;
 His soul's adored, his house's pride,
 His only born is dead.

The castle is dark—no sound is heard
 But the wailing of deep despair ;
 The lord and the vassal are mourning aloud
 For the well-loved noble heir !
 Oh, truly does every heart deplore
 The young and beautiful Tracy de Vore !

And sorrow hath found a dwelling-place
 In the herdsman's lowly hut ;
 The door is fast against the sun,
 The casement is closely shut.

Death gave no warning *there*, but struck
 With a fierce and cruel blow ;
 Like the barb that sinks from hand unseen
 In the heart of the bounding roe.

The mother laments, with a maniac's grief ;
 Her sobbing is bitterly loud ;
 Her eye is fixed on her mangled boy,
 As he lies in his winding shroud.

The herdsman's voice hath lost its tone ;
 His brow is shaded o'er ;
 There's a hopeless anguish in his breast,
 That he never felt before.

There's a tear on his cheek when the sun gets up ;
 He sighs at the close of day ;
 His mates would offer the cheering cup,
 But he turns his lip away :
 He mourns for the one that promised well
 To walk his land like another Tell !

The doleful tidings speed swiftly on
 Of the promising spirits for ever gone :
 And the words fall sadly on the ear
 Of every listening mountaineer.

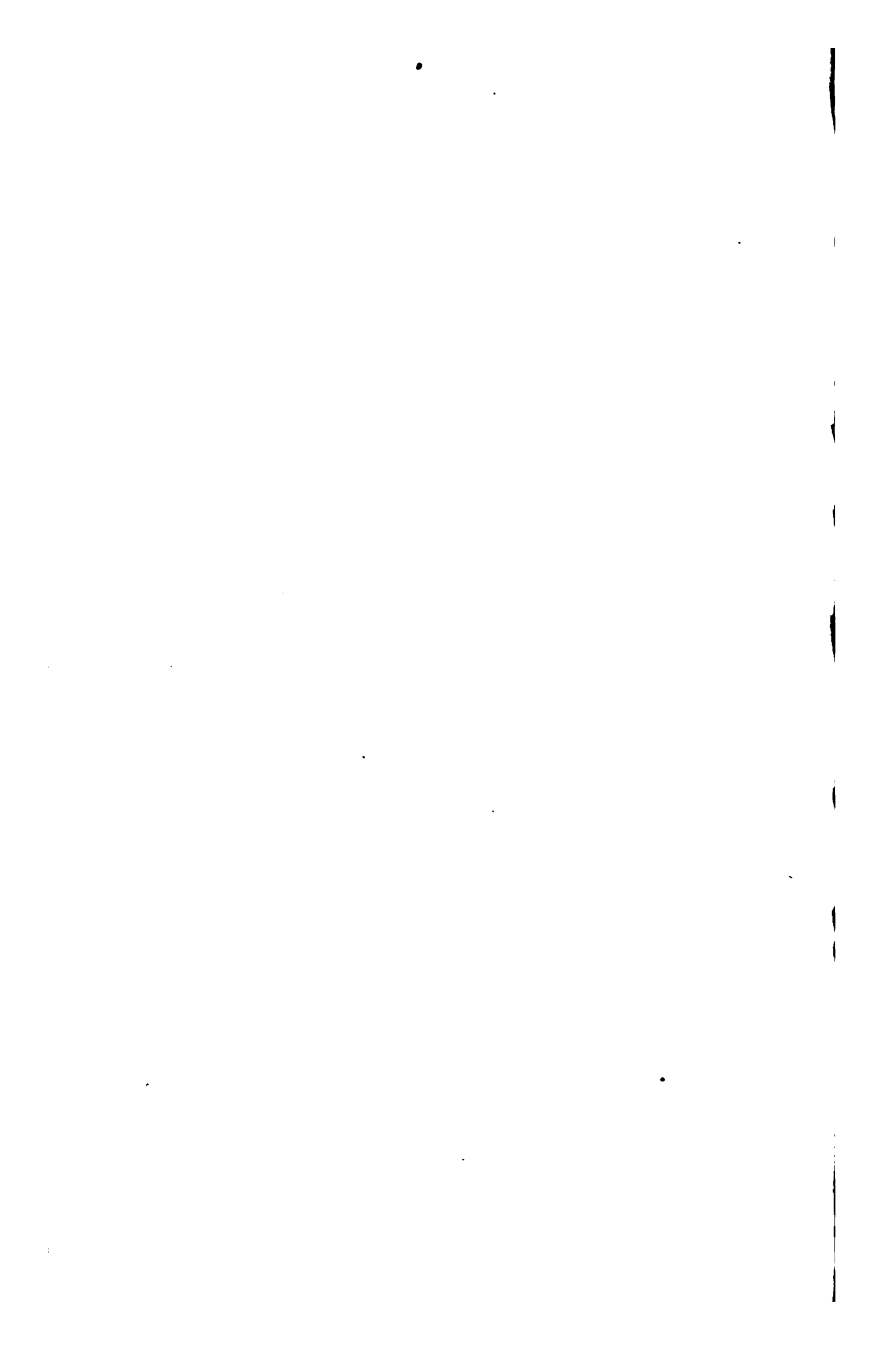
They grieve for their own, their free-born child,
 Nestled and reared 'mid the vast and wild ;
 For there trod not the hills a dearer one
 To the hearts of all than the herdsman's son.

They sigh to look on the turrets below,
And think 'tis the lordly abode of woe ;
They sigh to miss from the waterfall's side
The mountain boy and the Baron's pride !

And many a tongue shall tell the tale,
And many a heart shall rue the day,
When the Hut and Castle lost their hopes
In Tracy de Vore and Hubert Grey !



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were grey;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.

Years rolled on, but the last one sped—
 My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled ;
 I learnt how much the heart can bear,
 When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now
 With quivering breath and throbbing brow :
 'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died ;
 And Memory flows with lava tide.
 Say it is folly and deem me weak,
 While the scalding drops start down my cheek ;
 But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
 My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

SONG OF THE RUSHLIGHT.

Oh, scorn me not as a fameless thing,
 Nor turn with contempt from the song I sing !
 'Tis true, I am not suffered to be
 On the ringing board of wassail glee ;
 My pallid gleam must never fall
 In the gay saloon or lordly hall ;
 But many a tale does the rushlight know
 Of secret sorrow and lonely woe.

I am found in the closely curtained room,
 Where a stillness reigns that breathes of the tomb—
 Where the breaking heart and heavy eye
 Are waiting to see a loved one die—

Where the doting child with noiseless tread
 Steals warily to the mother's bed,
 To mark if the faint and struggling breath
 Is fluttering still in the grasp of death.

The panting has ceased, the cheek is chill,
 And the ear of the child bends closer still.
 It rests on the lips, but listens in vain,
 For those lips have done with life and pain ;—
 I am wildly snatched, and held above
 The precious wreck of hope and love.
 The work is sealed, for my glimmering ray
 Shows a glazing eye and stiffening clay.

I am the light that quivering flits
 In the joyless home where the fond wife sits,
 Waiting the one that flies his hearth,
 For the gambler's dice and drunkard's mirth.
 Long hath she kept her wearying watch,
 Now bitterly weeping, now breathless to catch
 The welcome sound of a footstep near,
 Till she weeps again as it dies on her ear.

Her restless gaze, as the night wears late,
 Is anxiously thrown on the dial plate ;
 And a sob responds to the echoing sound
 That tells the hand hath gone its round :
 She mournfully trims my slender wick,
 As she sees me fading and wasting quick ;
 And many a time has my spark expired,
 And left her still the weeping and tired.

I am the light that dimly shines
 Where the friendless child of genius pines—

Where the godlike mind is trampled down
 By the callous sneer and freezing frown—
 Where Want is playing a demon part,
 And sends its iron to the heart,—
 Where the soul burns on in the bosom that mourns
 Like the incense fire in funeral urns.

I see the hectic fingers fling
 The thoughts intense that flashingly spring,
 And my flickering beam illumines the page
 That may live in the fame of a future age ;
 I see the pale brow droop and mope,
 Till the breast turns sick with blasted hope—
 Till the harsh cold world has done its worst,
 And the goaded spirit has groaned and burst.

I am the light that's doomed to share
 The meanest lot that man can bear ;
 I see the scanty portion spread,
 Where children struggle for scraps of bread—
 Where squalid forms and faces seem
 Like phantoms in a hideous dream—
 Where the soul may look, with startled awe,
 On the work of Poverty's vulture claw.

Many a lesson the bosom learns
 Of hapless grief while the rushlight burns ;
 Many a scene unfolds to me
 That the heart of Mercy would bleed to see :
 Then scorn me not as a fameless thing,
 Nor turn with contempt from the song I sing ;
 But smile as ye will, or scorn as ye may,
 There's naught but truth to be found in my lay.

OH! DEAR TO MEMORY ARE THOSE HOURS.

Oh! dear to memory are those hours
 When every pathway led to flowers ;
 When sticks of peppermint possessed
 A sceptre's power o'er the breast,
 And heaven was round us while we fed
 On rich ambrosial gingerbread.
 I bless the days of infancy,
 When, stealing from my mother's eye,
 Elysian happiness was found
 On that celestial field, the ground ;
 When we were busied, hands and hearts,
 In those important things, dirt tarts.
 Don't smile ; for sapient, full-grown man
 Oft cogitates some mighty plan ;
 And, spell-bound by the bubble dream,
 He labours till he proves the scheme
 About as useful and as wise
 As manufacturing dirt pies :
 There's many a change on Folly's bells
 Quite equals mud and oyster-shells.

Then shone the meteor rays of youth,
 Eclipsing quite the lamp of truth ;
 And precious those bright sunbeams were
 That dried all tears, dispersed all care ;
 That shed a stream of golden joy,
 Without one atom of alloy,
 Oh! ne'er in mercy strive to chase
 Such dazzling phantoms from their place !

However trifling, mean, or wild,
 The deeds may seem of youth or child,
 While they still leave untarnished soul,
 The iron rod of stern control
 Should be but gentle in its sway,
 Nor rend the magic veil away.

I doubt if it be kind or wise
 To quench the light in opening eyes,
 By preaching fallacy and woe
 As all that we can meet below.
 I ne'er respect the ready tongue
 That augurs sorrow to the young;
 That aptly plays a sibyl's part,
 To promise nightshade to the heart.
 Let them exult! their laugh and song
 Are rarely known to last too long.
 Why should we strive with cynic frown
 To knock their fairy castles down?
 We know that much of pain and strife
Must be the common lot of life:
 We know the world is dark and rough,
 But Time betrays that soon enough.

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

There's a magical tie to the land of our home,
 Which the heart cannot break, though the footstep may
 roam:
 Be that land where it may, at the line or the pole,
 It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul.

'Tis loved by the freeman, 'tis loved by the slave,
 'Tis dear to the coward, more dear to the brave!
 Ask of any the spot they like best on the earth,
 And they'll answer with pride, " 'Tis the land of my
 birth!"

Oh, England! thy white cliffs are dearer to me
 Than all the famed coasts of a far foreign sea;
 What emerald can peer, or what sapphire can vie,
 With the grass of thy fields, or thy summer-day sky?
 They tell me of regions where flowers are found,
 Whose perfume and tints spread a paradise round;
 But brighter to me cannot garland the earth
 Than those that spring forth in the land of my birth!

Did I breathe in a clime where the bulbul is heard,
 Where the citron-tree nestles the soft humming bird,
 Oh! I'd covet the notes of thy nightingale still,
 And remember the robin that feeds at my sill.
 Did my soul find a feast in the gay "land of song,"
 In the gondolier's chant, or the carnival's throng,
 Could I ever forget, 'mid their music and mirth,
 The national strain of the land of my birth?

My country, I love thee:—though freely I'd rove
 Through the western savannah, or sweet orange grove;
 Yet warmly my bosom would welcome the gale
 That bore me away with a homeward-bound sail.
 My country, I love thee!—and oh, mayst thou have
 The last throb of my heart, ere 'tis cold in the grave;
 Mayst thou yield me that grave, in thine own daisied earth,
 And my ashes repose in the land of my birth!

THE MOTHER WHO HAS A CHILD AT SEA.

There's an eye that looks on the swelling cloud,
 Folding the moon in a funeral shroud,
 That watches the stars dying one by one,
 Till the whole of heaven's calm light hath gone;
 There's an ear that lists to the hissing surge,
 As the mourner turns to the anthem dirge.
 That eye! that ear! oh, whose can they be,
 But a mother's who hath a child at sea?

There's a cheek that is getting ashy white,
 As the tokens of storm come on with night;
 There's a form that's fixed at the lattice pane
 To mark how the gloom gathers over the main,
 While the yeasty billows lash the shore
 With loftier sweep and hoarser roar.
 That cheek! that form! oh, whose can they be,
 But a mother's who hath a child at sea?

The rushing whistle chills her blood,
 As the north wind hurries to scourge the flood.
 And the icy shiver spreads to her heart,
 As the first red lines of lightning start.
 The ocean boils! All mute she stands,
 With parted lips and tight-clasped hands:
 Oh, marvel not at her fear, for she
 Is a mother who hath a child at sea!

She conjures up the fearful scene
 Of yawning waves, where the ship between,
 With striking keel and splintered mast,
 Is plunging hard and foundering fast.



J. MacLure, del.

H. Adlard, sc.

She sees her boy with lock drench'd hair

Clinging on to the wreck with a cry of despair.

The Mother who hath a Child at Sea



She sees her boy, with lank, drenched hair,
 Clinging on to the wreck with a cry of despair.
 Oh, the vision is maddening! No grief can be
 Like a mother's who hath a child at sea.

She presses her brow—she sinks and kneels,
 Whilst the blast howls on, and the thunder peals:
 She breathes not a word, for her passionate prayer
 Is too fervent and deep for the lips to bear;
 It is poured in the long convulsive sigh,
 In the straining glance of an upturned eye,
 And a holier offering cannot be
 Than the mother's prayer for her child at sea.

Oh! I love the winds when they spurn control,
 For they suit my own bond-hating soul;
 I like to hear them sweeping past,
 Like the eagle's pinions, free and fast;
 But a pang will rise, with sad alloy,
 To soften my spirit and sink my joy,
 When I think how dismal their voices must be
 To a mother who hath a child at sea.

SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

What sound is that? 'Tis Summer's farewell,
 In the breath of the night-wind sighing;
 The chill breeze comes like a sorrowful dirge
 That wails o'er the dead and the dying.
 The sapless leaves are eddying round,
 On the path which they lately shaded;
 The oak of the forest is losing its robe;
 The flowers have fallen and faded.

All that I look on but saddens my heart,
To think that the lovely so soon should depart.

Yet why should I sigh? Other summers will come,
Joys like the past one bringing;
Again will the vine bear its blushing fruit;
Again will the birds be singing;
The forest will put forth its "honours" again;
The rose be as sweet in its breathing;
The woodbine will climb round the lattice pane,
As wild and rich in its wreathing.
The hives will have honey, the bees will hum,
Other flowers will spring, other summers will come!

They will, they will; but ah! who can tell
Whether I may live on till their coming?
This spirit may sleep too soundly then
To wake with the warbling or humming.
This cheek, now pale, may be paler far,
When the summer sun next is glowing;
The cherishing rays may gild with light
The grass on my grave-turf growing:
The earth may be glad, but worms and gloom
May dwell with *me* in the silent tomb!

And few would weep, in the beautiful world,
For the fameless one who had left it;
Few would remember the form cut off,
And mourn the stroke that cleft it;
Many might keep my name on their lip,
Pleased while *that* name degrading;
My follies and sins alone would live,—
A theme for their cold upbraiding.
Oh, what a change in my spirit's dream
May there be ere the summer sun next shall beam!

SAILING SONG.

We have left the still earth for the billows and breeze,
'Neath the brightest of moons on the bluest of seas ;
We have music, hark ! hark ! there's a tone o'er the deep
Like the murmuring breath of a lion asleep.
There's enough of bold dash in the rich foam that laves
Just to whisper the slumber-wrapt might of the waves ;
But yet there's a sweetness about the full swell
Like the sound of the mermaid—the chords of the shell.

We have jewels. Oh ! what is your casket of gems
To the pearls hanging thick on the red coral stems ?
Are there homes of more light than the one where we are,
For it nestles the dolphin and mirrors the star ?
We may creep, we may scud, we may rest, we may fly ;
There's no check to our speed, there's no dust for our eye ;
Oh ! well may our spirits grow wild as the breeze,
'Neath the brightest of moons on the bluest of seas !

SPRING.

Welcome, all hail to thee! welcome, young Spring!
Thy sun-ray is bright on the butterfly's wing.
Beauty shines forth in the blossom-robed trees;
Perfume floats by on the soft southern breeze.

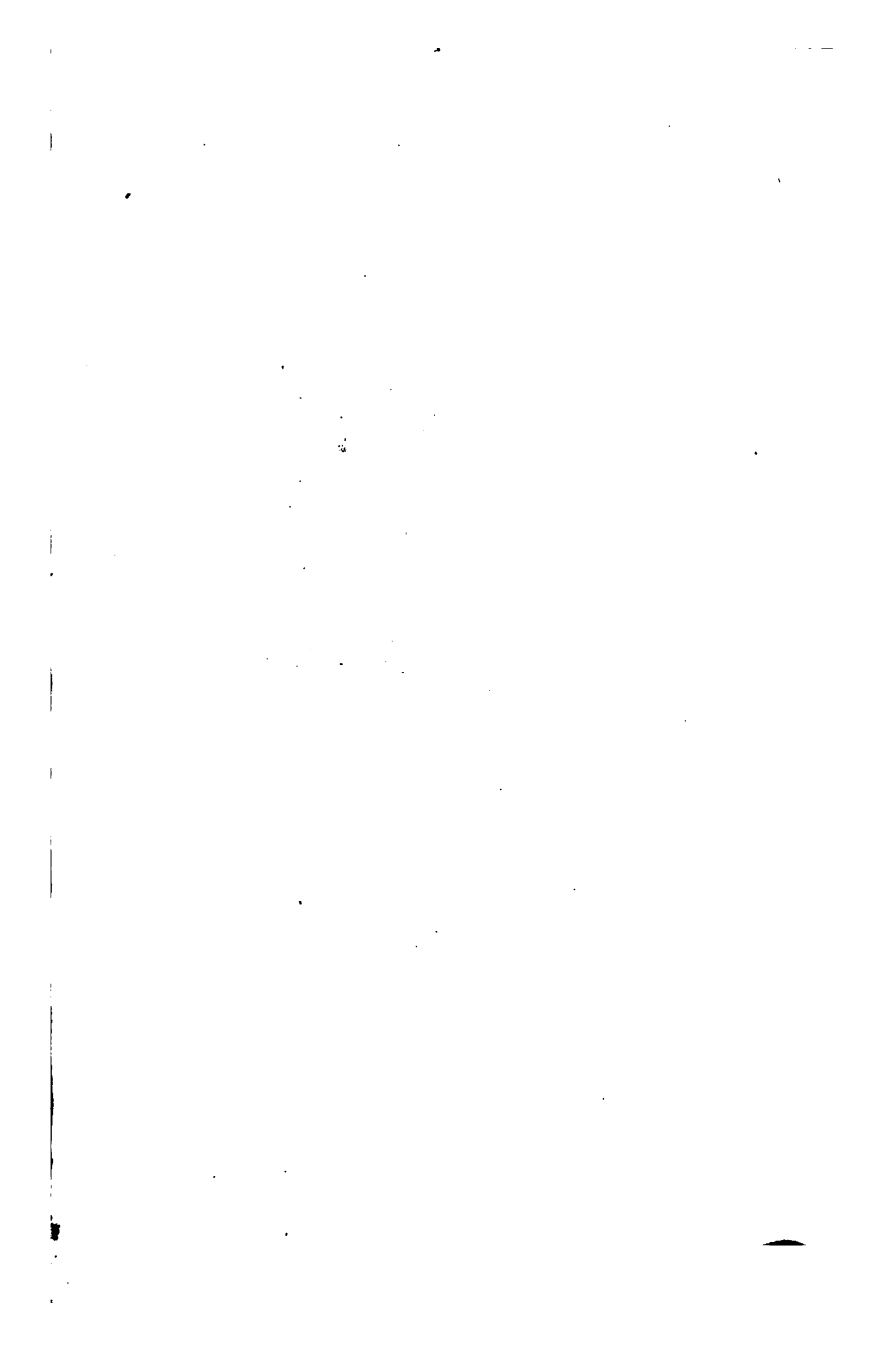
Music, sweet music, sounds over the earth;
One glad choral song greets the primrose's birth;
The lark soars above, with its shrill matin strain;
The shepherd-boy tunes his reed pipe on the plain.

Music, sweet music, cheers meadow and lea;
In the song of the blackbird, the hum of the bee;
The loud happy laughter of children at play
Proclaims how they worship Spring's beautiful day.

The eye of the hale one, with joy in its gleam,
Looks up in the noontide, and steals from the beam;
But the cheek of the pale one is marked with despair,
To feel itself fading when all is so fair.

The hedges, luxuriant with flowers and balm,
Are purple with violets, and shaded with palm;
The zephyr-kissed grass is beginning to wave;
Fresh verdure is decking the garden and grave.

Welcome, all hail to thee, heart-stirring May!
Thou hast won from my wild harp a rapturous lay.
And the last dying murmur that sleeps on the string
Is welcome! All hail to thee, welcome, young Spring!





Michael del.

H. Adlard sc.

Our fire on the turf, and our tent 'neath a tree,

Carousing by moonlight how merry are we

The Gipsy's Tent

THE GIPSY'S TENT.

Our fire on the turf, and our tent 'neath a tree—
 Carousing by moonlight, how merry are we!
 Let the lord boast his castle, the baron his hall,
 But the house of the gipsy is widest of all.
 We may shout o'er our cups, and laugh loud as we will,
 Till echo rings back from wood, welkin, and hill;
 No joys seem to us like the joys that are lent
 To the wanderer's life and the gipsy's tent.

Some crime and much folly may fall to our lot;
 We have sins, but pray where is the one who has not?
 We are rogues, arrant rogues:—yet remember! 'tis rare
 We take but from those who can very well spare.
 You may tell us of deeds justly branded with shame,
 But if great ones heard truth, you could tell them the same;
 And there's many a king would have less to repent
 If his throne were as pure as the gipsy's tent.

Pant ye for beauty?—Oh, where would ye seek
 Such bloom as is found on the tawny one's cheek?
 Our limbs, that go bounding in freedom and health,
 Are worth all your pale faces and coffers of wealth.
 There are none to control us, we rest or we roam;
 Our will is our law, and the world is our home:
 E'en Jove would repine at *his* lot if he spent
 A night of wild glee in the gipsy's tent.

THE MISER.

"To be frugal is wise;" and this lesson of truth
 Should ever be preached in the ears of youth.
 The young must be curbed in their spendthrift haste,
 Lest meagre Want should follow on Waste :
 But to see the hand that is withered and old
 So eagerly clutch at the shining gold—
 Oh! can it be good that man should crave
 The dross of the world—so nigh his grave?

Sad is the lot of those who pine
 In the gloomy depths of the precious mine!
 But they toil not so hard in gaining the ore
 As the miser in guarding the glittering store.
 He counts the coin with a feasting eye,
 And trembles the while if a step come nigh :
 He adds more wealth ; and a fiendish trace
 Of joy comes o'er his shrunken face.

He seeks the bed where he cannot rest,
 Made close beside his idol chest ;
 He wakes with a wildered, haggard stare,
 For he dreams a thief is busy there ;
 He searches around—the bolts are fast,
 And the watchmen of the night go past.
 His coffers are safe ; but there's fear in his brain.
 And the miser cannot sleep again!

He never flings the blessed mite
 To fill the orphan child with delight.
 The dog may howl, the widow may sigh,
 He hears them not—they may starve and die,
 His breast is of ice, no throbbing glow
 Spreads there at the piercing tale of woe ;
 All torpid and cold, he lives alone
 In his heaps, like the toad embedded in stone.

Death comes—but the miser's friendless bier
 Is free from the sobbing mourner's tear ;
 Unloved, unwept, no grateful one
 Will tell of the kindly deeds he'd done.
 Oh! never covet the miser's fame,
 'Tis a cheerless halo that circles his name ;
 And one fond heart that will truly grieve
 Will outweigh all the gold we can leave.

THE FREE.

The wild streams leap with headlong sweep
 In their curbless course o'er the mountain steep ;
 All fresh and strong they foam along,
 Waking the rocks with their cataract song.
 My eye bears a glance like the beam on a lance,
 While I watch the waters dash and dance ;
 I burn with glee, for I love to see
 The path of anything that's free.

The skylark springs with dew on his wings,
 And up in the arch of heaven he sings
 Trill-la, trill-la—oh, sweeter far
 Than the notes that come through a golden bar :
 The joyous bay of a hound at play,
 The caw of a rook on its homeward way :
 Oh! these shall be the music for me,
 For I love the voices of the free.

The deer starts by with his antlers high,
 Proudly tossing his head to the sky ;
 The barb runs the plain unbroke by the rein,
 With steaming nostrils and flying mane ;
 The clouds are stirred by the eaglet bird,
 As the flap of its swooping pinion is heard,
 Oh! these shall be the creatures for me,
 For my soul was formed to love the free.

The mariner brave, in his bark on the wave,
 May laugh at the walls round a kingly slave ;
 And the one whose lot is the desert spot
 Has no dread of an envious foe in his cot.
 The thrall and state at the palace gate
 Are what my spirit has learnt to hate :
 Oh, the hills shall be a home for me,
 For I'd leave a throne for the hut of the free!

OLD DOBBIN.

Here's a song for old Dobbin, whose temper and worth
 Are too rare to be spurned on the score of his birth.
 He's a creature of trust, and what more should we heed?
 'Tis deeds and not blood make the man and the steed.

He was bred in the forest, and turned on the plain,
 Where the thistle-burs clung to his fetlocks and mane.
 All ugly and rough, not a soul could espy
 The spark of good-humour that dwelt in his eye.

The Summer had waned, and the Autumn months rolled
 Into those of stern Winter all dreary and cold;
 But the north wind might whistle, the snow-flake might
 dance—
 The colt of the common was left to his chance.

Half-starved and half-frozen, the hail-storm would pelt,
 Till his shivering limbs told the pangs that he felt;
 But we pitied the brute, and, though laughed at by all,
 We filled him a manger and gave him a stall.

He was fond as a spaniel, and soon he became
 The pride of the herd-boy, the pet of the dame.
 You may judge of his fame, when his price was a crown;
 But we christened him Dobbin, and called him our own.

He grew out of colthood, and, lo! what a change!
 The knowing ones said it was mortally strange;
 For the foal of the forest, the colt of the waste,
 Attracted the notice of jockeys of taste.

The line of his symmetry was not exact;
 But his paces were clever, his mould was compact;
 And his shaggy thick coat now appeared with a gloss,
 Shining out like the gold-that's been purged of its dross.

We broke him for service, and tamely he wore
 Girth and rein, seeming proud of the thralldom he bore;
 Every farm has a steed for all work and all hours,
 And Dobbin, the sturdy bay pony, was ours.

He carried the master to barter his grain,
 And ever returned with him safely again:
 There was merit in that, for deny it who may,
 When the master could *not*, Dobbin *could* find his way.

The dairy-maid ventured her eggs on his back:
 'Twas him, and him only, she'd trust with the pack.
 The team-horses jolted, the roadster played pranks,
 So Dobbin alone had her faith and her thanks.

We fun-loving urchins would group by his side;
 We might fearlessly mount him, and daringly ride;
 We might creep through his legs, we might plait his long
 tail;
 But his temper and patience were ne'er known to fail.

We would brush his bright hide till 'twas free from a speck;
 We kissed his brown muzzle, and hugged his thick neck;
 Oh! we prized him like life, and a heart-breaking sob
 Ever burst when they threatened to sell our dear Dob.

He stood to the collar, and tugged up the hill,
With the pigs to the market, the grist to the mill;
With saddle or halter, in shaft or in trace,
He was stanch to his work, and content with his place.

When the hot sun was crowning the toil of the year,
He was sent to the reapers with ale and good cheer;
And none in the corn-field more welcome was seen
Than Dob and his well-laden panniers, I ween.

Oh! those days of pure bliss shall I ever forget,
When we decked out his head with the azure rosette;
All frantic with joy to be off to the fair,
With Dobbin, good Dobbin, to carry us there?

He was dear to us all, ay, for many long years;
But, mercy! how's this? my eye's filling with tears.
Oh, how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
When Memory plays an old tune on the heart!

There are drops on my cheek, there's a throb in my breast,
But my song shall not cease, nor my pen take its rest,
Till I tell that old Dobbin still lives to be seen,
With his oats in the stable, his tares on the green.

His best years have gone by, and the master who gave
The stern yoke to his youth has enfranchised the slave.
So browse on, my old Dobbin, nor dream of the knife,
For the wealth of a king should not purchase thy life.

SLEEP.

I've mourned the dark long night away
 With bitter tears and vain regret,
 Till, grief-sick, at the break of day
 I've left a pillow cold and wet.

I've risen from a restless bed,
 Sad, trembling, spiritless, and weak,
 With all my brow's young freshness fled,
 With pallid lips and bloodless cheek.

Hard was the task for aching eyes
 So long to wake, so long to weep ;
 But well it taught me how to prize
 That precious, matchless blessing, sleep.

I've counted every chiming hour
 While languishing 'neath ceaseless pain ;
 While fever raged with demon power,
 To drink my breath and scorch my brain.

And oh ! what earnest words were given !
 What wild imploring prayers arose !
 How eagerly I asked of Heaven
 A few brief moments of repose !

Oh ! ye who drown each passing night
 In peaceful slumber, calm and deep,
 Fail not to kneel at morning's light
 And thank your God for health and sleep.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

List to the dreamy tone that dwells
 In rippling wave or sighing tree ;
 Go, hearken to the old church bells,
 The whistling bird, the whirring bee.
 Interpret right, and ye will find
 'Tis "power and glory" they proclaim :
 The chimes, the creatures, waters, wind,
 All publish, "hallowed be Thy name!"

The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds,
 To gain the altar of his sires ;
 The hermit pores above his beads,
 With zeal that never wanes nor tires ;
 But holiest rite or longest prayer
 That soul can yield or wisdom frame,
 What better import can it bear
 Than, "FATHER! hallowed be Thy name!"

The savage kneeling to the sun,
 To give his thanks or ask a boon ;
 The raptures of the idiot one
 Who laughs to see the clear round moon ;
 The saint well taught in Christian lore ;
 The Moslem prostrate at his flame—
 All worship, wonder, and adore ;
 All end in, "hallowed be Thy name!"

Whate'er may be man's faith or creed,
 Those precious words comprise it still;
 We trace them on the bloomy mead,
 We hear them in the flowing rill.
 One chorus hails the Great Supreme;
 Each varied breathing tells the same.
 The strains may differ; but the *theme*
 Is, "FATHER, hallowed be Thy name!"

WINTER.

We know 'tis good that old Winter should come
 Roving awhile from his Lapland home;
 'Tis fitting that we should hear the sound
 Of his reindeer sledge on the slippery ground:

For his wide and glittering cloak of snow
 Protects the seeds of life below;
 Beneath his mantle are nurtured and born
 The roots of the flowers, the germs of the corn.

The whistling tone of his pure strong breath
 Rides purging the vapours of pestilent death.
 I love him, I say, and avow it again,
 For God's wisdom and might show well in his train.

But the naked—the poor! I know they quail
 With crouching limbs from the biting gale;
 They pine and starve by the fireless hearth,
 And weep as they gaze on the frost-bound earth.

Stand nobly forth, ye rich of the land,
 With kindly heart and bounteous hand;
 Remember, 'tis now their season of need,
 And a prayer for help is a call ye must heed.

A few of thy blessings, a tithe of thy gold,
 Will save the young, and cherish the old.
 'Tis a glorious task to work such good—
 Do it, ye great ones!—Ye can, and ye should.

He is not worthy to hold from heaven
 The trust reposed, the talents given,
 Who will not add to the portion that's scant,
 In the pinching hours of cold and want.

Oh! listen in mercy, ye sons of wealth,
 Basking in comfort and glowing with health;
 Give whatever ye can spare, and be ye sure
 He serveth his Maker who aideth the Poor.

THE ENGLISH SHIP BY MOONLIGHT.

The world below hath not for me
 Such a fair and glorious sight
 As an English ship on a rippling sea
 In the clear and full moonlight.

My heart leaps high as I fix my eye
 On her dark and sweeping hull,
 Laying its breast on the billowy nest,
 Like the tired sleeping gull.

The masts spring up, all tall and bold,
 With their heads among the stars ;
 The white sails gleam in the silvery beam
 Brailed up to the branching spars.

The wind just breathing to unroll
 A flag that bears no stain.
 Proud ship ! that need'st no other scroll,
 To warrant thy right on the main.

The sea-boy hanging on the shrouds
 Chants out his fitful song,
 And watches the scud of fleecy clouds
 That melts as it floats along.

Oh ! what is there on the sluggard land
 That I love so well to mark,
 In the hallowed light of the still midnight,
 As I do a dancing bark !

The ivied tower looks well in that hour,
 And so does an old church spire,
 When the gilded vane and Gothic pane
 Seem tinged with quivering fire.

The hills shine out in the mellow ray,
 The love-bower gathers a charm,
 And beautiful is the chequering play
 On the willow's graceful arm.

But the world below holds not for me
 Such a fair and glorious sight
 As a brave ship floating on the sea
 In the full and clear moonlight.

WATER.

Wine, wine, thy power and praise
 Have ever been echoed in minstrel lays ;
 But Water, I deem, hath a mightier claim
 To fill up a niche in the temple of Fame.
 Ye who are bred in Anacreon's school
 May sneer at my strain as the song of a fool :
 Ye are wise, no doubt, but have yet to learn
 How the tongue can cleave and the veins can burn.

Should ye ever be one of a fainting band,
 With your brow to the sun and your feet to the sand,
 I would wager the thing I'm most loath to spare
 That your Bacchanal chorus would never ring there :
 Traverse the desert, and then ye can tell
 What treasures exist in the cold deep well ;
 Sink in despair on the red parched earth,
 And then ye may reckon what Water is worth.

Famine is laying her hand of bone
 On the ship becalmed in a torrid zone ;
 The gnawing of Hunger's worm is past,
 But fiery thirst lives on to the last.
 The stoutest one of the gallant crew
 Hath a cheek and lips of ghastly hue ;
 The hot blood stands in each glassy eye,
 And, " Water, oh God !" is the only cry.

There's drought in the land, and the herbage is dead,
 No ripple is heard in the streamlet's bed ;
 The herd's low bleat and the sick man's pant
 Are mournfully telling the boon we want.
 Let Heaven this one rich gift withhold,
 How soon we find it is better than gold ;
 And water, I say, hath a right to claim
 The minstrel's song and a tithe of fame.

SNOW.

Brave Winter and I shall ever agree,
 Though a stern and frowning gaffer is he.
 I like to hear him, with hail and rain,
 Come tapping against the window pane ;
 I like to see him come marching forth
 Begirt with the icicle gems of the north ;
 But I like him best when he comes bedight
 In his velvet robes of stainless white.

A cheer for the snow—the drifting snow !
 Smoother and purer than Beauty's brow !
 The creature of thought scarce likes to tread
 On the delicate carpet so richly spread.
 With feathery wreaths the forest is bound,
 And the hills are with glittering diadems crowned ;
 'Tis the fairest scene we can have below.
 Sing, welcome, then, to the drifting snow !

The urchins gaze with eloquent eye
 To see the flakes go dancing by.
 In the thick of the storm how happy are they
 To welcome the first deep snowy day;
 Shouting and pelting—what bliss to fall
 Half-smothered beneath the well-aimed ball!
 Men of fourscore, did ye ever know
 Such sport as ye had in the drifting snow?

I'm true to my theme, for I loved it well,
 When the gossiping nurse would sit and tell
 The tale of the geese—though hardly believed—
 I doubted and questioned the words that deceived.
 I rejoice in it still, and love to see
 The ermine mantle on tower and tree.
 'Tis the fairest scene we can have below.
 Hurrah! then, hurrah! for the drifting snow!

THE QUIET EYE.

The orb I like is not the one
 That dazzles with its lightning gleam,
 That dares to look upon the sun
 As though it challenged brighter beam.
 That orb may sparkle, flash, and roll;
 Its fire may blaze, its shaft may fly;
 But not for me: I prize the soul
 That slumbers in a quiet eye.

There's something in its placid shade
 That tells of calm, unworldly thought;
 Hope may be crowned, or joy delayed—
 No dimness steals, no ray is caught:
 Its pensive language seems to say,
 "I know that I must close and die;"
 And death itself, come when it may,
 Can hardly change the quiet eye.

There's meaning in its steady glance,
 Of gentle blame or praising love,
 That makes me tremble to advance
 A word that meaning might reprove.
 The haughty threat, the fiery look,
 My spirit proudly can defy;
 But never yet could meet and brook
 The upbraiding of a quiet eye.

There's firmness in its even light,
 That augurs of a breast sincere:
 And, oh! take watch how ye excite
 That firmness till it yield a tear.
 Some bosoms give an easy sigh,
 Some drops of grief will freely start;
 But that which sears the quiet eye
 Hath its deep fountain in the heart.

THE GALLANT ENGLISH TAR.

There's one whose fearless courage yet has never failed in
 fight,
 Who guards with zeal our country's weal, our freedom, and
 our right;
 But though his strong and ready arm spreads havoc in its
 blow,
 Cry "Quarter!" and that arm will be the first to spare
 its foe.
 He recks not though proud glory's shout may be the knell
 of death,
 The triumph won, without a sigh he yields his parting
 breath.
 He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast! "In peace, my
 boys, or war,
 Here's to the brave, upon the wave, the gallant English
 tar."

Let but the sons of want come nigh, and tell their tale to
 him,
 He'll chide their eyes for weeping, while his own are
 growing dim.
 "Cheer up," he cries, "we all must meet the storm as well
 as calm;"
 Bnt, turning on his heel, Jack slips the guineas in their
 palm.
 He'll hear no long oration, but tell you every man
 Is born to act a brother's part, and do what good he can.
 He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast! "In peace, my
 boys, or war,
 Here's to the brave upon the wave, the gallant English
 tar."

The dark blue jacket that enfolds the sailor's manly breast
 Bears more of real honour than the star and ermine vest.
 The tith of folly in his head may wake the landsman's
 mirth,
 But Nature proudly owns him as her child of sterling
 worth.
 His heart is warm, his hand is true, his word is frank and
 free;
 And though he plays the ass on shore, he's lion of the sea.
 He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast! "In peace, my
 boys, or war,
 Here's to the brave upon the wave, the gallant English
 tar."

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

I never see a young hand hold
 The starry bunch of white and gold,
 But something warm and fresh will start
 About the region of my heart.
 My smile expires into a sigh;
 I feel a struggling in the eye,
 'Twixt humid drop and sparkling ray,
 Till rolling tears have won their way;
 For soul and brain will travel back
 Through memory's chequered mazes,
 To days when I but trod life's track
 For buttercups and daisies.

Tell me, ye men of wisdom rare,
 Of sober speech and silver hair;
 Who carry counsel, wise and sage,
 With all the gravity of age;

Oh! say do ye not like to hear
 The accents ringing in your ear,
 When sportive urchins laugh and shout,
 Tossing those precious flowers about,
 Springing with bold and gleesome bound,
 Proclaiming joy that crazes,
 And chorusing the magic sound
 Of buttercups and daisies?

Are there, I ask, beneath the sky
 Blossoms that knit so strong a tie
 With childhood's love? Can any please
 Or light the infant eye like these?
 No, no; there's not a bud on earth,
 Of richest tint or warmest birth,
 Can ever fling such zeal and zest
 Into the tiny hand and breast.
 Who does not recollect the hours
 When burning words and praises
 Were lavished on those shining flowers,
 Buttercups and daisies?

There seems a bright and fairy spell
 About their very names to dwell;
 And though old Time has marked my brow
 With care and thought, I love them now.
 Smile, if ye will, but some heart-strings
 Are closest linked to simplest things;
 And these wild flowers will hold mine fast,
 Till love, and life, and all be past;
 And then the only wish I have
 Is, that the one who raises
 The turf-sod o'er me plant my grave
 With buttercups and daisies.

THE OLD FARM-GATE.

Where, where is the gate that once served to divide
 The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road-side ?
 I like not this barrier gaily bedight,
 With its glittering latch and its trellis of white.
 It is seemly, I own—yet, oh ! dearer by far
 Was the red rusted hinge, and the weather-warped bar.
 Here are fashion and form of a modernized date,
 But I'd rather have looked on the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the urchins would gather to play
 In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day ;
 For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks of sand,
 Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand.
 But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,
 Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride ;
 And the car of the victor or carriage of state
 Never carried such hearts as the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,
 When the moon was above and the glow-worms below ;
 Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,
 While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs grew
 quick.
 Why, why did he linger so restlessly there,
 With church-going vestment and sprucely-combed hair ?
 He loved, oh ! he loved, and had promised to wait
 For the one he adored, at the old farm-gate.



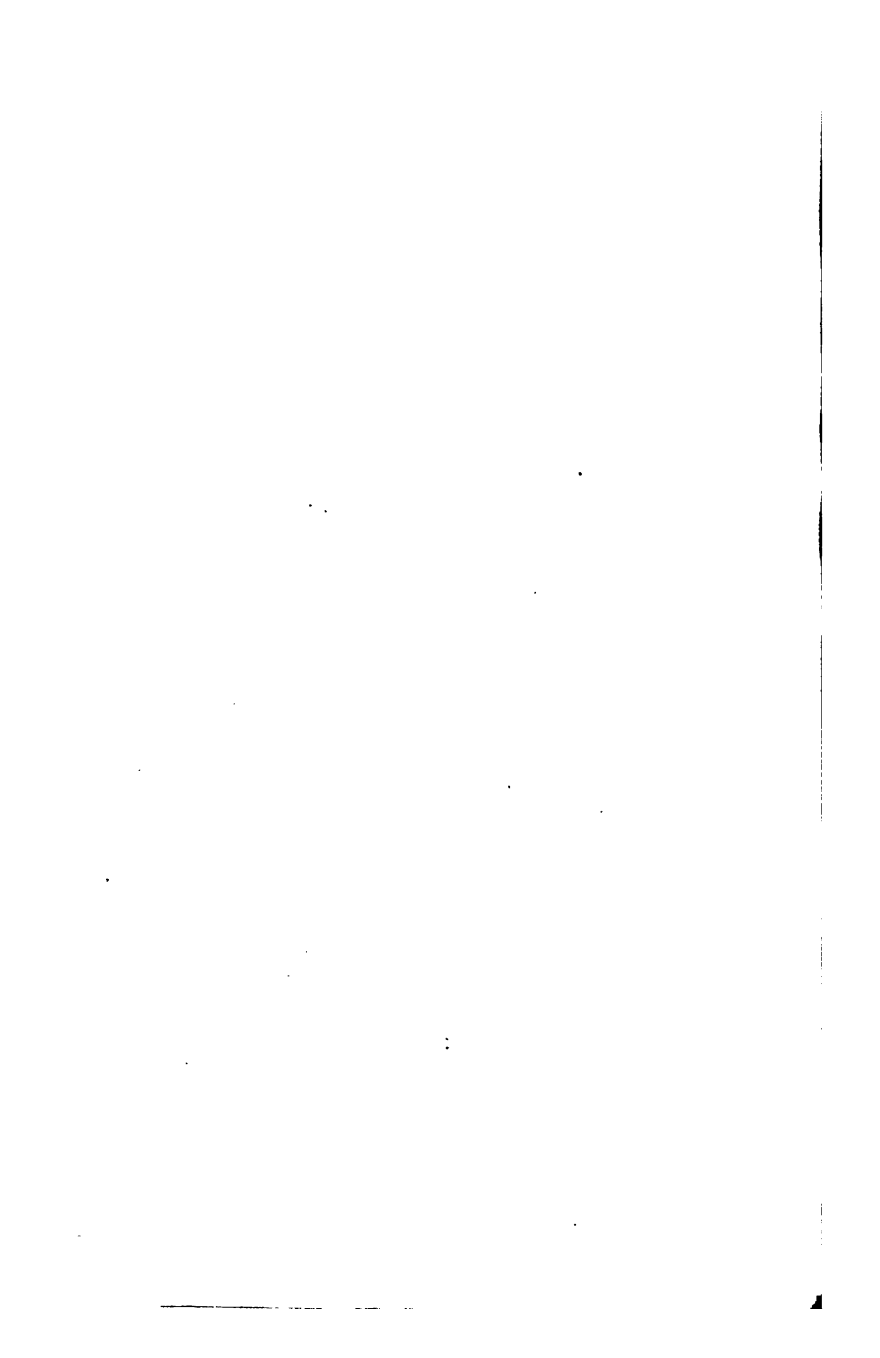
J. MacLant, del.

H. Adlard, sc.

When Dobbin was saddled for mirth making trip

And the quickly pull'd willow branch served for a whip.

The Old Farm Gate.



"Twas here where the grey-headed gossips would meet ;
 And the falling of markets, or goodness of wheat—
 This field lying fallow—that heifer just bought—
 Were favourite themes for discussion and thought.
 The merits and faults of a neighbour just dead—
 The hopes of a couple about to be wed—
 The Parliament doings—the bill and debate—
 Were all canvassed and weighed at the old farm-gate.

"Twas over that gate I taught Pinchér to bound
 With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound.
 The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim,
 But none could leap over that postern like him.
 When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,
 And the quickly pulled willow branch served for a whip,
 Spite of lugging and tugging he'd stand for his freight,
 While I climb'd on his back from the old farm-gate.

'Tis well to pass portals where pleasure and fame
 May come winging our moments and gilding our name ;
 But give me the joy and the freshness of mind,
 When, away on some sport—the old gate slammed behind—
 I've listened to music, but none that could speak
 In such tones to my heart as the teeth-setting creak
 That broke on my ear when the night had worn late,
 And the dear ones came home through the old farm-gate.

Oh ! fair is the barrier taking its place,
 But it darkens a picture my soul longed to trace.
 I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp,
 And the rails that my growing hand scarcely could clasp.
 Oh ! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part
 With the commonest relic once linked to the heart ;
 And the brightest of fortune—the kindest fate—
 Would not banish my love for the old farm-gate.

STANZAS.

Thou hast left us long, my mother dear ;
 Time's sweeping tide has run,
 But failed to wash away the tear
 From the eye of thy youngest one.
 The heart so closely knit to thine,
 That held thee as its all,
 Adored too fondly to resign
 Its love with the coffin and pall.

Thou art lost to these arms, my mother dear,
 But they crave to enfold thee still ;
 And thy spirit may find those arms entwined
 Round the gravestone, damp and chill.
 The reptile thing thy lips may greet,
 The shroud enwraps thy form,
 But I covet the place of thy winding-sheet
 And am jealous of the worm.

Thou hast fled from my gaze, my mother dear,
 But sleep is a holy boon,
 For its happy visions bring thee near :
 Ah! why do they break so soon ?
 I look around when voices ring
 Where thine once used to be ;
 And deep are the secret pangs that wring,
 For my eye still asks for thee.

Oh! I worship thee yet, my mother dear,
 Though my idol is buried in gloom :
 I cannot pour my love in thine ear,
 But I breathe it o'er thy tomb.
 Death came to prove if that love would hold
 When the sharpest ordeal tried ;
 But it passed like the flame that tests the gold,
 And hath only purified!

THE IDIOT-BORN.

"Out, thou silly moon-struck elf;
 Back, poor fool, and hide thyself!"
 This is what the wise ones say,
 Should the idiot cross their way :
 But if we would closely mark,
 We should see him not *all* dark ;
 We should find we must not scorn
 The teaching of the idiot-born.

He will screen the newt and frog ;
 He will cheer the famished dog ;
 He will seek to share his bread
 With the orphan, parish fed ;
 He will offer up his seat
 To the stranger's wearied feet.
 Selfish tyrants, do not scorn
 The teaching of the idiot-born.

Use him fairly, he will prove
 How the simple breast can love;
 He will spring with infant glee
 To the form he likes to see.
 Gentle speech or kindness done
Truly binds the witless one.
 Heartless traitors, do not scorn
 The teaching of the idiot-born.

He will point with vacant stare
 At the robes proud churchmen wear;
 But he'll pluck the rose, and tell
 God hath painted it right well.
 He will kneel before his food,
 Softly saying, "God is good."
 Haughty prelates, do not scorn
 The teaching of the idiot-born.

Art thou great as man can be?—
 The same hand moulded him and thee.
 Hast thou talent?—Taunt and jeer
 Must not fall upon his ear.
 Spurn him not; the blemished part
 Had better be the head than heart.
Thou wilt be the fool to scorn
 The teaching of the idiot-born.

THE STAR OF GLENGARY.

The red moon is up, o'er the moss-covered mountain,
 The hour is at hand when I promised to rove
 With the turf-cutter's daughter, by Logan's bright water,
 And tell her how truly her Donald can love!
 I ken, there's the miller, wi' plenty o' siller,
 'Would fain win a glance from her beautiful 'ee;
 But my ain bonnie Mary, the star of Glengary!
 Keeps a' her sweet smiles, and saft kisses, for me!

'Tis lang sin' we first trod the Highlands together,
 Twa frolicsome bairns, gaily starting the deer;
 When I ca'd her my life! my ain, bonnie, wee wife!
 And ne'er knew sic joy as when Mary was near;
 And still she's the blossom I wear in my bosom,
 A blossom I'll cherish and wear till I dee!
 For my ain bonnie Mary, the star of Glengary!
 She's health, and she's wealth, and she's a' good to me.

THE WATERS.

What was it that I loved so well about my childhood's
home?

It was the wide and wave-lashed shore, the black rocks,
crowned with foam!

It was the sea-gull's flapping wing, all trackless in its
flight,

Its screaming note that welcomed on the fierce and stormy
night!

The wild heath had its flowers and moss, the forest had its
trees,

Which, bending to the evening wind, made music in the
breeze.

But earth, ha! ha! I laugh e'en now, earth had no charms
for me;

No scene half bright enough to win my young heart from
the sea!

No! 'twas the ocean, vast and deep, the fathomless, the
free!

The mighty rushing waters that were ever dear to me!

My earliest steps would wander from the green and fertile
land,

Down where the clear blue ocean rolled, to pace the rugged
strand;

I'd proudly fling the proffered bribe and gilded toy away,

To gather up the salt sea weeds, or dabble in the spray!

I shouted to the distant crew, or launched my mimic
bark;

I met the morning's freshness there, and lingered till the
dark;

When dark, I climbed, with bounding step, the steep and
 jutting cliff,
 To see them trim the beacon-light, to guide the fisher's
 skiff!
 Oh! how I loved the waters, and even longed to be
 A bird, or boat, or any thing that dwelt upon the sea.

The moon! the moon! oh, tell me, do ye love her placid
 ray?
 Do ye love the shining starry train that gathers round her
 way?
 Oh, if ye do, go watch her when she climbs above the
 main,
 While her full transcript lives below, upon the crystal
 plain!
 While her soft light serenely falls; and rising billows
 seem
 Like sheets of silver spreading forth to meet her hallowed
 beam!
 Look! and thy soul will own the spell; thou'lt feel as I
 have felt,
 Thou'lt love the waves as I have lov'd, and kneel as I
 have knelt!
 And, well I know, the prayer of saint or martyr ne'er
 could be
 More grateful to a God than mine, beside the moon-lit sea!

I liked not those who nurtured me; they gave my bosom
 pain;
 They strove to fix their shackles on a soul that spurned
 the chain!
 I grew rebellious to their hope, disdainful of their care;
 And all they dreaded most, my spirit loved the most to
 dare!

And am I changed? have I become a tame and fashioned thing?

Have I yet learned to sing the joys that pleasure's minions sing?

Is there a smile upon my brow, when mixed with folly's crowd?

Is the false whisper dearer than the storm wail, shrill and loud?

No! no! my soul is as it was, and as it e'er will be—

Loving, and wild as what it loves, the curbless, mighty sea!

THE POET.

Look on the sky, all broad and fair;
 Sons of the earth, what see ye there?
 The rolling clouds to feast thine eye
 With golden burnish and Tyrian dye;
 The rainbow's arch, the sun of noon,
 The stars of eve, the midnight moon:
 These, these to the coldest gaze are bright,
 They are marked by all for their glory and light;
 But their colour and rays shed a richer beam
 As they shine to illumine the Poet's dream.

Children of pleasure, how ye dote
 On the dulcet harp and tuneful note—
 Holding your breath to drink the strain,
 Till throbbing joy dissolves in pain.

There's not a spell aught else can fling
 Like the warbling voice and the silver string :
 But a music to other ears unknown,
 Of deeper thrill and sweeter tone,
 Comes in the wild and gurgling stream
 To the Poet rapt in his blissful dream.

The earth may have its buried stores
 Of lustrous jewels and coveted ores ;
 Ye may gather hence the marble stone
 To house a monarch or wall a throne ;
 Its gold may fill the grasping hand,
 Its gems may flash in the sceptre wand ;
 But purer treasures and dearer things
 Than the coins of misers or trappings of kings—
 Gifts and hoards of a choicer kind
 Are garnered up in the Poet's mind.

The mother so loves that the world holds none
 To match with her own fair lispng one ;
 The wedded youth will nurture his bride
 With all the fervour of passion and pride ;
 Hands will press and beings blend
 Till the kindest ties knit friend to friend.
 Oh ! the hearts of the many can truly burn,
 They can fondly cherish and closely yearn ;
 But the flame of love is more vivid and strong
 That kindles within a child of song.

Life hath much of grief and pain
 To sicken the breast and tire the brain ;
 All brows are shaded by sorrow's cloud,
 All eyes are dimmed, all spirits bowed ;

Sighs will break from the careworn breast,
 Till death is asked as a pillow of rest ;
 But the gifted one, oh ! who can tell
 How his pulses beat and his heart's strings swell.
His secret pangs, *his* throbbing woe
 None but himself and his GOD can know.

Crowds may join in the festive crew,
 Their hours may be glad and their pleasures true ;
 They may gaily carouse, and fondly believe
 There's no greater bliss for the soul to receive.
 But ask the Poet if he will give
 His exquisite moments like them to live ;
 And the scornful smile on his lips will play,
 His eye will flash with exulting ray—
 For he knows and feels to him is given
 The joys that yield a glimpse of heaven.

Oh ! there's something holy about each spot
 Where the weary sleep, and strife comes not ;
 And the good and great ones passed away
 Have worshippers still o'er their soulless clay ;
 But the dust of the Bard is most hallowed and dear,
 'Tis moistened and blest by the warmest tear.
 The prayers of the worthiest breathe his name,
 Mourning his loss and guarding his fame ;
 And the truest homage the dead can have
 Is poured from the heart at the Poet's grave.

THE SONG OF MARION.

"She sat down again to look, but her eyes were blinded with tears; and, in a voice interrupted by sighs, she exclaimed—'Not yet, not yet. Oh, my Wallace, what evil hath betided thee?'"—
SCOTTISH CHIEFS.

Not yet, not yet. I thought I saw
The foldings of his plaid.
Alas! 'twas but the mountain pine,
That cast a fitful shade.
The moon is o'er the highest crag,
It gilds each tower and tree,
But Wallace comes not back to bless
The hearts in Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. Is that his plume
I see beneath the hill?
Ah, no! 'tis but the waving fern:
The heath is lonely still.
Dear Wallace, day-star of my soul,
Thy Marion weeps for thee;
She fears lest evil should betide
The guard of Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. I heard a sound,
A distant crashing din;
'Tis but the night-breeze bearing on
The roar of Corie Lin.
The grey-haired harper cannot rest,
He keeps his watch with me;
He kneels—he prays that God may shield
The laird of Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. My heart will break:
 Where can the brave one stay?
 I know 'tis not his own free will
 That keeps him thus away.
 The lion may forsake his lair,
 The dove its nest may flee,
 But Wallace loves too well to leave
 His bride and Ellerslie.

Not yet, not yet. The moon goes down,
 And Wallace is not here;
 And still his sleuth-hound howls, and still
 I shed the burning tear.
 Oh, come, my Wallace, quickly come,
 As ever, safe and free:
 Come, or thy Marion soon will find
 A grave in Ellerslie.

THE GIPSY CHILD.

He sprung to life in a crazy tent,
 Where the cold wind whistled through many a rent;
 Rude was the voice, and rough were the hands
 That soothed his wailings and swathed his bands.
 No tissue of gold, no lawn was there,
 No snowy robe for the new-born heir;
 But the mother wept, and the father smiled
 With heartfelt joy o'er their gipsy child.

He grows like the young oak, healthy and broad,
 With no home but the forest, no bed but the sward ;
 Half-naked he wades in the limpid stream,
 Or dances about in the scorching beam.
 The dazzling glare of the banquet sheen
 Hath never fallen on him, I ween ;
 But fragments are spread and the wood-fire piled,
 And sweet is the meal of the gipsy child.

He wanders at large, while maidens admire
 His raven hair and his eyes of fire ;
 They mark his cheek's rich tawny hue,
 With the deep carnation flushing through :
 He laughs aloud, and they covet his teeth,
 All pure and white as their own pearl wreath ;
 And the courtly dame and damsel mild
 Will turn to gaze on the gipsy child.

Up with the sun, he is roving along,
 Whistling to mimic the blackbird's song ;
 He wanders at nightfall to startle the owl,
 And is baying again to the watch-dog's howl.
 His limbs are unshackled, his spirit is bold,
 He is free from the evils of fashion and gold ;
 His dower is scant, and his life is wild,
 But kings might envy the gipsy child.

NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

Whom do we dub as gentlemen? The knave, the fool, the
brute—
If they but own full tithe of gold, and wear a courtly suit;
The parchment scroll of titled line, the riband at the knee,
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree:
But Nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth *her* nobly
born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to
scorn;
She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,
And cries exulting, "Who can make a gentleman like
mine?"

She may not spend her common skill about the outward
part,
But showers beauty, grace, and light, upon the brain and
heart.
She may not use ancestral fame his pathway to illum—
The sun that sheds the brightest ray may rise from mist
and gloom.
Should fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold
abound,
He shares it with a bounteous hand and scatters blessings
round.
The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end
designed,
When held by Nature's gentleman, the good, the just, the
kind.

He turns not from the cheerless home, where sorrow's
 offspring dwell ;
 He'll greet the peasant in his hut—the culprit in his cell.
 He stays to hear the widow's plaint, of deep and mourning
 love,
 He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above.
 The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless, or the
 poor,
 Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted
 door ;
 His kindred circles all mankind, his country all the globe—
 An honest name his jewelled star, and truth his ermine
 robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control—
 His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the
 soul.
 He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of
 life,
 But will not love the revel scene, nor head the brawling
 strife.
 He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honied
 tongue ;
 He's social with the grey-haired one, and merry with the
 young ;
 He gravely shares the council speech, or joins the rustic
 game,
 And shines as Nature's gentleman, in every place the
 same.

No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his
 word,
 No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard ;

He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn, or
 teach,
 With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candour in his
 speech.
 He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in each
 deed ;
 He would not blame another's faith, nor have one martyr
 bleed ;
 Justice and mercy form his code ; he puts his trust in
 Heaven ;
 His prayer is, " If the heart mean well, may all else be
 forgiven ! "

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems
 there are,
 Each shining in his hallowed sphere as Virtue's polar star.
 Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt,
 and dark,
 Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn,—lit by Prome-
 thean spark :
 There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or
 pride,
 Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by adverse
 tide,—
 They hold the rank no king can give, no station can dis-
 grace :
 Nature puts forth *her* Gentleman, and monarchs must give
 place.



NORAH M'SHANE.

I've left Ballymornach a long way behind me ;
 To better my fortune I've crossed the big sea ;
 But I'm sadly alone, not a creature to mind me,
 And, faith ! I'm as wretched as wretched can be.
 I think of the buttermilk, fresh as a daisy,
 The beautiful hills and the emerald plain ;
 And oh ! don't I oftentimes think myself crazy,
 About that young black-eyed rogue, Norah M'Shane.

I sigh for the turf-pile, so cheerfully burning,
 When barefoot I trudged it from toiling afar ;
 When I tossed in the light the thirteen I'd been earning,
 And whistled the anthem of " Erin go bragh."
 In truth, I believe that I'm half broken-hearted ;
 To my country and love I must get back again ;
 For I've never been happy at all since I parted
 From sweet Ballymornach and Norah M'Shane.

Oh ! there's something so dear in the cot I was born in,
 Though the walls are but mud and the roof is but
 thatch ;
 How familiar the grunt of the pigs in the morning,
 What music in lifting the rusty old latch !
 'Tis true I'd no money, but then I'd no sorrow ;
 My pockets were light, but my heart had no pain ;
 And if I but live till the sun shines to-morrow,
 I'll be off to old Ireland and Norah M'Shane.

TRUTH.

'Tis passing sad to note the face
 Where haggard Grief has taken its place,
 Where the soul's keen anguish can but speak
 In the glistening lash and averted cheek—
 When the restless orbs with struggling pride
 Swell with the tears they fain would hide,
 Till the pouring drops and heaving throbs
 Burst forth in strong impassioned sobs.

'Tis fearful to mark where Passion reigns,
 With gnashing teeth and starting veins;
 When the reddened eyeballs flash and glare
 With dancing flame in their maniac stare;
 When Fury sits on the gathered brow
 With quivering muscle and fiery glow:
 'Tis fearful indeed just then to scan
 The lineaments of God-like man.

'Tis sad to gaze on the forehead fair,
 And mark the work of Suffering there;
 When the oozing pain-wrung moisture drips,
 And whiteness dwells round the parted lips;
 When the breath on those lips is so short and faint
 That it falters in yielding the lowest plaint;
 Who does not sigh to read such tale
 On cheeks all shadowy and pale?

But have ye watched the mien that bore
 A look to be feared and pitied more—
 Have ye seen the crimson torrent steal
 O'er the one who has erred, and yet can *feel*—
 When the stammering speech and downcast eye
 Quailed from the mean detected lie?
 Have ye marked the conscious spirit proclaim
 Its torture 'neath the brand of shame?

Oh! this to me is the look which hath
 More hideous seeming than honest wrath.
 Let pain distort with its harrowing might,
 Or sorrow rob the glance of its light.
 Yet the pallid chill or the fevered flush
 Sears less than Falsehood's scathing blush.
 Nay, look on the brow; 'tis better to trace
 The lines of Death than the shade of Disgrace.

THE SEXTON.

“ Mine is the fame most blazoned of all;
 Mine is the goodliest trade;
 Never was banner so wide as the pall,
 Nor sceptre so feared as the spade.”

This is the lay of the sexton grey—
 King of the churchyard he—
 While the mournful knell of the tolling bell
 Chimes in with his burden of glee.

He dons a doublet of sober brown,
 And a hat of slouching felt;
 The mattock is over his shoulder thrown,
 The heavy keys clank at his belt.

The dark damp vault now echoes his tread,
 While his song rings merrily out;
 With a cobweb canopy over his head,
 And coffins falling about.

His foot may crush the full-fed worms,
 His hand may grasp a shroud,
 His gaze may rest on skeleton forms,
 Yet his tones are light and loud.

He digs the grave, and his chant will break
 As he gains a fathom deep—
 "Whoever lies in the bed I make
 I warrant will soundly sleep."

He piles the sod, he raises the stone,
 He clips the cypress tree;
 But whate'er his task, 'tis plied alone—
 No fellowship holds he.

For the sexton grey is a scaring loon—
 His name is linked with death.
 The children at play, should he cross their way,
 Will pause with fluttering breath.

They herd together, a frightened host,
 And whisper with lips all white,—
 "See, see, 'tis he that sends the ghost,
 'To walk the world at night!"

The old men mark him, with fear in their eye,
 At his labour 'mid skulls and dust;
 They hear him chant: "The young *may* die,
 But we know the aged *must*."

The rich will frown, as his ditty goes on—
 "Though broad your lands may be,
 Six narrow feet to the beggar I mete,
 And the same shall serve for ye."

The ear of the strong will turn from his song,
 And Beauty's cheek will pale;
 "Out, out," cry they, "what creature would stay
 To list thy croaking tale!"

Oh! the sexton grey is a mortal of dread;
 None like to see him come near;
 The orphan thinks on a father dead,
 The widow wipes a tear.

All shudder to hear his bright axe chink,
 Upturning the hollow bone;
 No mate will share his toil or his fare,
 He works, he carouses alone.

By night, or by day, this, this is his lay:
 "Mine is the goodliest trade;
 Never was banner so wide as the pall,
 Nor sceptre so feared as the spade."

GALLA BRAE.

O, tell me, did ye ever see
 Sweet Galla on a simmer night,
 When ilka star had oped its e'e,
 An' tipp'd the broom wi' saft pale light ?
 Ye'd never gang toward the town,
 Ye wadna like the flauntie day,
 If ance ye saw the moon blink down
 Her bonnie beams on Galla Brae.

A' silent, save the wimpling tune,
 The win's asleep, nae leaflet stirs :
 O' gie me Galla 'neath the moon,
 Its siller birk an' gowden furze.
 There's monie anither leesome glen ;
 But let 'em talk o' whilk they may,
 O' a' the rigs an' shaws I ken
 There's nane sae fair as Galla Brae.

I crept a wee thing on its sod,
 A laughing laddie there I strayed ;
 I roved beside its burnie's tide
 In morning air an' gloaming shade :
 Its gowans were the first I pu'd,
 An' still my leal heart loves it sae
 That when I dee nae grave would be
 Sic hallowed earth as Galla Brae.

VENETIAN SERENADE.

Oh ! linger not, love ; for the beams of the moon
 Are lighting our path o'er the glassy lagoon ;
 The yellow sand sparkles like gold on the shore ;
 And ripples of silver are laving my oar.

Night reigns o'er the world with her gem-crested brow,
 And mirrors her stars in the waters below ;
 The air is delicious, with spice-breathing flowers,
 That pour forth their odours from fairy-wrought bowers.

'Tis just such an hour when, with those whom we love,
 The soul might forget there's a heaven above ;
 In a moment so precious, so blissfully dear,
 The rapt spirit might fancy that heaven was here.

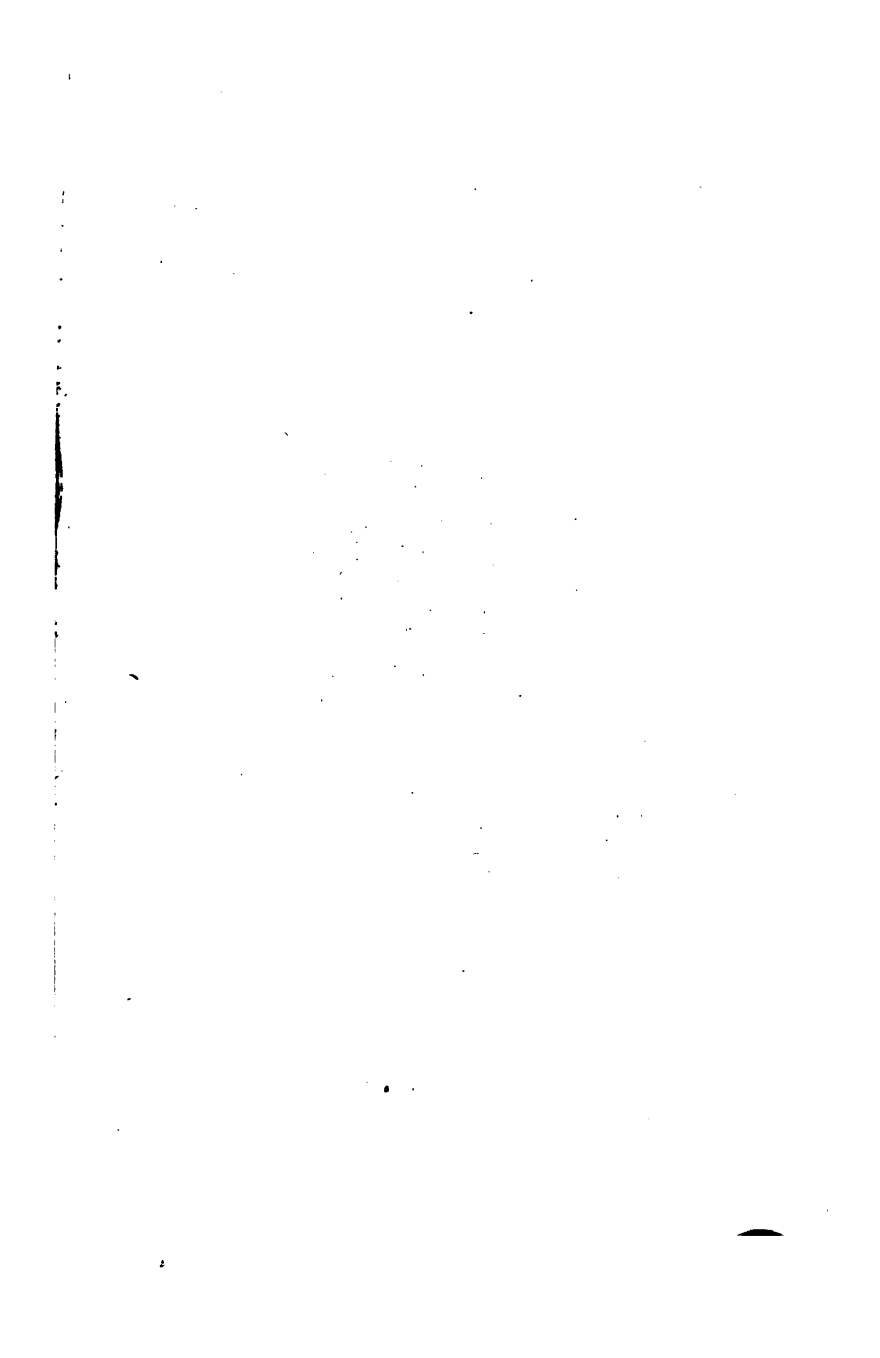
 THE CLOUDS. .

Beautiful Clouds ! I have watched ye long,
 Fickle and bright as a fairy throng ;
 Now ye have gathered golden beams,
 Now ye are parting in silver streams,

Now ye are tinged with a roseate blush,
 Deepening fast to a crimson flush ;
 Now, like aërial sprites at play,
 Ye are lightly dancing another way ;
 Melting in many a pearly flake,
 Like the cygnet's down on the azure lake ;
 Now ye gather again, and run
 To bask in the blaze of a setting sun ;
 And anon ye serve as Zephyr's car,
 Flitting before the evening star.

Now ye ride in mighty forms,
 With the arms of a giant, to nurse the storm ;
 Ye grasp the lightning, and fling it on earth,
 All flashing and wild as a maniac's mirth ;
 Ye cavern the thunder, and bravely it roars,
 While the forest groans, and the avalanche pours ;
 Ye launch the torrent with headlong force,
 Till the rivers hiss in their boiling course ;
 Ye come, and your trophies are scattered around
 In the wreck on the waters, the oak on the ground.

Oh! where is the eye that doth not love
 The glorious phantoms that glide above ?
 That hath not locked on the realms of air
 With wondering soul and bursting prayer !
 Oh! where is the spirit that hath not bowed
 To its God at the shrine of a passing Cloud ?





J. Marchant. del.

H. Adlard. sc.

Hang up his harp he'll wake no more

He sleeps the sleep of death.

Hang up his Harp.

HANG UP HIS HARP; HE'LL WAKE NO MORE!

His young bride stood beside his bed,
 Her weeping watch to keep ;
 Hush ! hush ! he stirred not—was he dead,
 Or did he only sleep ?

His brow was calm, no change was there,
 No sigh had filled his breath ;
 Oh ! did he wear that smile so fair
 In slumber or in death ?

“ Reach down his harp,” she wildly cried,
 “ And if one spark remain,
 Let him but hear ‘ Lock Erroch’s side ;’
 He’ll kindle at the strain.

“ That tune e’er held his soul in thrall ;
 It never breathed in vain ;
 He’ll waken as its echoes fall,
 Or never wake again.”

The strings were swept ; ’twas sad to hear
 Sweet music floating there ;
 For every note called forth a tear
 Of anguish and despair.

“ See ! see !” she cried, “ the tune is o’er,
 No opening eye, no breath ;
 Hang up his harp ; he’ll wake no more ;
 He sleeps the sleep of death ;”

THE POET'S WREATH.

Jove said one day, he should like to know
 What would part the child of song from his lyre;
 And he summoned his minions, and bade them go,
 With all their bribes and powers, below,
 Nor return till they wrought his desire.

The agents departed—Jove's will must be done;
 They vowed to perform the deed full soon:
 Vainly they searched in the crowd and the sun,
 But at last they found a high-souled one,
 Alone with his harp and the moon.

Fortune first tempted: she scattered her gold,
 And placed on his temples a gem-bright rim;
 But he scarcely glanced on the wealth as it rolled;
 He said the circlet was heavy and cold,
 And only a burden to him.

Venus came next, and she whispered rare things,
 And praised him for scorning the bauble and pelf;
 She promised him Peris in all but the wings;
 But he laughed, and told her, with those soft strings
 He could win such creatures himself.

Oppression and Poverty tried their spell,
 Nigh sure he would quail at such stern behest;
 His pittance was scant, in a dark dank cell,
 Where the foam-spitting toad would not choose to dwell;
 But he still hugged the harp to his breast.

They debated what effort the next should be,
 When Death strode forth with his ponderous dart ;
 He held it aloft—"Ye should know," cried he,
 "This work can only be done by me ;
 So, at once, my barb to his heart !"

It struck ; but the last faint flash of his eye
 Was thrown on the lyre as it fell from his hand :
 The trophy was seized, and they sped to the sky,
 Where the Thunderer flamed in his throne on high,
 And told how they did his command.

Jove heard, and he scowled with a gloomier frown—
 'Twas the cloud Pride lends to keep Sorrow unseen ;
 He put by his sceptre and flung his bolt down,
 And snatched from the glory that haloed his crown
 The rays of most burning sheen.

He hastened to earth, by the minstrel he knelt,
 And fashioned the beams round his brow in a wreath :
 He ordained it immortal, to dazzle, to melt ;
 And a portion of godhead since then has still dwelt
 On the poet that slumbers in death.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

There's a land that bears a world-known name,
 Though it is but a little spot ;
 I say 'tis first on the scroll of fame,
 And who shall aver it is not.
 Of the deathless ones who shine and live
 In arms, in arts, or song,
 The brightest the whole wide world can give
 To that little land belong.

'Tis the star of earth, deny it who can,
The island home of an Englishman.

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,
No matter when or where ;
And to treat that flag as aught but the free
Is more than the strongest dare.
For the lion spirits that tread the deck
Have carried the palm of the brave ;
And that flag *may* sink with a shot-torn wreck,
But never float over a slave.
Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,
And this is the flag of an Englishman.

There's a heart that leaps with burning glow,
The wronged and the weak to defend ;
And strikes as soon for a trampled foe
As it does for a soul-bound friend.
It nurtures a deep and honest love,
The passions of faith and pride,
And yearns with the fondness of a dove
To the light of its own fireside.
'Tis a rich rough gem, deny it who can,
And this is the heart of an Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone
And boldly claim his right ;
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his might.
Let the haughty stranger seek to know
The place of his home and birth ;
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow
While he tells his native earth.
For a glorious charter, deny it who can,
Is breathed in the words "I'm an Englishman."

TO A FAVOURITE PONY.

Come, hie thee on, my gentle Gyp;
 Thy rider bears nor spur nor whip,
 But smooths thy jetty, shining mane,
 And loosely flings the bridle rein.

The sun is down behind the hill,
 The noise is hushed about the mill,
 The gabbling geese and ducks forsake
 Their sports upon the glassy lake,
 The herd-boy folds his bleating charge,
 The watch-dog, chainless, roves at large,
 The bees are gathered in the hive,
 The evening flowers their perfumes give.
 On, on, my gentle Gyp! but stay;
 Say, whither shall we bend our way?
 Down to the school-house, where the boys
 Greet us with rude caressing noise;
 Where urchins leave their balls and bats,
 To stroke thy neck with fondling pats;
 Where laughing girls bring oats and hay,
 And coax thy ears; well knowing they
 Can sport right fearlessly and free
 With such a gentle brute as thee?

Or shall we take the sandy road
 Towards the wealthy squire's abode?
 Where the lodge gate, so wide and high,
 Swings nobly back for you and I;
 I'll warrant me, that gate thou'dst find,
 Though reinless, riderless, and blind.

Thou'rt restless, Gyp; come start and go;—
 You take the hill; well, be it so—
 The squire's abode, I plainly see,
 Has equal charms for you and me.
 'Tis there thou art allowed to pick
 The corners of the clover rick;
 'Tis there by lady's hand thou'rt fed
 On pulpy fruit, and finest bread.
 The squire himself declares thou art
 The prettiest pony round the part:
 Nor black, nor chesnut, roan, nor grey
 Can match with thy rich glossy bay.

He says, thy neck's proud curving line
 The artist's pencil might define;
 With blood and spirit, yet so mild,—
 A fitting plaything for a child;
 So meekly docile, thou'rt indeed
 More like a pet lamb than a steed;
 That when thou'rt gone, St. Leonard's plain
 Will never see thy like again!
 He says all this! No wonder, then,
 I think the squire the best of men;
 For they who praise thy form and paces,
 Are sure to get in my good graces.

The squire tells truth; to say the least,
 Thou really art a clever beast:
 A better one, take altogether,
 Ne'er looked from out a hempen tether:
 And oft I hope, thou'lt ne'er be having
 The plague of glander, gall, or spavin.
 Full many a mile thou'st borne me Gyp,
 Without a stumble, shy, or slip;

Excepting, when that deep morass,
 All overgrown with weeds and grass,
 Betrayed us to a headlong tumble,
 And made me feel a little humble ;
 But on we went, though well bespattered,
Thy knees uncut, *my* bones unshattered.

My gentle Gyp ! I've seen thee prove
 How fast a twelve hand brute can move ;
 I've seen thee keep the foremost place,
 And win the hard contested race :
 I've seen thee lift as light a leg
 As Tam O'Shanter's famous Meg,
 Who galloped on right helter-skelter,
 With goblins in her rear to pelt her ;
 And, closely pressed by evil kind,
 Left her unhappy tail behind.
 Stop, fair and softly, gentle Gyp—
 I've jingled thus far in our trip ;
 But now we're nigh the well-known gate ;
 So steady—stand at ease—and wait—
 While I restore to hiding-place
 My paper and my pencil-case ;
 Stand steady—and another time
 I'll sing thy praise in better rhyme.

 STANZAS.

'Tis well to give honour and glory to age,
 With its lessons of wisdom and truth ;
 Yet who would not go back to the fanciful page,
 And the fairy tale read but in youth ?

Let time rolling on crown with fame or with gold—
 Let us bask in the kindest beams;
 Yet what hope can be cherished, what gift can we hold,
 That will bless like our earlier dreams?

As wine that hath stood for awhile on the board
 May yet glow as the luscious and bright;
 But not with the freshness, when first it was poured,
 Nor its brim-kissing sparkles of light.

As the flowers live on in their fragrance and bloom,
 The long summer-day to adorn,
 Yet fail with their beauty to charm and illumine
 As when clothed with the dew gems of morn :

So Life may retain its full portion of joy,
 And Fortune give all that she can;
 But the feelings that gladden the breast of the *boy*
 Will rarely be found in the *man*.

A LOVE SONG.

Dear Kate—I do not swear and rave
 Or sigh sweet things as many can;
 But though my lip ne'er plays the slave,
 My *heart* will not disgrace the *man*.
 I prize thee—ay, my bonnie Kate,
 So firmly fond this breast can be,
 That I would brook the sternest fate
 If it but left me health and thee.

I do not promise that our life
 Shall know no shade on heart or brow ;
 For human lot and mortal strife
 Would mock the falsehood of such vow.
 But when the clouds of pain and care
 Shall teach us we are not divine,
 My deepest sorrows thou shalt share,
 And I will strive to lighten thine.

We love each other, yet perchance
 The murmurs of dissent may rise ;
 Fierce words may chase the tender glance,
 And angry flashes light our eyes :
 But we must learn to check the frown,
 To reason rather than to blame ;
 The wisest have their faults to own,
 And you and I, girl, have the same.

You must not like me less, my Kate,
 For such an honest strain as this ;
 I love *thee* dearly, but I hate
 The puling rhymes of "kiss" and "bliss."
 There's truth in all I've said or sung ;
 I woo thee as a man *should* woo ;
 And though I lack a honied tongue,
 Thou'lt never find a breast more true.

NAE STAR WAS GLINTIN OUT ABOON.

Nae star was glintin out aboon,
 The cluds were dark and hid the moon;
 The whistling gale was in my teeth,
 And round me was the deep snaw wreath;
 But on I went the dreary mile,
 And sung right cantie a' the while.
 I gae my plaid a closer fauld;
 My hand was warm, my heart was bauld,
 I did na heed the storm and cauld,
 While ganging *to* my Katie.

But when I trod the same way back,
 It seemed a sad and waefu' track;
 The brae and glen were lone and lang;
 I did na sing my cantie sang;
 I felt how sharp the sleet did fa',
 And could na face the wind at a'.
 Oh, sic a change! how could it be?
 I ken fu' well, and sae may ye—
 The sunshine had been gloom to me
 While ganging *frae* my Katie.

CUPID'S ARROW.

Young Cupid went storming to Vulcan one day,
 And besought him to look at his arrow.
 " 'Tis useless," he cried ; " you must mend it, I say !
 'Tis n't fit to let fly at a sparrow.
 There's something that's wrong in the shaft or the dart,
 For it flutters quite false to my aim ;
 'Tis an age since it fairly went home to the heart,
 And the world really jests at my name.

" I have straightened, I've bent, I've tried all, I declare,
 I've perfumed it with sweetest of sighs ;
 'Tis feathered with ringlets my mother might wear,
 And the barb gleams with light from young eyes ;
 But it falls without touching—I'll break it, I vow,
 For there's Hymen beginning to pout ;
 He's complaining his torch burns so dull and so low
 That Zephyr might puff it right out."

Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,
 Till Vulcan the weapon restored.
 " There, take it, young sir ; try it now—if it fail,
 I will ask neither fee nor reward."
 The urchin shot out, and rare havoc he made ;
 The wounded and dead were untold ;
 But no wonder the rogue had such slaughtering trade,
 For the arrow was laden with *gold*.

A B C.

Oh, thou Alpha, Beta row,
 Fun and freedom's earliest foe,
 Shall I e'er forget the primer,
 Thumb'd beside some Mrs. Trimmer,—
 While mighty problem held me fast,
 To know if Z were first or last?
 And all Pandora had for me
 Was emptied forth in A B C.

Teasing things of toil and trouble,
 Fount of many a rolling bubble,
 How I strived with pouting pain,
 To get thee quartered on my brain;
 But when the giant feat was done,
 How nobly wide the field I'd won!
 Wit, Reason, Wisdom, all might be
 Enjoyed through simple A B C.

Steps that lead to topmost height
 Of worldly fame and human might,
 Ye win the orator's renown,
 The poet's bays, the scholar's gown;
 Philosophers must bend and say
 'Twas ye who oped their glorious way.
 Sage, statesman, critic, where is he
 Who's not obliged to A B C?

Ye really ought to be exempt
 From slighting taunt and cool contempt;
 But drinking deep from learning's cup,
 We scorn the hand that filled it up.
 Be courteous, pedants—stay and thank
 Your servants of the Roman rank,
 For F.R.S. and LL.D.
 Can only spring from A B C.

SONG OF THE CARRION CROW.

The wolf may howl, the jackal may prowl,—
 Rare brave beasts are they;
 The worm may crawl in the carcass foul,
 The tiger may glut o'er his prey;

The bloodhound may hang with untired fang,—
 He is cunning and strong, I trow;
 But Death's stanch crew holds none more true
 Than the broad-winged Carrion Crow.

My roost is the creaking gibbet's beam,
 Where the murderer's bones swing bleaching,
 Where the clattering chain rings back again
 To the night-wind's desolate screeching.

To and fro, as the fierce gusts blow,
 Merrily rocked am I;
 And I note with delight the traveller's fright
 As he cowers and hastens by.

I scent the deeds of fearful crime ;
 I wheel o'er the parricide's head ;
 I have watched the sire, who, mad with ire,
 The blood of his child hath shed ;

I can chatter the tales at which
 The ear of innocence starts ;
 And ye would not mark my plumage as dark
 If ye saw it beside some hearts.

I have seen the friend spring out as a foe,
 And the guest waylay his host,
 And many a right arm strike a blow
 The lips never dared to boast.

I have seen the soldier, millions adored,
 Do other than deed of the brave,
 When he wore a mask as well as a sword,
 And dug a midnight grave.

I have fluttered where secret work has been done,
 Wrought with a trusty blade ;
 But what did I care, whether foul or fair,
 If I shared the feast it made ?

A struggle, a cry, a hasty gash,
 A short and heavy groan !
 Revenge was sweet—its work was complete—
 The dead and I were alone !

I plunged my beak in the marbling cheek,
 I perched on the clammy brow ;
 And a dainty treat was that fresh meat
 To the greedy Carrion Crow.

I have followed the traveller, dragging on
 O'er the mountains long and cold ;
 For I knew at last he must sink in the blast,
 Though spirit was never so bold.

I hovered close ; his limbs grew stark—
 His life-stream stood to congeal ;
 And I whetted my claw, for I plainly saw
 I should soon have another meal.

He fell, and slept like a fair young bride,
 In his winding-sheet of show ;
 And quickly his breast had a table guest
 In the hungry Carrion Crow.

If my pinions ache in the journey I take,
 No resting-place will do
 Till I light alone on a churchyard stone,
 Or a branch of the gloomy yew.

Famine and Plague bring joy to me,
 For I love the harvest they yield ;
 And the fairest sight I ever see
 Is the crimson battle-field.

Far and wide is my charnel range,
 And rich carousal I keep,
 Till back I come to my gibbet home,
 To be merrily rocked to sleep.

When the world shall be spread with tombless dead,
 And darkness shroud all below,
 What triumph and glee to the last will be
 For the sateless Carrion Crow ?

THE YOUNG MARINERS.

Bred up beside the rugged coast, three brothers bold were
 we,
 Wild urchin mariners, who knew no play-place but the
 sea :
 We spurned all space the earth could give—the valley,
 hill, and field ;
 The main, the boundless main alone, our reckless sports
 could yield.
 We long had borrowed sail and skiff,—obliged to be
 content
 With any crazy, sluggard hull that kindly fisher lent :
 At last our spirits, like our limbs, all strong and broad
 had grown,
 And all our thoughts were centred in “ a vessel of our
 own ! ”

The eldest-born, our hope and pride, the brightest of the
 three,
 Had entered on the busy world, a sturdy shipwright he,
 And mighty project filled our heads—we sat in council
 sage,
 With earnest speech and gravity beseeming riper age :
 We dared to think, we dared to say, that *he* could frame a
 boat,
 And many others said the same, but questioned—“ would
 it *float ?* ”
 Yet lines were drawn and timbers bought, all well and
 wisely planned,
 And steadily he set to work to try his “ ’prentice hand.”

He soon gave proof of goodly skill, and built a tiny craft,
While grey-haired sailors shook their heads and beardless
landsmen laughed.

"'Tis a sweet cockleshell," cried they, "well formed to
please a boy ;

With silken sails the thing will be a pretty water toy !"

We took their taunts all quietly, till she was fit to launch,
And then some eyes began to find she looked a little
stanch.

All trim and neat, rigged out complete, we hailed our
fairly bark,

And chose her name the "Petrel," from the bird of storm
and dark.

We three, and Will, the smuggler's son, composed her
stripling crew ;

Her sheets were white as breaker's spray, her pennon old
true blue ;

And blessed was the breezy hour, and happy wights were
we,

When first we gave her wings the wind, and saw her take
the sea.

She cleared the bay and shot away with free and steady
speed ;

Ne'er faster sped the desert child upon his Arab steed ;

And though that squally day had served the fishers to
deter,

The Petrel fairly showed us that it failed to frighten her.

We reefed—she slacked ; "Helm down !"—she tacked :
she scudded—went about :

All nobly done, our hopes were won—what triumph filled
our shout !

And miser never prized his heaps, nor bridegroom loved
 his bride,
 As we did our brave Petrel when she cut the booming tide.
 Full many a fearful trip we made; no hazard did we
 shun;
 We met the gale as readily as butterflies the sun.
 No terror seized our glowing hearts; the blast but raised
 our mirth;
 We felt as safe upon her planks as by our household
 hearth.

When many a large and stately ship lay rolling like a log,
 With more of water in her hold than that which served
 for grog,—
 "What, ho!" we'd cry, while skimming by, "look here,
 ye boasting band!
 Just see what boys with water toys and silken sails can
 stand!"
 Old Nep might lash his dolphins on with fierce and
 splashing wrath,
 And summon all the myrmidons of death about his path;
 The Triton trumpeter might sound his conch horn long
 and loud,
 Till scaly monsters woke and tossed the billows to the
 cloud:

The Nereids might scream their glee, bluff Boreas howl
 and rave;
 But still the little Petrel was as saucy as the wave.
 By day or night, in shade or light, a fitting mate was she
 To ramble with her sponsor-bird, and live on any sea.
 She tempted with a witching spell, she lured us to forget
 A sister's fear, a mother's tear, a father's chiding threat.

Away we'd dash through foam and flash, and take the
main as soon
Amid the scowling tempest as beneath the summer moon.

Some thirty years of toil and moil have done their work
since then,
And changed us three young mariners to staid and
thoughtful men ;
But when by lucky chance we meet, we ne'er forget to
note
The perils that we dared with such a "wee thing" of a
boat.
Oh ! were it so that time could give some chosen moments
back,
Full well we know the sunniest that ever lit life's track ;
We'd ask the days beside the coast, of freedom, health, and
joy—
The ocean for our play-place, and the Petrel for our toy.

THE HEART THAT'S TRUE.

Tell me not of sparkling gems,
Set in regal diadems,—
You may boast your diamonds rare,
Rubies bright, and pearls so fair ;
But there's a peerless gem on earth,
Of richer ray and purer worth ;
'Tis priceless, but 'tis worn by few—
It is, it is the heart that's true.

Bring the tulip and the rose,
 While their brilliant beauty glows!
 Let the storm-cloud fling a shade,
 Rose and tulip both will fade:
 But there's a flower that still is found,
 When mist and darkness close around,
 Changeless, fadeless in its hue—
 It is, it is the heart that's true.

Ardent in its earliest tie,
 Faithful in its latest sigh,—
 Love and Friendship, godlike pair,
 Find their throne of glory there.
 Proudly scorning bribe and threat,
 Naught can break the seal once set;
 All the evil gold can do
 Cannot warp the heart that's true.

First in Freedom's cause to bleed,
 First in joy when slaves are freed;
 Their hearts were true—and what could quell
 The might of Washington or Tell?
 Oh! there is one mortal shrine
 Lighted up with rays divine:
 Seek it, yield the homage due,
 Deify the heart that's true.

THIS IS THE HOUR FOR ME.

I'll sail upon the mighty main—but this is not the hour;
 There's not enough of wind to move the bloom in lady's
 bower :

Oh! this is ne'er the time for me: our pretty bark would
 take

Her place upon the ocean like a rose-leaf on a lake.

There's not a murmur on the ear, no shade to meet the
 eye ;

The ripple sleeps ; the sun is up, all cloudless in the sky ;

I do not like the gentle calm of such a torpid sea ;

I will not greet the glassy sheet—'tis not the hour for me.

Now, now, the night-breeze freshens fast, the green waves
 gather strength,

The heavy mainsail firmly swells, the pennon shows its
 length,

Our boat is jumping in the tide—quick, let her hawser
 slip ;

Though but a tiny thing, she'll live beside a giant ship.

Away, away! what nectar spray she flings about her
 bow ;

What diamonds flash in every splash that drips upon my
 brow,—

She knows she bears a soul that dares and loves the dark
 rough sea :

More sail! I cry; let, let her fly!—this is the hour for
 me.

NIGHT.

The God of Day is speeding his way
 Through the golden gates of the West;
 The rosebud sleeps in the parting ray,
 The bird is seeking its nest.

I love the light—yet welcome, Night!
 For beneath thy darkling fall
 The troubled breast is soothed in rest,
 And the slave forgets his thrall.

The peasant child, all strong and wild,
 Is growing quiet and meek;
 All fire is hid 'neath his heavy lid,
 The lashes yearn to the cheek.

He roves no more in gamesome glee,
 But hangs his weary head,
 And loiters beside the mother's knee,
 To ask his lowly bed.

The butterflies fold their wings of gold,
 The dew falls chill in the bower,
 The cattle wait at the kineward gate,
 The bee hath forsaken the flower;

The roar of the city is dying fast,
 Its tongues no longer thrill;
 The hurrying tread is faint at last,
 The artisan's hammer is still.

Night steals apace : she rules supreme ;
 A hallowed calm is shed ;
 No footstep breaks, no whisper wakes—
 'Tis the silence of the dead.

The hollow bay of a distant dog
 Bids drowsy Echo start ;
 The chiming hour from an old church tower
 Strikes fearfully on the heart.

All spirits are bound in slumber sound,
 Save those o'er a death-bed weeping ;
 Or the soldier one that paces alone,
 His guard by the watchfire keeping.

With ebon wand and sable robe,
 How beautiful, Night, art thou ;
 Serenely set on a throne of jet !
 With stars about thy brow !

Thou comest to dry the mourner's eye,
 That wakeful is ever dim ;
 To hush for awhile the grieving sigh,
 And give strength to the wearied limb.

Hail to thy sceptre, Ethiop queen !
 Fair mercy marks thy reign ;
 For the careworn breast may take its rest,
 And the slave forget his chain.

THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.

There's star in the West that shall never go down
 Till the records of valour decay ;
 We must worship its light, though it is not our own,
 For liberty burst in its ray.
 Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
 By a freeman, and thrill not his breast ?
 Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
 As the Bethlehem Star of the West ?

“ War, war to the knife ! be enthralled or ye die,”
 Was the echo that woke in his land ;
 But it was not *his* voice that promoted the cry,
 Nor *his* madness that kindled the brand.
 He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,
 While a leaf of the olive remained ;
 Till goaded with insult, his spirit arose
 Like a long-baited lion unchained.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,
 But sighed o'er the carnage that spread :
 He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,
 But wept for the thousands that bled.
 Though he threw back the fetters and headed the strife,
 Till Man's charter was fairly restored ;
 Yet he prayed for the moment when Freedom and Life
 Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh, his laurels were pure ; and his patriot name
 In the page of the Future shall dwell,
 And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
 By the side of a Hofer and Tell !
 Revile not my song, for the wise and the good
 Among Britons have nobly confessed
 That his was the glory and ours was the blood
 Of the deeply-stained field of the West.

THE LOVED ONE WAS NOT THERE.

We gathered round the festive board,
 The crackling fagot blazed,
 But few would taste the wine that poured,
 Or join the song we raised :
 For there was now a glass unfilled—
 A favoured place to spare ;
 All eyes were dull, all hearts were chilled—
 The loved one was not there.

No happy laugh was heard to ring,
 No form would lead the dance ;
 A smothered sorrow seemed to fling
 A gloom in every glance.
 The grave had closed upon a brow,
 The honest, bright, and fair ;
 We missed our mate, we mourned the blow—
 The loved one was not there.

THE PLOUGHSHARE OF OLD ENGLAND.

The sailor boasts his stately ship, the bulwark of the isle!
 The soldier loves his sword, and sings of tented plains the
 while;
 But we will hang the ploughshare up within our fathers'
 halls,
 And guard it as the deity of plenteous festivals.
 We'll pluck the brilliant poppies, and the far-famed barley-
 corn,
 To wreath with bursting wheat-ears that outshine the
 saffron morn;
 We'll crown it with a glowing heart, and pledge our fertile
 land,
 The Ploughshare of old England, and the sturdy peasant
 band!

The work it does is good and blest, and may be proudly
 told;
 We see it in the teeming barns, and fields of waving gold;
 Its metal is unsullied, no blood-stain lingers there:
 God speed it well, and let it thrive unshackled everywhere.
 The bark may rest upon the wave, the spear may gather
 dust;
 But never may the prow that cuts the furrow lie and rust.
 Fill up, fill up, with glowing heart, and pledge our fertile
 land,
 The Ploughshare of old England, and the sturdy peasant
 band!

GRATITUDE.

The hound will fawn on any one
 That greets him with a kind caress ;
 The flower will turn towards the sun,
 That nurtures it in loveliness.

The drooping bird with frozen wing,
 That feeds in winter at your sill,
 Will trim his glossy plumes in spring,
 And perch about your window still.

The grazing steed will mark the voice
 That rules him with a gentle word ;
 And we may see the brute rejoice,
 As though he loved the tones he heard.

I've taught the speckled frog to leap
 At twilight for the crumbs I've spread ;
 I've lured the fawn till it would keep
 Beside me, crouching, bound and led.

We find the fiercest things that live,
 The savage born, the wildly rude,
 When soothed by Mercy's hand, will give
 Some faint response of gratitude.

But man!—oh blush, ye lordly race!
 Shrink back, and question thy proud heart!
 Do ye not lack that thankful grace
 Which ever forms the soul's best part?

Will ye not take the blessings given,
 The priceless boon of ruddy health,
 The sleep unbroken, peace unriven,
 The cup of joy, the mine of wealth?—

Will ye not take them all?—and yet
 Walk from the cradle to the grave,
 Enjoying, boasting, and forget
 To think upon the God that gave!

Thou'lt even kneel to blood-stained kings,
 Nor fear to have thy serfdom known;
 Thy knee will bend for bauble things,
 Yet fail to seek its Maker's throne.

The bosom that would most repine
 At slightest comfort snatched away—
 The lip that murmurs to resign,
 Is last to thank, is last to pray.

Call home thy thoughts, vain child of dust!
 However sad thy lot may be,
 There is a *something* good, that must
 Demand acknowledgment from thee.

What wouldst thou have from Him above?
 Gaze but on Nature's ample field,
 And that *one* type of mystic love
 Will ask more praise than thou canst yield.

AWAY FROM THE REVEL.

Away from the revel! the night-star is up;
 Away, come away, there is strife in the cup!—
 There is shouting of song, there is wine in the bowl;—
 But listen and drink, they will madden thy soul.

The foam of the goblet is sparkling and bright,
 Rising like gems in the torches' red light;—
 But the glance of thine eye, if it lingers there,
 Will change its mild beam for the maniac's glare!

The pearl-studded chalice, displaying in pride,
 May challenge thy lip to the purple draught's tide;
 But the pearl of the dew-drop, the voice of the breeze,
 Are dearer and calmer, more blessed than these.

Oh! come, it is twilight; the night-star is up;
 Its ray is more bright than the silver-brimmed cup;
 The boat gently dances, the snowy sail fills,
 We'll glide o'er the waters, or rove on the hills.

We'll kneel on the mountain, beneath the dark pine;
 Our hearts' prayer the incense, and Nature the shrine;
 Back on the festal we'll look from the wave,
 As the eye of the free on the chains of the slave!

Oh! come, it is twilight; the moon is awake;
 The breath of the vesper-chime rides o'er the lake;
 There is peace all around us, and health in the breeze,
 And what can be dearer, more blessed than these?

THE FAIRY OF THE SEA.

There's a frigate on the waters, fit for battle, storm, or
 sun ;
 She dances like a life-boat, though she carries flag and
 gun.
 I'm rich and blest while I can call that gallant craft my
 own ;
 I'm king of her, and Jove himself may keep his crown
 and throne.
 She'll stem the billows mountain high, or skim the moonlit
 spray ;
 She'll take a blow and face a foe, like lion turned at bay.
 Whate'er may try, she'll stand the test, the brave, the
 stanch, the free ;
 She bears a name of stainless fame, the "Fairy of the Sea."

The gale is up, she feels the breath, the petrel is behind,
 She travels through the white foam like an arrow on the
 wind.
 Softly, softly,—hold her in—let her slacken in her pace ;
 She'll do the pilot's bidding with a greyhound's gentle
 grace.
 The rocks are round her—what of that? she turns them
 like a swan ;
 The boiling breakers roar, but she is safely creeping on.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! she's clear again ! More canvas ; helm
 a-lee !
 Away she bounds, like deer from hounds, the "Fairy of
 the Sea !"

I've met with life's rough-weather squalls, and run on
 shoals ashore;
 All passed me under scudding-sails, and friends were
 friends no more:
 But when the storm-fiend did its worst, and blanched the
 firmest crew,
 No timber yawned, no cordage broke; my bark, my bark
 was true.
 We've lived together, closely bound, too long to lightly part;
 I love her like a living thing; she's anchored in my heart;
 But Death *must* come, and come he may; right welcome
 he shall be,
 So that I sleep ten fathoms deep in the "Fairy of the
 Sea!"

OH! NEVER BREATHE A DEAD ONE'S NAME.

Oh, never breathe a dead one's name
 When those who loved that one are nigh,
 It pours a lava through the frame
 That chokes the breast and fills the eye;
 It strains a chord that yields too much;
 Of piercing anguish in its breath;
 And hands of mercy should not touch
 A string made eloquent by death.

Oh, never breathe a lost one's name
 To those who called that one their own!
 It only stirs the smouldering flame
 That burns upon a charnel-stone.
 The heart will ache and well-nigh break
 To miss that one for ever fled;
 And lips of mercy should not wake
 A love that cherishes the dead.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

Our bark was out—far, far from land,
 When the fairest of our gallant band
 Grew sadly pale, and waned away
 Like the twilight of an autumn day.
 We watched him through long hours of pain,
 But our cares were lost, our hopes were vain.
 Death-struck, he gave no coward alarm,
 For he smiled as he died on a messmate's arm.

He had no costly winding-sheet,
 But we placed a round shot at his feet;
 And he slept in his hammock as safe and sound
 As a king in his lawn-shroud, marble bound,
 We proudly decked his funeral vest
 With the English flag about his breast;
 We gave him that as the badge of the brave,
 And *then* he was *fit* for his sailor's grave.

Our voices broke—our hearts turned weak—
 Hot tears were seen on the brownest cheek—
 And a quiver played on the lips of pride,
 As we lowered him down the ship's dark side.
 A plunge—a splash—and our task was o'er;
 The billows rolled as they rolled before;
 But many a rude prayer hallowed the wave
 That closed above the sailor's grave.

I MISS THEE, MY MOTHER.

I miss thee, my Mother! thy image is still
 The deepest impressed on my heart,—
 And the tablet so faithful in death must be chill
 Ere a line of that image depart.
 Thou wert torn from my side when I treasured thee most—
 When my reason could measure thy worth;
 When I knew but too well that the idol I'd lost
 Could be never replaced upon earth.

I miss thee, my Mother, in circles of joy,
 Where I've mingled with rapturous zest;
 For how slight is the touch that will serve to destroy
 All the fairy web spun in my breast;
 Some melody sweet may be floating around—
 'Tis a ballad I learnt at thy knee;
 Some strain may be played, and I shrink from the sound,
 For my fingers oft woke it for thee.

I miss thee, my Mother! when young health has fled,
 And I sink in the languor of pain,
 Where, where is the arm that once pillowed my head
 And the ear that once heard me complain?
 Other hands may support, gentle accents may fall—
 For the fond and the true are yet mine:
 I've a blessing for each; I am grateful to all—
 But whose care *can* be soothing as thine?

I miss thee, my Mother, in summer's fair day,
 When I rest in the ivy-wreathed bower,
 When I hang thy pet linnet's cage high on the spray,
 Or gaze on thy favourite flower.
 There's the bright gravel-path where I played by thy side
 When time had scarce wrinkled thy brow,
 Where I carefully led thee with worshipping pride
 When thy scanty locks gathered the snow.

I miss thee, my Mother, in winter's long night:
 I remember the tales thou wouldst tell—
 The romance of wild fancy, the legend of fright—
 Oh! who could e'er tell them so well!
 Thy corner is vacant; thy chair is removed:
 It was kind to take *that* from my eye:
 Yet relics are 'round me—the sacred and loved—
 To call up the pure sorrow-fed sigh.

I miss thee, my Mother! Oh, when do I not?
 Though I know 'twas the wisdom of Heaven
 That the deepest shade fell on my sunniest spot,
 And such tie of devotion was riven;
 For when thou wert with me my soul was below,
 I was chained to the world I then trod;
 My affections, my thoughts, were all earth-bound; but
 now
 They have followed thy spirit to God.

A SONG FOR MERRY HARVEST.

Bring forth the harp, and let us sweep its fullest, loudest,
string!

The bee below, the bird above, are teaching us to sing
A song for merry harvest; and the one who will not bear
His grateful part partakes a boon he ill deserves to share.
The grasshopper is pouring forth his quick and trembling
notes;

The laughter of the gleaner's child, the heart's own music
floats:

Up! up! I say, a roundelay from every voice that lives
Should welcome merry harvest, and bless the God that
gives.

The buoyant soul that loves the bowl may see the dark
grapes shine,

And gems of melting ruby deck the ringlets of the vine;
Who prizes more the foaming ale may gaze upon the plain,
And feast his eye with yellow hops and sheets of bearded
grain;

The kindly one whose bosom aches to see a dog unfed
May bend the knee in thanks to see the ample promised
bread.

Awake, then, all! 'tis Nature's call, and every voice that
lives

Shall welcome merry harvest, and bless the God that gives.

THE WORLD.

Talk who will of the World as a desert of thrall,
 Yet, yet, there is bloom on the waste ;
 Though the chalice of Life hath its acid and gall,
 There are honey-drops too for the taste.

We murmur and droop should a sorrow-cloud stay,
 And note all the shades of our lot ;
 But the rich scintillations that brighten our way
 Are basked in, enjoyed, and forgot.

Those who look on Mortality's ocean aright
 Will not mourn o'er each billow that rolls,
 But dwell on the glories, the beauties, the might,
 As much as the shipwrecks and shoals.

How thankless is he who remembers alone
 All the bitter, the drear, and the dark !
 Though the raven may scare with its woe-boding tone,
 Do we ne'er hear the song of the lark ?

We may utter farewell when 'tis torture to part,
 But, in meeting the dear one again,
 Have we never rejoiced with that wildness of heart
 Which outbalances ages of pain ?

Who hath not had moments so laden with bliss,
 When the soul, in its fulness of love,
 Would waver if bidden to choose between this
 And the Paradise promised above ?

Though the eye may be dimmed with its grief-drop
awhile,

And the whitened lip sigh forth its fear,
Yet pensive indeed is that face where the smile
Is not oftener seen than the tear.

There are times when the storm-gust may rattle around,
There are spots where the poison-shrub grows ;
Yet are there not hours when naught else can be found
But the south wind, the sunshine, and rose ?

O haplessly rare is the portion that's ours,
And strange is the path that we take,
If there spring not beside us a few precious flowers,
To soften the thorn and the brake !

The wail of regret, the rude clashing of strife,
The soul's harmony often may mar ;
But I think we must own, in the discords of life,
'Tis ourselves that oft waken the jar.

Earth is not *all* fair, yet it is not *all* gloom ;
And the voice of the grateful will tell,
That He who allotted Pain, Death, and the Tomb,
Gave Hope, Health, and the Bridal as well.

Should Fate do its worst, and my spirit, oppressed,
O'er its own shattered happiness pine,
Let me witness the joy in another's glad breast,
And some pleasure *must* kindle in mine.

Then say not the World is a desert of thrall,—
There is bloom, there is light on the waste ;
Though the chalice of Life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey drops too for the taste.

STANZAS.

The dark and rugged mountain steep,
 The sloping emerald glade,
 The beam-lit valley, where vines may creep.
 The harebell low in the shade :

The towering hill, the shimmering rill,
 The fields and forest trees—
 Oh, he is blind who cannot find
 Good company in these !

I have seen the harvest sun pour down
 Its rays on the rustling sheaf,
 Till gold flashed out from the wheat-ear brown,
 And flame from the poppy's leaf :

I have heard the music the woods have made
 In deep and sullen roar,
 When the mighty winds of Winter played
 On branches grey and hoar :

I have seen the merry Spring steal nigh,
 And my soul has leaped to meet
 The rainbow clouds that flitted on high,
 The daisy that kissed my feet :

I have watched the slowly gathering gloom
 Of mournful Autumn throw
 Its pensive shade on the dying bloom,
 Like sorrow on beauty's brow :

And though I have garnered little of light
 From learning's glorious store,
 These, these have taught God's mercy and might ;
 And who can teach me more ?

My spirit has glowed, the rapt, the blest,
 Flushed with the fervent zeal
 That may gush from the eyes and burn in the breast,
 But the weak lips ne'er reveal.

The giant rock, the lowliest flower
 Can lead to Him above,
 And bid me worship the hand of power,
 Of mystery and love.

Does my heart grow proud ? I need but turn
 To Nature, and confess
 A Maker's greatness—shrink and learn
 My own unworthiness !

ENGLAND.

My heart is pledged in wedded faith to England's "merry
 isle ;"
 I love each low and straggling cot, each famed ancestral
 pile ;
 I'm happy when my steps are free upon the sunny glade ;
 I'm glad and proud amid the crowd that throng its mart o
 trade ;

I gaze upon our open port, where Commerce mounts her throne,
 Where every flag that comes ere now has lowered to our own.
 Look round the globe, and tell me, can ye find more blazoned names,
 Among its cities and its streams, than London and the Thames?

My soul is linked right tenderly to every shady copse;
 I prize the creeping violets, the tall and fragrant hops;
 The citron tree or spicy grove for me would never yield
 A perfume half so grateful as the lilies of the field.
 I thread the wood, I rob the hedge, and glad content is mine,
 Although they lack the orange-branch, pomegranate, date,
 and vine.
 I covet not the rarest fruit exotic region shows,
 While England has its hazel-nuts, its blackberries, and sloes.

I'll ask if there's a British boy, whate'er may be his rank,
 Who does not dearly love to climb his native bramble bank;
 Who would not trudge for many a mile to gain a nutting track,
 Proud of the crook'd stick in his hand and basket at his back?
 Our songsters, too, oh! who shall dare to breathe one slighting word?
 Their plumage dazzles not—yet say, can sweeter strains be heard?
 Let other feathers vaunt the dyes of deepest rainbow flush,
 Give me old England's nightingale, its robin, and its thrush.

I'd freely rove through Tempe's vale or scale the giant
 Alp,
 Where roses list the bulbul's tale, or snow-wreaths crown
 the scalp;
 I'd pause to hear soft Venice streams splash back to boat-
 man's oar,
 Or hearken to the western flood in wild and falling roar;
 I'd tread the vast of mountain range, or spot serene and
 flowered;
 I ne'er could see too many of the wonders God has
 showered;
 Yet though I stood on fairest earth, beneath the bluest
 heaven,
 Could I forget *our* summer sky, *our* Windermere and
 Devon?

I'd own a brother in the good and brave of any land,
 Nor would I ask his clime or creed before I gave my hand;
 Let but the deeds be ever such that all the world may
 know,
 And little reck "the place of birth," or colour of the brow;
 Yet, though I'd hail a foreign name among the first and
 best,
 Our own transcendant stars of Fame would rise within my
 breast;
 I'd point to hundreds who have done the most e'er done
 by man,
 And cry, "There's England's glory scroll—show brighter if
 ye can!"

“THY KINGDOM COME.”

’Tis human lot to meet and bear
 The common ills of human life ;
 There’s not a breast but hath its share
 Of bitter pain and vexing strife.
 The peasant in his lowly shed,
 The noble ’neath a gilded dome,
 Each will at some time bow his head,
 And ask and hope, “Thy kingdom come!”

When some deep sorrow, surely slow,
 Despoils the cheek and eats the heart,
 Laying our busy projects low,
 And bidding all earth’s dreams depart—
 Do we not smile, and calmly turn
 From the wide world’s tumultuous hum,
 And feel the immortal essence yearn,
 Rich with the thought, “Thy kingdom come?”

The waves of Care may darkly bound
 And buffet, till, our strength outworn,
 We stagger as they gather round,
 All shattered, weak, and tempest-torn :
 But there’s a lighthouse for the soul,
 That beacons to a stormless home ;
 It safely guides through roughest tides—
 It shines, it saves! “Thy kingdom come!”

To gaze upon the loved in death,
 To mark the closing beamless eye,
 To press dear lips, and find no breath—
 This, this is life's worst agony!
 But God, too merciful, too wise
 To leave the lorn one in despair,
 Whispers, while snatching those we prize,
 "My kingdom come!—Ye'll meet them there!"

THE BOW.

A cheer for Robin Hood
 And Nottingham's famed wood
 When the greensward was the merry men's resort;
 When the tough and springy yew,
 Was the bravest tree that grew,
 And the bow held foremost place in English sport.

Right glorious I ween
 Was the olden forest scene,
 When bugles rang and sturdy yeomen met;
 When the flying bird was hit,
 The willow sapling split,
 And bow and shaft had fame unrivalled yet.

In the fields our fathers won
 We shall find the bow has done
 Some work our annals proudly may record ;
 Did they prove it bent in vain,
 On Poitiers or Cressy's plain ?
 Had the arrow there less glory than the sword ?

The whizzing barb that flew
 Bore its message home and true,
 As swift as sun-ray, free as eagle's wing ;
 And many a haughty foe
 Was taught to feel and know
 What English arms could do with wood and string.

See, see the archer hold
 His weapons firm and bold,
 With spreading chest, and clear uncovered brow ;
 The arrow 'neath his eye,
 Drawn to the head, let fly,
 Fixed in the prey. Ha ! ha ! who scorns the bow ?

Then a cheer for Robin Hood
 And Nottingham's famed wood,
 When the greensward was the merry men's resort ;
 When the tough and springy yew
 Was the bravest tree that grew,
 And the bow held foremost place in English sport.

THE FOREST TREES.

Up with your heads, ye sylvan lords,
Wave proudly in the breeze,
For our cradle bands and coffin boards
Must come from the forest trees.

We bless ye for your summer shade,
When our weak limbs fail and tire;
Our thanks are due for your winter aid,
When we pile the bright log fire.

Oh! where would be our rule on the sea,
And the fame of the sailor band,
Were it not for the oak and cloud-crowned pine,
That spring on the quiet land?

When the ribs and masts of the good ship live,
And weather the gale with ease,
Take his glass from the tar, who will not give
A health to the forest trees.

Ye lend to life its earliest joy,
And wait on its latest page;
In the circling hoop for the rosy boy,
And the easy chair for age.

The old man totters on his way,
With footsteps short and slow;
But without the stick for his help and stay
Not a yard's length could he go.

The hazel twig in the stripling's hand
 Hath magic power to please ;
 And the trusty staff and slender wand
 Are plucked from the forest trees.

Ye are seen in the shape of the blessed plough
 And the merry ringing flail ;
 Ye shine in the dome of the monarch's home
 And the sacred altar-rail.

In the rustic porch, the wainscoted wall,
 In the gay triumphal car ;
 In the rude-built hut or the banquet hall,
 No matter ! there ye are !

Then up with your heads, ye sylvan lords,
 Wave proudly in the breeze ;
 From our cradle bands to our coffin boards
 We're in debt to the forest trees.

THE HORSE.

The horse ! the brave, the gallant horse—
 Fit theme for the minstrel song !
 He hath good claim to praise and fame,
 As the fleet, the kind, the strong.

What of your foreign monsters rare ?
 I'll turn to the road or course,
 And find a beauteous rival there
 In the horse, the English horse.

Behold him free on his native sod,
 Looking fit for the sun-god's car ;
 With a skin as sleek as a maiden's cheek,
 And an eye like the Polar star.

Who wonders not such limbs can deign
 To brook the fettering girth,
 As we see him fly the ringing plain,
 And paw the crumbling earth ?

His nostrils are wide with snorting pride,
 His fiery veins expand ;
 And yet he'll be led by a silken thread,
 Or soothed by an infant's hand.

He owns the lion's spirit and might,
 But the voice he has learnt to love
 Needs only be heard, and he'll turn to the word,
 As gentle as a dove.

The Arab is wise who learns to prize
 His barb before all gold ;
 But is *his* barb more fair than ours,
 More generous, fast, or bold ?

A song for the steed, the gallant steed—
 Oh ! grant him a leaf of bay ;
 For we owe much more to his strength and speed
 Than man can ever repay.

Whatever his place—the yoke, the chase,
 The war-field, road, or course,
 One of Creation's brightest and best
 Is the horse, the noble horse !

THE KING OF THE WIND.

He burst through the ice-pillared gates of the North,
And away on his hurricane wings he rushed forth ;
He exulted all free in his might and his speed,
He mocked at the lion and taunted the steed ;
He whistled along, through each cranny and creek ;
He whirled o'er the mountains with hollow-toned shriek ;
The arrow and eagle were laggard behind,
And alone in his flight sped the King of the Wind.

He swept o'er the earth—the tall battlements fell,
And he laughed, as they crumbled, with maniac yell ;
The broad oak of the wood dared to wrestle again,
Till, wild in his fury, he hurled it in twain ;
He grappled with pyramids, works of an age,
And dire records were left of his havoc and rage.
No power could brave him, no fetters could bind ;
Supreme in his sway was the King of the Wind.

He careered o'er the waters with death and despair,
He wrecked the proud ship and his triumph was there ;
The cheeks that had blanched not at foeman or blade,
At the sound of his breathing turned pale and afraid ;
He rocked the stanch lighthouse, he shivered the mast,
He howled—the strong life-boat in fragments was cast ;
And he roared in his glory, “ Where, where will ye find
A despot so great as the King of the Wind ? ”





C. Martin del.

H. Adlard sc.

And the kindest blow Death ever gave,

Laid the mourning child in the parent's grave.

The Mourners

THE MOURNERS.

King Death sped forth in his dreaded power
 To make the most of his tyrant hour ;
 And the first he took was a white-robed girl,
 With the orange bloom twined in each glossy curl.
 Her fond betrothed hung over the bier,
 Bathing her shroud with the gushing tear :
 He madly raved, he shrieked his pain,
 With frantic speech and burning brain.
 " There's no joy," cried he, " now my dearest is gone.
 Take, take me, Death ; for I cannot live on ! "

The sire was robbed of his eldest-born,
 And he bitterly bled while the branch was torn :
 Other scions were round as good and fair,
 But none seemed so bright as the breathless heir.
 " My hopes are crushed," was the father's cry ;
 Since my darling is lost, I, too, would die."
 The valued friend was snatched away,
 Bound to another from childhood's day ;
 And the one that was left exclaimed in despair,
 " Oh ! he sleeps in the tomb—let me follow him there ! "

A mother was taken, whose constant love
 Had nestled her child like a fair young dove ;
 And the heart of that child to the mother had grown,
 Like the ivy to oak, or the moss to the stone :
 Nor loud nor wild was the burst of woe,
 But the tide of anguish run strong below ;
 And the reft one turned from all that was light,
 From the flowers of day and the stars of night ;

Breathing where none might hear or see—
 “Where thou art, my mother, thy child would be.”

Death smiled as he heard each earnest word :
 “Nay, nay,” said he, “be this work deferred ;
 I’ll see thee again in a fleeting year,
 And, if grief and devotion live on sincere,
 I promise then thou shalt share the rest
 Of the being now plucked from thy doting breast ;
Then, if thou cravest the coffin and pall
 As thou dost this moment, my spear shall fall.”
 And Death fled till Time on his rapid wing
 Gave the hour that brought back the skeleton king.

But the lover was ardently wooing again,
 Kneeling in serfdom, and proud of his chain ;
 He had found an idol to adore,
 Rarer than that he had worshipped before :
 His step was gay, his laugh was loud,
 As he led the way for the bridal crowd ;
 And his eyes still kept their joyous ray,
 Though he went by the grave where his first love lay.
 “Ha ! ha !” shouted Death, “’tis passing clear
 That I am a guest not wanted here !”

The father was seen in his children’s games,
 Kissing their flushed brows and blessing their names !
 And his eye grew bright as he marked the charms
 Of the boy at his knee and the girl in his arms :
 His voice rung out in the merry noise,
 He was first in all their hopes and joys ;
 He ruled their sports in the setting sun,
 Nor gave a thought to the missing one.
 “Are ye ready ?” cried Death, as he raised his dart :
 “Nay ! nay !” shrieked the father, “in mercy depart !”

The friend again was quaffing the bowl,
 Warmly pledging his faith and soul;
 His bosom cherished with glowing pride
 A stranger form that sat by his side;
 His hand the hand of that stranger pressed;
 He praised his song, he echoed his jest;
 And the mirth and wit of that new-found mate
 Made a blank of the name so prized of late.
 "See! see!" cried Death, as he hurried past,
 "How bravely the bonds of friendship last!"

But the orphan child! Oh! where was she?
 With clasping hands and bended knee,
 All alone on the churchyard's sod,
 Mingling the names of mother and God.
 Her dark and sunken eye was hid,
 Fast weeping beneath the swollen lid;
 Her sigh was heavy, her forehead was chill,
 Betraying the wound was unhealed still;
 And her smothered prayer was yet heard to crave
 A speedy home in the self-same grave.

Hers was the love all holy and strong;
 Hers was the sorrow fervent and long;
 Hers was the spirit whose light was shed
 As an incense fire above the dead!
 Death lingered there, and paused awhile;
 But she beckoned him on with a welcoming smile.
 "There's a solace," cried she, "for all others to find,
 But a mother leaves no equal behind."
 And the kindest blow Death ever gave
 Laid the mourning child in the parent's grave.

MY GRAVE.

Sweet is the ocean grave, under the azure wave,
 Where the rich coral the sea-grot illumes ;
 Where pearls and amber meet, decking the winding-sheet,
 Making the sailor's the brightest of tombs.

Let the proud soldier rest, wrapt in his gory vest,
 Where he may happen to fall on his shield.
 To sink in the glory-strife was his first hope in life ;
 Dig him his grave on the red battle-field.

Lay the one great and rich in the strong cloister niche,
 Give him his coffin of cedar and gold ;
 Let the wild torchlight fall, flouting the velvet pall,
 Lock him in marble vault, darksome and cold.

But there's a sunny hill, fondly remembered still,
 Crowned with fair grass and a bonnie elm tree :
 Fresh as the foamy surf, sacred as churchyard turf,
 There be the resting-place chosen by me !

Though the long formal prayer ne'er has been uttered there,
 Though the robed priest has not hallowed the sod ;
 Yet would I dare to ask any in saintly mask,
 "Where is the spot that's unwatched by a God !"

There the wind loud and strong whistles its winter song,
 Shrill in its wailing and fierce in its sweep ;
 'Tis music now sweet and dear, loved by my soul and ear ;
 Let it breathe on where I sleep the last sleep.

There in the summer days rest the bright flashing rays,
 There spring the wild flowers—fair as can be ;
 Daisy and pimpernel, lily and cowslip bell,
 These be the grave flowers chosen by me.

There would I lie alone, marked by no sculptured stone :
 Few will regret when my spirit departs ;
 And I loathe the vain charnel fame, praising an empty name,
 Dear, after all, but to two or three hearts.

Who does not turn and laugh at the false epitaph,
 Painting man spotless and pure as the dove ?
 If aught of goodly worth grace my career on earth,
 All that I heed is its record above.

'Tis on that sunny hill, fondly remembered still,
 Where my young footsteps climbed, happy and free :
 Fresh as the foamy surf, sacred as churchyard turf—
 There be the sleeping-place chosen by me.

THE WREATHS.

Whom do we crown with the laurel leaf ?
 The hero god, the soldier chief.
 But we dream of the crushing cannon-wheel,
 Of the flying shot and the reeking steel,
 Of the crimson plain where warm blood smokes,
 Where clangour deafens and sulphur chokes :
 Oh, who can love the laurel wreath,
 Plucked from the gory field of death ?

Whom do we crown with summer flowers?
 The young and fair in their happiest hours.
 But the buds will only live in the light
 Of festive day or a glittering night;
 We know the vermeil tints will fade—
 That pleasure dies with the bloomy braid:
 And who can prize the coronal
 That's formed to dazzle, wither, and fall?

Who wears the cypress, dark and drear?
 The one who is shedding the mourner's tear:
 The gloomy branch for ever twines
 Round foreheads graved with Sorrow's lines.
 'Tis the type of a sad and lonely heart,
 That hath seen its dearest hopes depart.
 Oh, who can like the chaplet band
 That is wove by Melancholy's hand?

Where is the ivy circlet found?
 On the one whose brain and lips are drowned
 In the purple stream—who drinks and laughs
 Till his cheeks outflush the wine he quaffs.
 Oh, glossy and rich is the ivy crown,
 With its gems of grape-juice trickling down;
 But, bright as it seems o'er the glass and bowl,
 It has stain for the heart and shade for the soul.

But there's a green and fragrant leaf
 Betokens nor revelry, blood, nor grief:
 'Tis the purest amaranth springing below,
 And rests on the calmest, noblest brow:
 It is not the right of the monarch or lord,
 Nor purchased by gold, nor won by the sword,
 For the lowliest temples gather a ray
 Of quenchless light from the palm of bay.

Oh, beautiful bay! I worship thee—
 I homage thy wreath—I cherish thy tree ;
 And of all the chaplets Fame may deal,
 'Tis only to this one I would kneel :
 For as Indians fly to the banian branch,
 When tempests lower and thunders launch,
 So the spirit may turn from crowds and strife
 And seek from the bay-wreath joy and life.

HOPE.

There is a star that cheers our way
 Along this dreary world of woe,
 That tips with light the waves of life,
 However bitterly they flow.

'Tis Hope! 'tis Hope! that blessed star!
 Which peers through Misery's darkest cloud;
 And only sets where Death has brought
 The pall, the tombstone, and the shroud.

But, ah! to look upon the dead,
 And know they ne'er can wake again!
 To lose the one we love the best!—
 Oh God! it sears the breast and brain.

Then, then, the human heart will groan,
 And pine beneath the stroke of Fate;
 'Twill break, to find itself alone,
 A thing all sad and desolate!

OLD PINCHER.

When I gave to old Dobbin his song and his due,
 Apollo, I feared, would look scornfully blue ;
 I thought he might spurn the low station and blood,
 And turn such a Pegasus out of his stud.

But another "four-footed" comes boldly to claim
 His place beside Dobbin in merits and fame ;
 He shall have it,—for why should I be over nice,
 Since Homer immortalized Ilion and—mice ?

I frolicked, a youngling, wild, rosy, and fat,
 When Pincher was brought in the butcher-boy's hat ;
 And the long-promised puppy was hailed with a joy,
 That ne'er was inspired by a gold-purchased toy.

"What a darling!" cried I ; while my sire, with a frown,
 Exclaimed, "Hang the brute ! though 'tis easy to drown :"
 But I wept at the word, till my sorrowful wail
 Won his total reprieve from the rope or the pail.

Regarding his beauty, I'm silent : forsooth,
 I've a little old-fashioned respect for the truth ;
 And the praise of his colour or shape to advance
 Would be that part of history known as romance.

There were some who most rudely denounced him "a
 cur :"—

How I hated that name, though I dared not demur !
 I thought him all fair ; yet I'll answer for this,
 That the fate of Narcissus could ne'er have been his.

Now Dobbin, the pony, belonged to us all,
 Was at every one's service and every one's call:
 But Pincher, rare treasure, possession divine,
 Was held undisputed as whole and sole mine.

Together we rambled, together we grew:
 Many plagues had the household, but we were the two
 Who were branded the deepest; all doings reviled
 Were sure to be wrought by "that dog and that child."

Unkennelled and chainless, yet truly he served;
 No serfdom was known, yet his faith never swerved:
 A dog has a heart,—secure that, and you'll find
 That *love* even in brutes is the safest to bind.

If my own kin or kind had demolished my ball,
 The transgression was marked with a scuffle and squall;
 But with perfect consent he might mouth it about,
 Till the very last atom of sawdust was out.

When halfpence were doled for the holiday treat,
 How I longed for the comfits, so lusciously sweet!
 But cakes *must* be purchased, for how could I bear
 To feast on a luxury Pinch could not share?

I fondled, I fed him, I coaxed or I cuffed,—
 I drove or I led him, I soothed or I huffed:
 He had beatings in anger, and huggings in love,
 But which were most cruel, 'twere a puzzle to prove.

If he dared to rebel, I might battle and wage
 The fierce war of a tyrant with petulant rage:
 I might ply him with kicks, or belabour with blows,
 But Pincher was never once known to oppose.

Did a mother appear the loud quarrel to learn,
 If 'twere only with him it gave little concern :
 No ill-usage could rouse him, no insult could chafe ;
 While Pinch was the playmate, her darling was safe.

If the geese on the common gave signal of fear,
 And screams most unmusical startled the ear,
 The cause was soon guessed, for my foremost delight
 Was in seeing Pinch put the old gander to flight.

Had the pantry been rifled of remnant of beef,
 Shrewd suspicions were formed of receiver and thief,
 For I paused not at crime, and I blushed not at fibs,
 That assisted to nurture his well-covered ribs.

The warren was sacred, yet he and I dared
 To career through its heath till the rabbits were scared :
 The gamekeeper threatened me Pinch should be shot ;
 But the threat was by both of us always forgot.

The linen, half-bleached, must be rinsed o'er again ;
 And our footsteps in mud were "remarkably" plain.
 The tulips were crushed to the gardener's dismay ;
 And when last we were seen we were bending that way.

When brought to the bar for the evil we'd done,
 Some atrocious spoliation I chose to call "fun :"
 Though Pinch was Tiberius, those who might try
 Knew well that the active Sejanus was I.

But we weathered all gales, and the years sped away,
 Till his "bonnie black" hide was fast turning to grey ;
 When accents were heard most alarmingly sad,
 Proclaiming that Pincher, my Pincher, was mad.

It was true: his fixed doom was no longer a joke;
 He that moment must die: my young heart was nigh,
 broke.

I saw the sure fowling-piece moved from its rest,
 And the sob of keen anguish burst forth unsuppressed.

A shot,—a faint howl,—and old Pincher was dead:
 How I wept while the gardener prepared his last bed!
 Something fell on his spade too, wet, sparkling and clear;
 Though *he* said 'twas a dew-drop, *I* know 'twas a tear.

Our winter-night circle was now incomplete;
 We missed the fond brute that had snoozed at our feet:
 All his virtues were praised, all his mischief forgot,
 We lauded his merits, and sighed o'er his lot.

Poodle, spaniel, and greyhound, were brought for my care,
 Of beauty and breed reckoned preciously rare;
 But the playmate of infancy, friend of my youth,
 Was linked with a lasting affection and truth.

He was never supplanted; nay, mention him now,
 And a something of shadow will steal from my brow.
 "Poor fellow!" will burst in such tone of regret,
 That whispers my heart is his lurking-place yet.

No wonder; for memory brings back with him
 The thoughts that will render the lightest eye dim;
 He is mingled with all that I idolized most,
 The brightest, the purest, the loved, and the lost.

The smile of a parent, the dearest, the best,
 The joys of my forest home spring to my breast,
 And those days reappear with a halo divine,
 When old Pincher, a mother, and childhood were mine!

CHRISTMAS TIDE.

When the merry Spring-time weaves
 Its peeping bloom and dew leaves :
 When the primrose opes its eye,
 And the young moth flutters by ;
 When the plaintive turtle-dove
 Pours its notes of peace and love ;
 And the clear sun flings its glory bright and wide—
 Yet, yet my soul will own
 More joy in Winter's frown,
 And wake with warmer flush at Christmas tide.

The Summer beams may shine
 On the rich and curling vine,
 And the noontide rays light up
 The tulip's dazzling cup ;
 But the pearly mistletoe
 And the holly-berries' glow
 Are not even by the boasted rose outvied ;
 For the happy hearts beneath
 The green and coral wreath
 Love the garlands that are twined at Christmas tide.

Let the Autumn days produce
 Yellow corn and purple juice,
 And Nature's feast be spread
 In the fruitage ripe and red ;
 'Tis grateful to behold
 Gushing grapes and fields of gold,
 When cheeks are browned and red lips deeper dyed :
 But give, oh ! give to me
 The Winter night of glee,
 The mirth and plenty seen at Christmas tide.

The northern gust may howl,
 The rolling storm-cloud scowl,
 King Frost may make a slave
 Of the river's rapid wave,
 The snow-drift choke the path,
 Or the hail-shower spend its wrath ;
 But the sternest blast right bravely is defied :
 While limbs and spirits bound
 To the merry minstrel sound,
 And social wood-fires blaze at Christmas tide.

The song, the laugh, the shout,
 Shall mock the storm without ;
 And sparkling wine-foam rise
 'Neath still more sparkling eyes ;
 The forms that rarely meet
 Then hand to hand shall greet,
 And soul pledge soul that leagues too long divide :
 Mirth, friendship, love and light,
 Shall crown the Winter night,
 And every glad voice welcome Christmas tide.

But while Joy's echo falls
 In gay and plenteous halls,
 Let the poor and lowly share
 The warmth, the sports, the fare ;
 For the one of humble lot
 Must not shiver in his cot,
 But claim a bounteous meed from wealth and pride :
 Shed kindly blessings round,
 Till no aching heart be found ;
 And then all hail to merry Christmas tide !

KINGS.

Oh, covet not the throne and crown,
Sigh not for rule and state !
The wise would fling the sceptre down,
And shun the palace gate.

Let wild Ambition wing its flight ;
Glory is free to all :
But they who soar a regal height
Will risk a deadly fall.

Take any high imperial name,
The great among the great ;
What was the guerdon of his fame ?
And what his closing fate ?

The hero of immortal Greece,
Unhappy, fled to wine,
And died in Saturnalian peace,
As drunkard, fool, and swine.

The first in arms, Rome's victor son,
Fell by a traitor's aim,
And drew the purple robes he'd won
To hide his blood and shame,

Bold Richard, England's lion-heart
Escaped the burning fray,
To sink beneath a peasant's dart,
And groan his life away.

Gaul's eagle, he whose upraised hand
 Swayed legions of the brave,
 Died in a prison, "barred and banned,"
 An exile and a slave.

Scores may be found whose tyrant-time
 Knew not one hour of rest ;
 Their lives one course of senseless crime,
 Their every deed unblest.

Ye blazing stars of gems and gold,
 What aching hearts ye mock !
 Strong marble walls, do ye not hold
 Sword, poison, axe, and block ?

Many have cursed the crown they've worn
 When hurled from place and rank,
 They met a people's groaning scorn,
 And trod the scaffold plank.

"Uneasy lies the monarch's head,"
 Despite his dazzling wreath ;
 The hireling by his dying bed
 May aid the work of death.

His cringing horde may bow the neck,
 Though bid to lick the dust ;
 He may have serfs to wait his beck,
 But not one friend to trust.

Ye lowly born ! oh, covet not
 One right the sceptre brings :
 The honest name and peaceful lot
 Outweigh the pomp of kings !

LINES.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT, IN THE PROSPECT OF A DREADED
BEREAVEMENT.

Though to the passing world my heart
A quiet, untouched thing may seem,—
It bleeds, my Mother, bleeds for *thee*,
My love, my sorrow, and my theme!

How many a night these aching eyes
Have watched beside thy wasting form;
Watched, like the anxious mariner
Who marks and dreads the coming storm!

How many a time I've bent mine ear
To catch thy low and fainting breath,
And trembled lest thy soul had fled,
Unnoticed to the realms of death!

My Mother! thou wilt die, and leave
The world, with life and grief, to me;
But, ah! perchance the branch may fade,
When severed from its parent tree!

I do adore thee! such my first
Fond broken lispings did proclaim;
And all I suffer now but proves
My shrine and homage still the same.

Time, that will alter breast and brow
So strangely that we know them not;
That sponges out all trace of truth,
Or darkens it with many a blot;

In me hath wrought its changes too,
 Alike in bosom, lip, and brain ;
 And taught me much, much that, alas !
 Is learnt but in the school of Pain.

I'm strangely warped from what I was,
 For some few years, in Life's fresh morn ;
 When Thought scarce linked with reason's chain,
 Nor dared to question, doubt, or scorn.

The poisoned smile, the broken faith,
 Of those I fondly deemed sincere,
 Have almost taught me how to *hate*,
 And echo back the gibe and jeer.

Though young in years, I've learnt to look
 With trustless eye on all and each ;
 And shudder that I find so oft
 The basest heart with gentlest speech.

But one warm stream of feeling flows
 With warm devoted love for thee ;
 A stream whose tide, without an ebb,
 Will reach Eternity's vast sea.

Time has not dimmed, nor will it dim
 One ray of that bright glowing flame
 Which constant burns, like Allah's fire,
 Upon the altar of thy name.

But, ah ! that name, so dearly prized,
 So warmly cherished, soon must be
 A beacon quenched ; a treasure wrecked—
 To live but in the memory.

Father of Mercy, is there naught
 Of tribulation Thou canst send
 Upon my heart but this dire stroke,
 To scathe, to madden, and to rend ?

Wilt Thou not spare, at least awhile,
 The only one I care to call
 My own ? Oh, wilt thou launch the bolt,
 And crush at once my earthly all ?

But this is impious. Faith and Hope
 Will teach me how to bear my lot ;
 To think Almighty Wisdom best,
 To bow my head, and murmur not.

The chast'ning hand of One above
 Falls heavy ; but I'll kiss the rod ;
He gives the wound, and I must trust
 Its healing to the self-same God !

THE FIRST VOYAGE.

He stood upon the sandy beach,
 And watched the dancing foam ;
 He gazed upon the leaping waves,
 Which soon would be his home.

And then he eyed his sailor's garb,
 With look of proud delight :
 The flowing kerchief round his neck,
 The trowsers, wide and white.

The rose of health was on his cheek,
His forehead fair as day ;
Hope played within his hazel eye,
And told his heart was gay,

And many a time the sturdy boy
Longed for the hour to come
Which gave the hammock for his couch,
The ocean for his home !

And now the gallant ship rides nigh,
The wind is fair and free,
The busy hands have trimmed her sails :
She stems the open sea.

The boy again is on the beach ;
A mother's arms have pressed him,
A sister's hand is linked in his,
A father's lip hath blessed him.

The eyes that lately sparkled bright
Are swollen with many a tear ;
His young heart feels a choking pang,
To part from all so dear.

Another kiss—another sob,
And now the struggle's o'er :
He springs into the tiny boat,
And pushes from the shore.

The last sad drop upon his cheek
Falls mingling with the foam :
The sea-bird, screaming, welcomes him
The ocean is his home !

FRAGMENT.

Say on, that I'm over romantic,
 In loving the wild and the free;—
 But, the waves of the dashing Atlantic,
 The Alps, and the eagle for me!

The billows, so madly uprearing
 Their heads on the blast-ridden main,
 Mock the hurricane, dauntless, unfearing,
 And roar back the thunder again.

The mountain, right heavenward bearing,
 Half lost in the sun and the snow,
 Can only be trod by the daring :
 The fearful may tremble below.

The eagle is high in its dwelling,
 For ever the tameless, the proud ;
 It heeds not the storm-spirits' yelling,
 It swoops through the lightning-fraught cloud.

Tell me not of a soft-sighing lover ;
 Such things may be had by the score :
 I'd rather be bride to a rover,
 And polish the rifle he bore.

The storm with its thunder affrighting ;
 The torrent and avalanche high ;
 These, these, would my spirit delight in ;
 'Mid these would I wander and die!

Say on, that I'm over romantic,
 In loving the wild and the free ;
 But the waves of the dashing Atlantic,
 The Alps, and the eagle, for me !

LINES,

WRITTEN TO BEGUILE AN IDLE HOUR.

How fondly Memory loves to nurse
 The happy scenes of bygone years ;
 When Childhood drank the cup of life,
 Before 'twas dashed with care and tears :

When Infancy, just thrown away,
 Left me a wild and sportive girl,
 With glowing cheek and thoughtless brow,
 Half hid 'neath many a shaggy curl :

When time flew on with rainbow wings,
 Flinging a radiance round the hours,
 When peeping daisies seem more bright
 Than Italy's Arcadian flowers.

Methinks I see the old oak tree,
 That stands alone upon the hill,
 Whose acorns, strung beneath its shade,
 Keep place among my treasures still.

Methinks I see my tiny boat,
 With silken pennon, long and gay,
 Now drifting on the weedy bank,—
 Now deluged in the cascade's spray.

How fearless then my footstep trod
 The plank that spanned the torrent's flow ;
 As light and active in my spring
 As playful greyhound on the snow !

How oft I rambled through the wood,
 Or paced along the new turned furrow !
 How pleased I urged my yelping dog
 To start the rabbit from its burrow !

The tangled copses round about
 Appeared familiar with my tread ;
 The glittering adder lingered still ;
 The chirping linnet scarcely fled.

Oh ! those were happy, laughing days ;
 Such that I never thought would leave
 A pensive shadow in my breast,
 Or give my heart a cause to grieve :

To grieve that those who used to be
 My fondest, truest playmates then,
 Should sadly change, since mingled with
 The world, its manners, and its men.

To think I cannot meet a hand
 So warm as those I pressed in youth :
 To find the friendship proffered now
 Has more of treachery than truth.

To know that then in innocence
 I breathed the prayer and bent my knee;
 Laying my heart where altars blaze
 With mercy's incense pure and free.

And now to turn with blushing shame,
 And find a guilty stain within,
 Which darkly tells how much that heart
 Hath learnt of folly and of sin.

Oh! there's a feeling undefined,
 Which no philosophy can smother—
 There is one string more finely tuned
 Within my breast than any other.

'Tis that which rises keenly mute;
 'Tis that which memory plays upon
 When, lurking near some former haunt,
 I muse companionless, alone.

There seems a halo round the spot,
 A mystic spell of joy and sorrow;
 A pensive luxury of thought,
 The soul from nowhere else can borrow

But hold, my pen, thou'rt growing tired
 Of this dull, moralizing strain!
 I'll lay thee down, but still must wish
 That I could be a child again.

TO FANCY.

Spirit of ethereal birth!
Aërial visitant of earth!
Flashing vivid through the soul,
Warm as the spark Prometheus stole;
Hither, Fancy, hither come;
'Neath thine Iris wings I'll roam!

Take me to the crystal caves,
Glassy chambers of the waves;
Where the dolphin's golden back
Splashes gems around its track,
Cleaving through the rocky cells,
Green with weeds, and rich with shells;
Where the Nereids keep their court,
Where the Mermaids hold their sport;
Where the Syren sings to sleep
All the tenants of the deep;
Take me through the proud blue sea,
Show its beauties all to me!

Waft me where the stars appear,
Where the other worlds career;
Let me scan the dazzling scroll
God's hand only can unroll!
Let me hear the saints rejoice,
Giving praise with harp and voice;
Let me tread the welkin round,
Lulled in soft Elysian sound;
Let me rove the fields of light,
Give their glories to my sight!





McNair, del.

H. Acland, sc.

The Mill is in ruins — No welcoming sound

In the Master's Gruff bark and the wheels dashing round.

The Old Water Mill.

Take me where the fairies spring
 Round about their moon-lit ring ;
 Where the dancing elfin sprites
 Consecrate their mystic rites ;
 Lead where Hippocrene's bright fount
 Gushes down the flowery mount ;
 Where Apollo's hand bestows
 Fadeless wreaths on Poets' brows.
 Hither, Fancy, hither come ;
 'Neath thine Iris wings I'll roam.

THE OLD WATER-MILL.

And is this the old mill-stream that ten years ago
 Was so fast in its current, so pure in its flow ;
 Whose musical waters would ripple and thine
 With the glory and dash of a miniature Rhine ?

Can this be its bed ? I remember it well
 When it sparkled like silver through meadow and dell ;
 When the pet-lamb reposed on its emerald side,
 And the minnow and perch darted swift through its tide.

And here was the miller's house, peaceful abode !
 Where the flower-twined porch drew all eyes from the
 road ;
 Where roses and jasmine embowered a door
 That never was closed to the wayworn or poor :

Where the miller, God bless him ! oft gave us " a dance,"
 And led off the ball with his soul in his glance ;
 Who, forgetting grey hairs, was as loud in his mirth
 As the veriest youngsters that circled his hearth.

Blind Ralph was the only musician we had,
 But his tunes—oh, such tunes—would make any heart
 glad!
 “The Roast Beef of Old England,” and “Green grow the
 Rushes,”
 Woke our eyes’ brightest beams and our cheeks’ warmest
 flushes.

No lustre resplendent its brilliancy shed,
 But the wood fire blazed high, and the board was well
 spread;
 Our seats were undamasked, our partners were rough,
 Yet, yet we were happy, and that was enough!

And here was the mill where we idled away
 Our holiday hours on a clear summer day;
 Where Roger, the miller’s boy, lolled on a sack,
 And chorused his song to the merry click-clack.

But lo! what rude sacrilege here hath been done!
 The streamlet no longer purls on in the sun;
 Its course has been turned, and the desolate edge
 Is now mournfully covered with duck-weed and sedge.

The mill is in ruins. No welcoming sound
 In the mastiff’s gruff bark and the wheels dashing round;
 The house, too, untenanted—left to decay—
 And the miller, long dead: all I loved passed away!

This play-place of childhood was graved on my heart
 In rare Paradise colours that now must depart;
 The old water-mill’s gone, the fair vision is fled,
 And I weep o’er its wreck as I do for the dead.

CHILDREN'S WELCOMING.

They were indeed a lovely group
 Of happy sportive creatures,
 With all of beauty that can dwell
 In earthly forms and features.

There was a light in every eye,
 A tint on every cheek,
 So bright, so deep, that rarer ones
 A limner would not seek.

They sprang about the spangled sod
 Like young and gamesome deer;
 And thrillingly their voices fell
 Upon my heart and ear.

With minds of childish innocence
 Unsullied and unbent,
 Though living in a world of sin,
 They knew not what sin meant.

"Come on," they cried, "we've decked your seat
 With fresh-pulled oaken boughs;
 We've gathered flowers, and you must weave
 Them round about our brows!

"We've chased each other down the hill,
 And through the primrose vale,
 But now we'll listen, while you sit
 And tell the promised tale.

“ We’ve run to meet you at the gate,
 And watched and waited long :
 Come on, come on—we’re all right glad
 To have you in our throng ! ”

And then the urchins, clambering up,
 Gave many an earnest kiss ;
 And led me on, with wild delight,
 Towards their fields of bliss.

Oh, how I loved the fairy elves !
 I blessed them, for I knew
 Their inmost thoughts were on their lips,
Their welcoming was true.

There was a strong endearing spell
 Around their artless ways ;
 I feared no treachery ’neath *their* smiles,
 No falsehood in *their* praise.

Let cynics sneer ;—I sat me down
 And wreathed their waving hair ;
 And, pleased as they, ’twere hard to tell
 Which heart was happiest there.

I blessed them all ; and much I doubt
 If Time will ever bring
 Words to my ear more musical
 Than children’s welcoming.

HE LED HER TO THE ALTAR.

He led her to the altar,
But the bride was not his chosen :
He led her, with a hand as cold
As though its pulse had frozen.
Flowers were crushed beneath his tread,
A gilded dome was o'er him ;
But his brow was damp, and his lips were pale,
As the marble steps before him.

His soul was sadly dreaming
Of one he had hoped to cherish ;
Of a name and form that the sacred rites,
Beginning, told must perish.
He gazed not on the stars and gems
Of those who circled round him ;
But trembled as his lips gave forth
The words that falsely bound him.

Many a voice was praising,
Many a hand was proffered ;
But mournfully he turned him
From the greeting that was offered.
Despair had fixed upon his brow
Its deepest, saddest token ;
And the bloodless cheek, the stifled sigh,
Betrayed his heart was broken.

THE SACRILEGIOUS GAMESTERS.

The incident on which the following is founded is related (if my memory errs not) in a work entitled "Sketches of a Sea-Port Town."

The particulars of the circumstances I cannot remember, but the recital amounts to this. A traveller, passing through a country town in the dead of night, saw a light in the church, which equally excited his wonder and curiosity. He procured two companions, and, carrying a ladder, placed it against a window immediately above the altar, from which part the strongest light emanated: one of them ascended, and witnessed a scene of depravity perhaps unequalled. Three young men, of most abandoned character, were seated at the communion-table, engaged in gambling. The wax-candles were lighted; the sacramental wine reeked on their lips; and, to complete the impious orgies, they had exhumed a corpse, and set it at the table among them. The whole, it appeared, had originated in a drunken frolic; but the affair created so much horror and disgust, that the wretched profligates who enacted it were eventually compelled to quit the town. This is the sole outline which my memory will afford: I have taken a little liberty with the subject, which, I believe, most scribblers are allowed to do.

A stranger journeyed through the town,
 One dark and wintry night;
 And, as he passed the ivied church,
 He marked a flitting light:

It shed a restless waving gleam
 Through the Gothic window-pane;
 And now it vanished for a space,
 And now it came again.

He stood and thought it wondrous strange
 That such a scene should be ;
 He stood, and now the pale red beam
 Shone strong and steadily.

He looked around ; all else was dark,
 'Not e'en a star was left ;
 The townsmen slumbered, and he thought
 Of sacrilege and theft.

He roused two sleepers from their beds,
 And told what he had seen ;
 And they, like him, were curious
 To know what it should mean.

They hied together to the church,
 And heard strange sounds within
 Of undistinguishable words,
 And laughter's noisy din !

The window's high ; a ladder, quick,
 Is placed with stealthy care,
 And one ascends—he looks below ;
 Oh ! what a sight is there !

The white communion-cloth is spread
 With cards, and dice, and wine ;
 The flaming wax-lights glare around,
 The gilded sconces shine.

And three of earthly form have made
 The altar-rail their seat,
 With the Bible and the books of prayer
 As footstools for their feet.

Three men, with flashing bloodshot eyes
And burning fevered brows,
Have met within those holy walls
To gamble and carouse.

But the darkest work is not yet told :
Another guest is there,
With the earthworm trailing o'er his cheek
To hide in his matted hair !

He lifted not the foaming cup,
He moved not in his place ;
There was slime upon his livid lips,
And dust upon his face.

The foldings of a winding-sheet
His body wrapped around,
And many a stain the vestment bore
Of the clay from the charnel ground.

A rent appeared, where his withered hands
Fell out on the sacred board ;
And between those hands a goblet stood,
In which bright wine was poured.

Oh ! he was not like the other three,
But ghastly, foul, and cold ;
He was seated there a stiffened corpse,
All horrid to behold.

He had been their mate for many a year,
Their partner many a game ;
He had shared alike their ill-got gold
And their deeply tarnished fame.

He had died in the midst of his career,
As the sinful ever die,
Without one prayer from a good man's heart,
One tear from a good man's eye !

He had died a guilty one, unblessed,
Unwept, unmourned by all ;
And scarce a footstep ever bent
To his grave by the old church wall.

The other three had met that night,
And revelled in drunken glee,
And talked of him who a month ago
Formed one of their company,

They quaffed another brimming glass,
And a bitter oath they swore
That he who had joined their game so oft
Should join their game once more.

And away they strode to the old church wall,
Treading o'er skull and tomb,
And dragged him out triumphantly,
In the midnight murky gloom.

They carry him down the chancel porch,
And through the fretted aisle,
And many a heartless, fiendish laugh,
Is heard to ring the while.

They place him at the hallowed shrine,
They call upon his name,
They bid him wake to life again,
And play his olden game.

They deal the cards :—the ribald jest
 And pealing laugh ring on.
 A stroke—a start—the echoing clock
 Proclaims the hour of one!

And two of the three laugh louder still,
 But the third stares wildly round :
 He drops the cards, as if his hand
 Were palsied at the sound :

His cheeks have lost their deepened flush,
 His lips are of paler hue,
 And fear hath fallen on the heart
 Of the youngest of that crew :

His soul is not yet firmly bound
 In the fetters of reckless sin ;
 Depravity hath not yet wrought
 Its *total* work within :

The strong potation of the night
 Drowned all that might remain
 Of feeling ; and his hand shrunk not
 While madness fired his brain.

But now the charm hath lost its spell,
 The heated fumes have passed ;
 And banished Reason, to her throne
 Usurped, advances fast.

He rises—staggers—looks again
 Upon the shrouded dead :
 A shudder steals upon his frame ;
 His vaunted strength is fled.

He doubts—he dreams—can, can it be ?

A mist is o'er his eyes ;

He stands aghast. "Oh! what is this ?

Where ? where ?" he wildly cries :

"Where am I ?—see the altar-piece—

The Holy Bible : say—

Is this the place where I was brought

A tiny boy to pray ?

"The church—the churchyard too—I know

I have been *there* to-night ;

For what ? Ha ! mercy ! see that corpse !

Oh, hide me from the light !

"I have been deemed a profligate,

A gamester, and a knave,

But ne'er was known to scoff at God

Or violate the grave :

"I've long been what man should not be,

But not what I am now.

Oh, help me ! help ! My tongue is parched !

There's fire upon my brow !

"Oh, save me ! hide me from myself !

I feel my pulses start :

The horror of this drunken crime

Hath fixed upon my heart :

"Again ! I feel the rushing blood

I die !—the unforgiven !

Again, it comes ; all—all is dark—

I choke—Oh ! mercy, Heaven !"

One struggling groan—he reels—he falls—
 On the altar-steps he lies ;
 And the others gasp with fear, for now
Two corpses meet their eyes.

But, hark ! swift footsteps echo round,
 Encircled now they stand ;
 Surprised, detected, they are seized
 By many a grappling hand ;

And soon the dreadful tale is spread,
 And many a finger raised
 To point them out ; while the listening one
 Looks fearfully amazed.

They are shunned by all ; the son, the sire,
 The heedless and the gay ;
 Their old associates leave their side,
 And turn another way.

Hate, Shame, and Scorn have set a mark
 Upon them : one by one,
 Of all they knew, forsakes their path,
 Till they are left alone :

And they have sought another land,
 And breathe another clime ;
 Where men may deem them fellow-men,
 Nor hear their blasting crime :

And gossips, in their native town,
 Even now are heard to tell
 Of the sacrilegious crew that turned
 The old church to a hell.

DUNCAN LEE.

The owl hath left its hiding-place,
 The mist is o'er the sea ;
 And wistfully her longing eyes
 Look out for Duncan Lee.
 The maid who seeks the meeting-spot
 Is ne'er the child of pride ;
 She has no circlet round her arm,
 No greyhound by her side.
 But ah ! her brow betrays a soul
 As deep as soul can be ;
 And dearer to that soul than life
 Is gallant Duncan Lee !
 " Where, where," she cries,
 " My Duncan, art thou roving ;
 The hour is passed,—but yet
 I cannot doubt thy loving."

And now there moves a restless form
 Within the castle hall ;
 It steals from out the noisy group,
 And quits the silk hung wall.
 'Tis Duncan Lee, the wealthy heir
 To all Cathullin's lands ;
 Whose name and tartan keep their place
 Among the kilted bands.
 The sire hath listened to his son,
 The son hath fondly sued ;
 The laird hath given the boy his will
 To wed the one he's woo'd,

Who still is crying, "Where,
 My Duncan, art thou roving ?
 The hour is past,—but yet
 I cannot doubt thy loving."

And now the foot of Duncan Lee
 Is dashing through the heather ;
 And now the moon peeps out, and finds
 The beauteous pair together.
 Oh ! what hallowed bliss is there,
 What rapture in their greeting !
 Her face is flushed with many a smile,
 His heart is wildly beating.
 And soft he whispers in her ear,
 " To-morrow thou shalt be,
 Before the face of heaven and earth,
 The bride of Duncan Lee !"
 No more she's heard to cry,
 " Where, Duncan, art thou roving ?"
 The bridal day is past,
 Their hearts are blest in loving.

MY NATIVE HOME.

I'm back again,—I'm back again
 My foot is on the shore !
 I tread the bright and grassy plain
 Of my native home once more.

My early love! my early love!
 Oh, will she love me now,
 With a darkened tinge upon my cheek,
 And scars upon my brow?
 Yes, that she will,—yes, that she will!
 The flame her youth confessed
 Will never lack its warmth within
 Her pure and constant breast.
 I'm back again,—I'm back again;
 My foot is on the shore;
 I tread the bright and grassy plain
 Of my native home once more.

My early friend! my early friend!
 Oh, will he stretch his hand,
 To welcome back the wanderer
 To his long-forsaken land?
 Yes, that he will,—yes, that he will!
 The vow in boyhood spoken—
 The vow so fond, so true as ours,
 Can ne'er be lightly broken.
 Hail, native clime! hail, native clime!
 Land of the brave and free!
 Though long estranged, thy exile ranged!
 His heart comes back to thee.
 I'm back again, I'm back again!
 My foot is on the shore;
 I tread the bright and grassy plain
 Of my native home once more.

WINTER.

Winter is coming : who cares ? who cares ?
 Not the wealthy and proud, I trow ;
 " Let it come ! " they cry, " what matters to us
 How chilly the blast may blow ?

" We'll feast and carouse in our lordly halls,
 The goblet of wine we'll drain ;
 We'll mock at the wind with shouts of mirth,
 And music's echoing strain.

" Little care we for the biting frost,
 While the fire gives forth its blaze ;
 What to us is the dreary night,
 While we dance in the waxlight's rays ? "

'Tis thus the rich of the land will talk
 But think, oh, ye pompous great !
 That the harrowing storm *ye* laugh at within
 Falls bleak on the *poor at your gate*.

They have blood in their veins, ay, pure as thine !
 But naught to quicken its flow ;—
 They have limbs that feel the whistling gale,
 And shrink from the driving snow.

Winter is coming—oh, think, ye great !
 On the roofless, naked, and old ;
 Deal with them kindly, as man with man,
 And spare them a tithe of your gold.

LOVE.

'Tis well to wake the theme of love
 When chords of wild ecstatic fire
 Flung from the harp, and amply prove
 The soul as joyous as the lyre.

Such theme is blissful when the heart
 Warms with the precious name we pour,
 When our deep pulses glow and start
 Before the idol we adore.

Sing ye, whose doting eyes behold—
 Whose ears can drink the dear one's tone,
 Whose hands may press, whose arms may fold—
 The prized, the beautiful, thine own !

But should the ardent hopes of youth
 Have cherished dreams that darkly fled;
 Should passion, purity, and truth,
 Live on, despairing o'er the dead :

Should we have heard some sweet voice hushed,
 Breathing our name in latest vow ;
 Should our fast heavy tears have gushed
 Above a cold, yet worshipped brow :

Oh ! say, then, can the minstrel choose
 The themes that gods and mortals praise ?
 No, no ; the spirit will refuse,
 And sadly shun such raptured lays.

For who can bear to touch the string
 That yields but anguish in its strain ;
 Whose lightest notes have power to wring
 The keenest pangs from breast and brain ?

“ Sing ye of love in words that burn ? ”
 Is what full many a lip will ask ;
 But love the dead, and ye will learn
 Such bidding is no gentle task.

Oh ! pause in mercy, ere ye blame
 The one who lends not love his lyre ;
 That which *ye* deem ethereal flame
 May be to *him* a torture pyre.

DINNA FORGET ME.

The last time we roved through Lochaber's dark glen,
 When the red blooming heather wi' night-dew was wet,
 You ken, bonnie lass, what you promised me then ?
 You canna forget, love ! you canna forget !

You said when the harvest moon blinked forth again,
 When the gowans' gay hues and the simmer-beams met,
 That the kirk and the gowd ring should make you my ain !
 Dinna forget, love ! oh, dinna forget !

And now the sun glitters o'er brae, and through birk ;
 Though late in the gloaming his bray lingers yet :
 Simmer is come, love ; the ring and the kirk
 Dinna forget, love ; oh, dinna forget !

SONG OF THE SEA-GULLS.

Birds of the land, ye may carol and fly
O'er the golden corn 'neath a harvest sky ;
Your portion is fair 'mid fields and flowers,
But it is not so broad or so free as ours !
Ye are content with the groves and the hills,
Ye feed in the valleys and drink at the rills ;
But what are the joys of the forest and plain
To those we find on the fresh wide main ?

Birds of the land, ye rear your broods
In the lofty tree or tangled woods,
Where the branch may be reft by the howling wind,
Or the prowling schoolboy seek and find !
But we roost high on the beetling rock,
That firmly stands the hurricane's shock ;
Our callow young may rest in a home
Where no shot can reach, and no footstep come.

Birds of the land, ye shrink and hide
As the tempest-cloud spreads black and wide ;
Your songs are hushed in cowering fear
As the startling thunder-clap breaks near !
But the brave gull soars while the deluge pours,
While the stout ship groans and the keen blast roars :
Oh ! the sea-gull leads the gayest life
While the storm-fiends wage their fiercest strife.

We lightly skim o'er the breaker's dash,
Where timbers strike with parting crash ;
We play round the dark hull, sinking fast,
And find a perch on the tottering mast ;

More loud and glad is our shrieking note
 As the planks and spars of the wrecked bark float :
 There live we in revelling glee,
 'Mid the whistling gale and raging sea.

We are not caught and caged to please
 The fondled heirs of wealth and ease ;
 The hands of beauty never come
 With soft caress or dainty crumb ;
 We are not the creatures of petted love,
 We have not the fame of the lark or dove ;
 But our screaming tone rings harsh and wild,
 To glad the ears of the fisher's child.

He hears our pinions flapping by,
 And follows our track with wistful eye,
 As we leave the clouds with rapid whirl
 To dive 'neath the water's sweeping curl :
 He laughs to see us plunge and lave
 While the northern gale is waking the wave ;
 And dances about 'mid sand and spray,
 To mimic the sea-gull's merry play.

We hold our course o'er the deep or the land,
 O'er the swelling tide or weed-grown strand ;
 We are safe and joyous when mad waves roll,
 We sport o'er the whirlpool, the rock, and the shoal,—
 Away on the winds we plume our wings,
 And soar the freest of all free things :
 Oh ! the sea-gull leads a merry life
 In the glassy calm or tempest strife.

OUR NATIVE SONG.

Our native song,—our native song!
 Oh, where is he who loves it not?
 The spell it holds is deep and strong,
 Where'er we go, whate'er our lot.
 Let other music greet our ear
 With thrilling fire or dulcet tone;
 We speak to praise, we pause to hear,
 But yet—oh, yet—'tis not our own!
 The anthem chant, the ballad wild,
 The notes that we remember long—
 The theme we sung with lisp'ing tongue—
 'Tis *this* we love—our native song!

The one who bear's the felon's brand,
 With moody brow and darkened name,
 Thrust meanly from his father-land,
 To languish out a life of shame;
 Oh, let him hear some simple strain—
 Some lay his mother taught her boy—
 He'll feel the charm, and dream again
 Of home, of innocence, and joy!
 The sigh will burst, the drops will start,
 And all of virtue buried long—
 The best, the purest in his heart,—
 Is wakened by his native song.

Self-exiled from our place of birth,
 To climes more fragrant, bright and gay,
 The memory of our own fair earth
 May chance awhile to fade away:

But should some minstrel echo fall,
 Of chords that breathe Old England's fame,
 Our souls will burn, our spirits yearn,
 True to the land we love and claim.
 The high—the low—in weal or woe,
 Be sure there's something coldly wrong
 About the heart that does not glow
 To hear its own, its native song.

LOCH LEVEN'S GENTLE STREAM.

I've gazed upon the rapid Rhine,
 I've seen its waters foam and shine;
 I've watched its cascades, wild and bright,
 Leap proudly on, in rainbow light:
 Its waves have charmed my dazzled eye,
 Like molten silver dashing by:
 Still, still, I could not love the Rhine;
 The land it watered was not mine!
 I sighed to see the moon's mild beam
 Fall on Loch Leven's gentle stream!

I've wandered by the placid Rhone,
 When night was on her starry throne;
 I've looked upon the Tiber's tide,
 And plucked the wild flowers by its side;
 I've heard the gondolier's wild note
 O'er the Lagoons' fair waters float:—
 Still, still, I turned, with willing feet,
 My native North again to greet!
 Again to see the moon's mild beam
 Fall on Loch Leven's gentle stream!

SIR HAROLD THE HUNTER.

Sir Harold, the hunter, was rarely seen
 At rest in his lordly home ;
 But, roughly clad in his forester's green,
 Far over the hills he'd roam.
 With his hounds and his bugle, he greeted the dawn,
 Tracing the roebuck's track ;
 Oft was he seen, at the rosy morn,
 With the wild fawn slung at his back.
 Merrily carolled the bold young knight,—
 " No love, no bride for me !
 I'll never go wooing to beauty bright,
 But live as a hunter free."

Sir Harold, the hunter,—what ails him now ?
 His beautiful dogs are at play ;
 He has thrown aside the twanging bow ;
 His tunic is courtly and gay !
 His quiver is hung where the barbs may rust,
 On high with his hunting spear ;
 His echoing bugle is covered with dust,
 And a softer note comes near.
 Sir Harold is singing, beneath the moon,—
 " List, dearest Ella, to me !
 Life to thy knight is a joyless boon
 If he's parted long from thee."

Sir Harold, the hunter, is often known
 To go forth at the sunset hour :
 He roves in the twilight—but roves not alone
 He leads a fair maid from her bower.

He has doffed his belt and forester's green,
 And shines in a bridal suit :
 Wooing, and wedding, is there, I ween,
 With the priest, the dance, and the lute.
 Merrily carols the gay young knight—
 " Love and my bride for me !
 'Tis better to kneel to beauty bright
 Than live as a hunter free."

MUSIC.

Oh music ! gentle music !
 There's a magic in thy strain ;
 Come where thou wilt, in lady's bower,
 Or on the battle plain.
 The wild harp hath a witching spell
 About its silver strings ;
 Can aught on earth excel the charm
 Its pensive breathing flings ?
 'Tis music's, gentle music's power,
 That steals the listening soul away,
 Till man, entranced in rapture's dream,
 Forgets he wears a form of clay.

Oh, music ! stirring music !
 I have seen the war-steed rest,
 With dust upon his tired limbs,
 And white foam on his chest ;

Stretched, quivering with many a wound,
 Upon the red sod lying,
 His rider leaves him, for he deems
 The gallant charger dying ;
 But hark ! he hears the trumpet's blast,
 He starts, he shakes his clotted mane ;
 Music ! bold music ! fires his blood,
 And brings him to the ranks again.

Oh, music ! mighty music !
 Thou art all of bliss on earth ;
 Thou givest the lover's moonlight tale
 And poet's song their birth.
 There's not a heart, however rude,
 However base it be,
 But hath some slender string that yields
 An answering tone to thee !
 With promised music heaven allures,
 With golden harps, and cherubs' love ;
 Rejoice, then ! that we have below
 A foretaste of the bliss above !

ON SEEING A BIRD-CATCHER.

Health in his rags, Content upon his face,
 He goes th' enslaver of a feathered race :
 And cunning snares, warm hearts, like warblers, take ;
 The one to sing for sport, the other break.

STANZAS.

The wild bee and the butterfly
 Are bright and happy things to see ;
 Living beneath a summer sky,
 And nestling in an orange tree.

The eagle, monarch of the rocks,
 Soars nobly in his lonely flight,
 'Mid lightning streams and thunder shocks,
 The bird of freedom, strength, and might.

The graceful chamois, bounding, leaps
 Where other steps would pause and shrink ;
 He spans the gulf, he climbs the steeps,
 And sports upon the topmost brink.

Blest things of earth, the bright, the brave,
 In lands of serfdom still the free !
 Yet not one privilege ye have
 Is sought or coveted by me.

But I have heard an eastern tale—
 Of creature, patient, mild, and fair,
 Whose faith is never known to fail
 Till man gives more than brute should bear !

Then, meekly proud, its head is bowed,
 With wrong and suffering oppressed,
 To breathe its gentle life away,
 And sink at once in death and rest.

This is the privilege I'd ask—
 When throbbing pulse and aching brow
 Betray how sadly dark the task
 The soul may have to learn below.

Oh, I have lived through many an hour
 That bade my writhing spirit cry—
 "Give me the Lama's fabled power:
 Break, break, my heart, and let me die!"

THE DEAD.

When the clear red sun goes down,
 Passing in glory away;
 And night is spreading her twilight frown
 On the open brow of day;
 When the faintest glimmering trace is gone,
 And all of light is fled,
 Then, then does Memory, sad and lone,
 Call back the dear ones dead.

When the harp's soul-touching chord
 Is roughly frayed and torn;
 When of all tones the string that poured
 The fullest is outworn;
 When it is heard to breathe and break,
 Its latest magic shed;
 Then, then will my warm heart bleed and ache,
 And cherish the kind ones dead.

When the elm's rich leaf is seen
 Losing its freshness fast,
 And paleness steals on its vivid green,
 As the autumn wind moans past ;
 When it eddies to the cold damp ground,
 All crushed beneath the tread ;
 Then, then may the tear in my eye be found,
 For I muse on the fair ones dead.

For, like that orb of light,
 That chord, and shining leaf,
 Forms were once near as rare and bright;
 And, oh ! their stay as brief.
 I watched them fading—I saw them sink,
 Light, beauty, sweetness fled ;
 And a type of their being bids me think
 Too fondly of the dead.

The sun will rise again,
 The string may be replaced,
 The tree will bloom—but the loved in the tomb
 Leaves the world for ever waste.
 Let earth yield all the joys it may,
 Still should I bow my head ;
 Still would my lonely breathing say,
 Give, give me back the dead !

As the thickest verdure springs
 From the ashes of decay,
 And the living ivy closest clings
 To the ruins cold and grey ;
 So my feelings most intense and deep
 By the shrouded and lost are fed ;
 So my thoughts will yearn, and my spirit turn,
 To be nurtured by the Dead.

ROVER'S SONG.

I'm afloat—I'm afloat on the fierce rolling tide ;
 The Ocean's my home ! and my bark is my bride !
 Up, up with my flag ; let it wave o'er the sea ;
 I'm afloat—I'm afloat—and the Rover is free !

I fear not a monarch ; I heed not the law ;
 I've a compass to steer by, a dagger to draw ;
 And ne'er as a coward or slave will I kneel,
 While my guns carry shot, or my belt bears a steel.

Quick—quick—trim her sails ; let her sheets kiss the wind ;
 And I warrant we'll soon leave the sea-gull behind ;
 Up, up with my flag ; let it wave o'er the sea ;
 I'm afloat—I'm afloat—and the Rover is free !

The night gathers o'er us ; the thunder is heard ;
 What matter, our vessel skims on like a bird ;
 What to her is the dash of the storm-ridden main ?
 She has braved it before, and will brave again.

The fire-gleaming flashes around us may fall ;
 They may strike ; they may cleave ; but they cannot appal :
 With lightnings above us, and darkness below,
 Through the wild waste of waters right onward we go.

Hurrah, my brave boys ! ye may drink ; ye may sleep ;
 The storm-fiend is hushed ; we're alone on the deep ;
 Our flag of defiance still waves o'er the sea ;
 Hurrah, boys ! hurrah, boys ; the Rover is free !

THE THAMES.

Let the Rhine be blue and bright
 In its path of liquid light,
 Where the red grapes fling a beam
 Of glory on the stream;
 Let the gorgeous beauty there
 Mingle all that's rich and fair;
 Yet to me it ne'er could be
 Like that river great and free,
 The Thames! the mighty Thames!

Though it bear no azure wave,
 Though no pearly foam may lave,
 Or leaping cascades pour
 Their rainbows on its shore;
 Yet I ever chose to dwell
 Where I heard its gushing swell;
 And never skimmed its breast,
 But I warmly praised and blest
 The Thames! the mighty Thames!

Can ye find in all the world
 A braver flag unfurled
 Than that which floats above
 The stream I sing and love?
 Oh! what a burning glow
 Has thrilled my breast and brow,
 To see that proud flag come
 With glory to its home,
 The Thames! the mighty Thames!



J. Macdunn del.

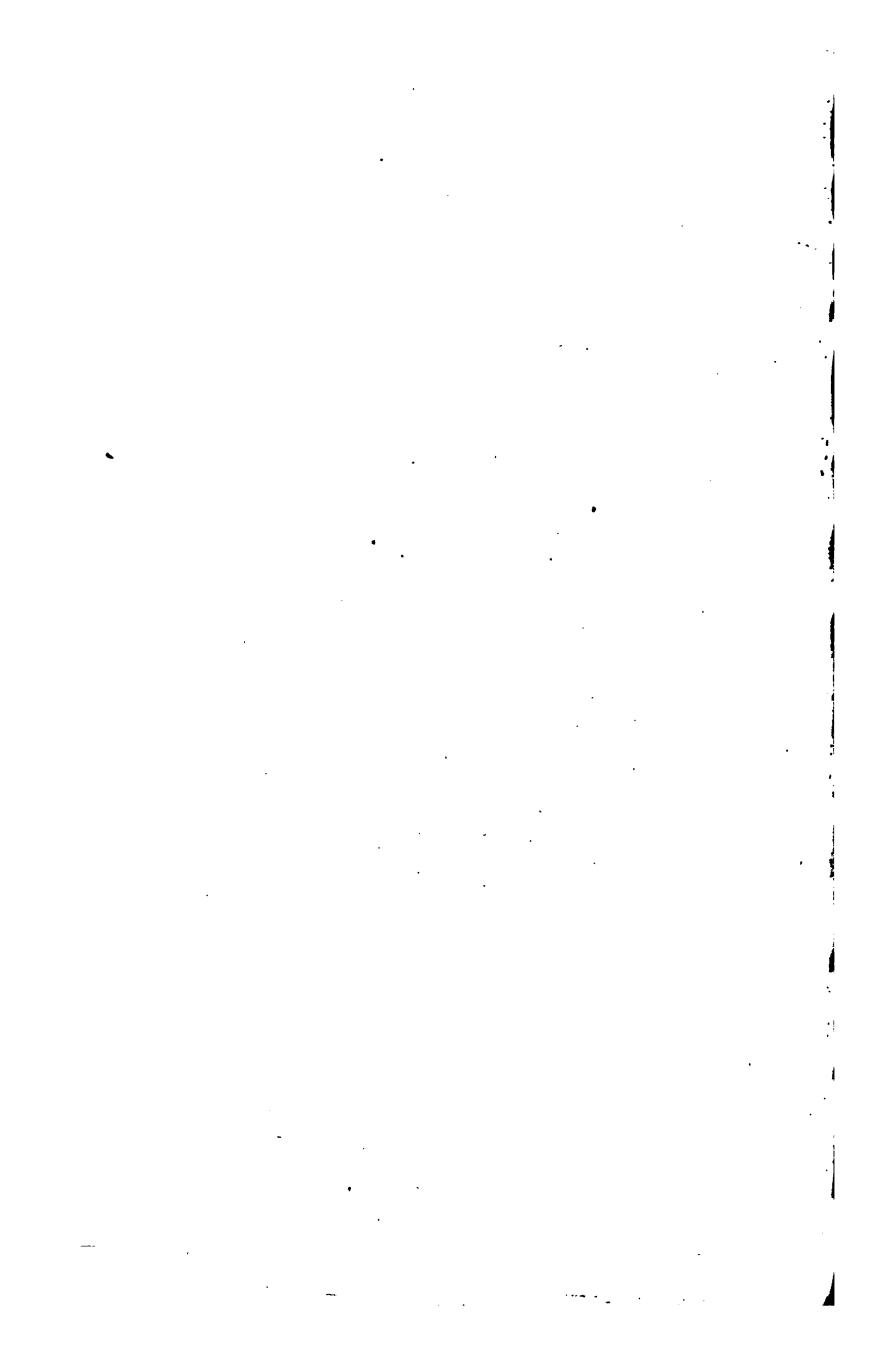
H. Adlard sc.

Yet to me it ne'er could be

Like that river, great and free.

The Thames! the mighty Thames!

The Thames



Did ribs more firm and fast
 E'er meet the shot or blast
 Than the gallant barks that glide
 On its full and steady tide ?
 Would ye seek a dauntless crew,
 With hearts to dare and hands to do ?
 You'll find the foe proclaims
 They are cradled on the Thames,
 The Thames! the mighty Thames !

They say the mountain child
 Oft loves his torrent wild
 So well, that should he part
 He breaks his pining heart ;
 He grieves with smothered sighs
 Till his wearing spirit dies ;
 And so I yearn to thee,
 Thou river of the free,
 My own, my native Thames !

THROUGH THE WATERS.

Through the forest, through the forest, oh ! who would not
 like to roam,
 Where the squirrel leaps right gaily, and the shy fawn makes
 a home ;
 Where branches, spreading high and wide, shut out the
 golden sun,
 And hours of noontide steal away all shadowy and dun ?

'Tis sweet to pluck the ivy sprigs or seek the hidden nest,
 To track the spot where owlets hide and wild deer take their
 rest ;
 Through the forest, through the forest, oh, 'tis passing sweet
 to take
 Our lonely way 'mid springy moss, thick bush, and tangled
 brake !

Through the valley, through the valley, where the glitter-
 ing harebells peep,
 Where laden bees go droning by, and hum themselves to
 sleep ;
 Where all that's bright with bloom and light springs forth
 to greet the day,
 And every blade pours incense to the warm and cloudless
 ray ;
 Where children come to laugh away their happy summer
 hours,
 To chase the downy butterfly, or crown themselves with
 flowers ;
 Through the valley, through the valley, oh, who does not
 like to bask
 Amid the fairest beauties Heaven can give or man can
 ask ?

Through the desert, through the desert, where the Arab
 takes his course,
 With none to bear him company except his gallant horse ;
 Where none can question will or right, where landmarks
 ne'er impede,
 But all is wide and limitless to rider and to steed :
 No purling streamlet murmurs there, no chequered shadows
 fall ;
 'Tis torrid, waste, and desolate, but free to each and all :

Through the desert, through the desert, oh, the Arab
 would not change
 For purple robes or olive trees his wild and burning range !

Through the Waters, through the Waters, ah ! be this the
 joy for me,
 Upon the flowing river, or the broad and dashing sea ;
 Of all that wealth could offer me the choicest boon I'd
 crave

Would be a bold and sturdy bark upon the open wave.
 I love to see the wet sails fill before the whistling breath,
 And feel the ship cleave on as though she spurned the flood
 beneath.

Through the Waters, through the Waters, can ye tell me
 what below
 Is freer than the wind-lashed main, or swifter than the
 prow ?

I love to see the merry craft go running on her side ;
 I laugh to see her splashing on before the rapid tide ;
 I love to mark the white and hissing foam come boiling
 up,
 Fresh as the froth that hangs about the Thunderer's nectar
 cup.

All sail away : ah ! who would stay to pace the dusty
 land,
 If once they trod a gallant ship, steered by a gallant band ?
 Through the Waters, through the Waters, oh, there's not
 a joy for me
 Like racing with the gull upon a broad and dashing sea !

SONG OF THE MARINERS.

The Miser will hold his darling gold
 Till his eyes are glazed, and his hands are cold ;
 The Minstrel one to his wild lyre clings
 As though its chords were his own heart-strings ;
 No dearer boon will the Reveller ask
 Than the draught that deepens the purple flask ;
 But the firmest love-link that can be
 Chains the Mariners bold to the pathless sea.

Choose, ye who will, earth's dazzling bowers,
 But the great and glorious sea be ours ;
 Give us, give us the dolphin's home,
 With the speeding keel, and splashing foam :
 Right merry are we as the sound bark springs
 On her lonely track like a creature of wings.
 Oh ! the Mariner's life is blithe and gay,
 When the sky is fair and the ship on her way.

We love the perilous sea, because
 It will not bend to man or his laws ;
 It ever hath rolled, the uncontrolled,
 It cannot be warped to fashion or mould ;
 Now quiet and fair as a sleeping child ;
 Now rousing in tempests madly wild ;
 And who shall wean the mighty flood
 From its placid dream or passionate mood ?

We are not so apt to forget our God
 As those who dwell on the dry safe sod :
 For we know each leaping wave we meet
 May be a crystal winding-sheet ;
 We know each blustering gale that blows
 May requiem to a last repose ;
 And the chafing tide, as it roars and swells,
 Hath as solemn a tone as the calling bells.

The land has its beauty, its sapphire, and rose ;
 But look on the colours the bright main shows,
 While each billow flings from its pearly fringe
 The lucid jewels of rainbow tinge !
 Go, mark the waters at sunny noon,
 Go, float beneath the full clear moon,
 And cold is the spirit that wakes not there
 With wondering praise and worshipping prayer !

'Tis true, we may sink 'mid deluge and blast,
 But we cope with the strong, we are quelled by the vast ;
 And a noble urn is the foundered wreck,
 Though no incense may burn, and no flower may deck.
 We need no stately funeral car ;
 But, tangled with salt-weeds, and lashed to a spar,
 Down, down below, the Mariners go,
 While thunders volley and hurricanes blow.

But little do we bold Mariners care
 What hour we fall or what risk we dare,
 For the groan on the struggling sailor's lip
 Is less for himself than his dying ship.
 Oh! ours is the life for the free and the brave ;
 We dance o'er the planks that may yawn as a grave,
 We laugh 'mid the foam of our perilous home,
 And are ready for death whene'er it may come. . .

THE STAR OF MY HOME.

I remember the days when my spirit would turn
 From the fairest of scenes and the sweetest of song,
 When the hearth of the stranger seemed coldly to burn,
 And the moments of pleasure for me were too long ;
 For one name and one form shone in glory and light,
 And lured back from all that might tempt me to roam :
 The festal was joyous, but was not so bright
 As the smile of a Mother, the Star of my Home !

I remember the days when the tear filled my eye,
 And the heaving sob wildly disturbed my young breast ;
 But the hand of that loved one the lashes would dry,
 And her soothing voice lull my chafed bosom to rest.
 The sharpest of pain and the saddest of woes,
 The darkest, the deepest of shadows might come ;
 Yet each wound had its balm, while my soul could repose
 On the heart of a Mother, the Star of my Home !

But now let me rove the wide world as I may,
 There's no form to arise as a magnet for me ;
 I can rest amid strangers, and laugh with the gay—
 Content with the pathway, where'er it may be.
 Let Sorrow or Pain fling their gloomiest cloud,
 There's no haven to shelter, no beacon to save ;
 For the rays that e'er led me are quenched by the shroud,
 And the Star of my Home has gone down in the Grave.

THE BRAVE.

For whom are your gyves? for the cowardly one,
 Who would strike in the dark, and steal back in the sun!
 For the felon who never hath used his right hand
 But to injure his brothers and merit the brand?
 Go, fetter the traitor and dastardly spy;
 Let them joylessly live and despairingly die:
 THEY are guerdoned right well with the doom of the slave;
 But away with your chains from the *honestly* Brave!

Could a Wallace or Washington—spirits divine!
 Live on as the captured to languish and pine?
 Should earth show a wall as the dungeon of such,
 Or ought like a fetter profane with its touch?
 No, no! when the destiny woven by Fate
 Gives us power to trample and vanquish the Great,
 Strike, strike in pure mercy; 'twere torture to save;
 Fell at once, but oh! forge not a link for the Brave.

The lion may yield—let him sink, let him bleed;
 But seek not to tame him, to bind, and to lead.
 Launch thy barb, bring the proud eagle down from his
 swoop;
 But a curse on the hand that would build him a coop.
 Oh, give not the noble one trammels to wear,
 Till the heart-strings are snapped by the pressure they
 bear:
 Let him fall like the free—give him death and a grave;
 But never, in mercy, place chains on the brave!

STANZAS TO THE YOUNG.

Long have the wisest lips confessed
 That minstrel ones are far from wrong
 Who "point a moral" in a jest,
 Or yield a sermon in a song.

So be it! Listen ye who will,
 And though my harp be roughly strung,
 Yet never shall its lightest thrill
 Offend the old or taint the young.

Mark me! I ne'er presume to teach
 The man of wisdom, grey and sage;
 'Tis to the growing I would preach
 From moral text and mentor page.

First, I would bid thee cherish Truth
 As leading star in Virtue's train;
 Folly may pass, nor tarnish youth,
 But Falsehood leaves a poison stain.

Keep watch, nor let the burning tide
 Of Impulse break from all control;
 The best of hearts needs pilot-guide
 To steer it clear from Error's shoal.

One wave of Passion's boiling flood
 May all the sea of life disturb;
 And steeds of good but fiery blood
 Will rush on death without a curb.

Think on the course ye fain would run,
 And moderate the wild desire ;
 There's many a one would drive the sun,
 Only to set the world on fire.

Slight not the one of honest worth,
 Because no star adorns his breast :
 The lark soars highest from the earth,
 Yet ever leaves the lowest nest.

Heed but the bearing of a tree,
 And if it yield a wholesome fruit,
 A shallow envious fool is he
 Who spurns it for its forest root.

Let fair humanity be thine,
 To fellow-man and meanest brute :
 'Tis nobly taught—the code's divine—
 Mercy is God's chief attribute.

The coward wretch whose hand and heart
 Can bear to torture aught below,
 Is ever first to quail and start
 From slightest pain or equal foe.

Be not too ready to condemn
 The wrong thy brothers may have done ;
 Ere ye too harshly censure them
 For human faults, ask—"Have I none?"

Live that thy young and glowing breast
 Can think of death without a sigh ;
 And be assured *that* life is best
 Which finds us least afraid to die.

A HOME IN THE HEART.

Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
 Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;
 Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,
 And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.
 But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
 Where love once awakened will never depart:
 Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest,
 And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
 That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care;
 Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
 And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare.
 Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,
 The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may start,
 But a star never dim sheds a halo for him
 Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

 SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Old Time has turned another page
 Of Eternity and Truth;
 He reads with a warning voice to age,
 And whispers a lesson to youth.
 A year has fled o'er heart and head
 Since last the yule log burnt;
 And we have a task to closely ask
 What the bosom and brain have learnt?

Oh, let us hope that our sands have run
 With Wisdom's precious grains !
 Oh, may we find that our hands have done
 Some work of glorious pains !
 Then a welcome and cheer to the merry New Year,
 While the holly gleams above us ;
 With a pardon for the foes who hate,
 And a prayer for those who love us !

We may have seen some loved ones pass
 To the land of hallowed rest ;
 We may miss the glow of an honest brow
 And the warmth of a friendly breast ;
 But if we nursed them while on earth
 With hearts all true and kind,
 Will their spirits blame the sinless mirth
 Of those true hearts left behind ?
 No, no ! it were not well nor wise
 To mourn with endless pain ;
 There's a better world beyond the skies,
 Where the good shall meet again.
 Then a welcome and cheer to the merry New Year
 While the holly gleams above us ;
 With a pardon for the foes who hate,
 And a prayer for those who love us !

Have our days rolled on serenely free
 From Sorrow's dim alloy ?
 Do we still possess the gifts that bless,
 And fill our souls with joy ?
 Are the creatures dear still clinging near ?
 Do we hear loved voices come ?
 Do we gaze on eyes whose glances shed
 A halo round our home ?

Oh, if we do, let thanks be poured
 To Him who hath spared and given,
 And forget not o'er the festive board
 The mercies held from heaven.
 Then a welcome and cheer to the merry New Year,
 While the holly gleams above us;
 With a pardon for the foes who hate,
 And a prayer for those who love us!

THE HOMES OF THE DEAD.

We must not make a home for the dead,
 Nor raise an osiered mound,
 Till the eloquent prayer and priestly tread
 Have sanctified the ground.

But there are those who fall and die
 Upon the desert land,
 With no pall above but the torrid sky,
 No bier but the scorching sand.

No turf is laid, no sexton's spade
 Chimes in with the mourner's groans;
 But the prowling jackal finds a feast,
 And the red sun crumbles the bones.

There are those who go down in the dark wild sea,
 When storms have wrecked proud ships,
 With none to heed what the words may be
 That break from their gurgling lips.

No anthem peal flows sweet and loud,
 No tablets mark their graves,
 But they soundly sleep in a coral shroud
 To the dirge of the rolling waves.

There are those who sink on the mountain path,
 With cold and curdling blood ;
 With the frozen sleet for a funeral sheet,
 And no mates but the vulture brood :

No tolling bell proclaims their knell,
 No memory stone is found ;
 But the snow-drift rests on their skeleton breasts,
 And the bleaching winds sweep round.

There are those who fall on the purple field,
 In glory's mad career :
 Their dying couch—a battered shield,
 Their cross of faith—a spear :

No priest has been there with robes and prayer
 To consecrate the dust :
 Where the soldier sleeps his steed sleeps too,
 And his gore-stained weapons rust.

No cypress waves, no daisy grows,
 Above such pillows of rest ;
 Yet say, are the riteless graves of those
 Unholy or unblest ?

'Tis well to find our last repose
 'Neath the churchyard's sacred sod ;
 But those who sleep in the desert or deep
 Are watched by the self-same GOD.

STANZAS.

They tell us that the deep sea hath
 More dangers than the shore ;
 They whisper tales of ocean wrath,
 And breakers' deadly roar.
 How oft the ruddy cheek will pale
 To leave the earth behind !
 How oft the glowing heart will quail
 Before the tempest wind !
 We fear the billows' dash, but why ?
 There's One to guard and save ;
 There's One whose wide and watchful eye
 Sleeps not above the wave.

Why should the soul withdraw its trust
 Upon the foamy track ?
 HE who gave life, all wise and just,
 Knows when to ask it back,
 Though death were nigh, I would not shrink ;
 My faith, my hope, should rest
 Upon a Maker's will, and think
 Whate'er HE willed the best.
 I'd ever trust the ruling hand,
 Howe'er the storm might rave,
 For HE who watches o'er the land
 Sleeps not above the wave.

WEDDING BELLS.

Twilight shade is calmly falling
 Round about the dew-robed flowers ;
 Philomel's lone song is calling
 Lovers to their fairy bowers ;

Echo, on the zephyrs gliding,
 Bears a voice that seems to say,
 " Ears and hearts, come, list my tidings,
 This has been a wedding-day ! "

Hark ! the merry chimes are pealing,
 Soft and glad the music swells ;
 Gaily on the night-wind stealing,
 Sweetly sound the Wedding Bells.

Every simple breast rejoices ;
 Laughter rides upon the gale ;
 Happy hearts and happy voices
 Dwell within the lowly vale.

Oh, how sweet, on zephyrs gliding
 Sound the bells that seem to say,
 " Ears and hearts, come, list my tidings,
 This has been a wedding-day ! "

Hark ! the merry chimes are pealing,
 Soft and glad the music swells ;
 Gaily on the night-wind stealing,
 Sweetly sound the Wedding Bells.

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

'Tis the streamer of England—it floats o'er the brave—
 'Tis the fairest unfurled o'er the land or the wave ;
 But though brightest in story and matchless in fight,
 'Tis the herald of mercy as well as of might.
 In the cause of the wronged may it ever be first—
 When tyrants are humbled and fetters are burst :
 Be “ Justice ” the war-shout, and dastard is he
 Who would scruple to die 'neath the Flag of the Free !

It may trail o'er the halcyons a bullet-torn rag,
 Or flutter in shreds from the battlement crag ;
 Let the shot whistle through it as fast as it may,
 Till it sweep the last glorious tatter away.
 What matter ! we'd hoist the blue jacket on high,
 Or the soldier's red sash from the spear-head should fly.
 Though it were but a riband, the foeman should see
 The proud signal, and own it—the Flag of the Free !

Have we ever looked out from a far foreign shore,
 To mark the gay pennon each passing ship bore ;
 And watched every speck that arose on the foam,
 In hope of glad tidings from country and home ?—
 Has our straining eye caught the loved colours at last,
 And seen the dear bark bounding on to us fast ?
 Then, then have our hearts learnt how precious can be
 The fair streamer of England—the Flag of the Free !

PRAYER.

How purely true, how deeply warm,
 The inly-breathed appeal may be,
 Though adoration wears no form,
 In upraised hand or bended knee !
 One Spirit fills all boundless space,
 No limit to the when or where ;
 And little recks the time or place
 That leads the soul to praise and prayer.

Father above, Almighty one,
 Creator, is that worship vain
 That hails each mountain as thy throne,
 And finds an universal fane ?
 When shining stars, or spangled sod,
 Call forth devotion, who shall dare
 To blame, or tell me that a GOD
 Will never deign to hear such prayer ?

Oh, prayer is good when many pour
 Their voices in one solemn tone ;
 Conning their sacred lessons o'er
 Or yielding thanks for mercies shown.
 'Tis good to see the quiet train
 Forget their worldly joy and care,
 While loud response and choral strain
 Re-echo in the house of prayer.

But often have I stood to mark
 The setting sun and closing flower ;
 When silence and the gathering dark
 Shed holy calmness o'er the hour.
 Lone on the hills, my soul confessed
 More rapt and burning homage there,
 And served the Maker it addressed
 With stronger zeal and closer prayer.

When watching those we love and prize
 Till all of life and hope be fled ;
 When we have gazed on sightless eyes,
 And gently stayed the falling head ;
 Then what can soothe the stricken heart,
 What solace overcome despair ;
 What earthly breathing can impart
 Such healing balm as lonely prayer ?

When fears and perils thicken fast,
 And many dangers gather round ;
 When human aid is vain and past,
 No mortal refuge to be found ;
 Then can we firmly lean on Heaven,
 And gather strength to meet and bear :
 No matter where the storm has driven,
 A saving anchor lives in prayer.

Oh, God ! how beautiful the thought,
 How merciful the blessed decree,
 That Grace can e'er be found when sought,
 And naught shut out the soul from Thee.
 The cell may cramp, the fetters gall,
 The flame may scorch, the rack may tear ;
 But torture-stake, or prison-wall,
 Can be endured with Faith and Prayer.

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom ;
 In grateful joy, in trying pain ;
 In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb ;
 Oh when is prayer unheard or vain ?
 The Infinite, the King of kings,
 Will never heed the when or where ;
 He'll ne'er reject the heart that brings
 The offering of fervent prayer.

THE KING'S OLD HALL.

Few ages since, and wild echoes awoke
 In thy sweeping dome and panelling oak ;
 Thy seats were filled with a princely band,
 Rulers of men and lords of the land.
 Loudly they raved, and gaily they laughed,
 O'er the golden chalice and sparkling draught ;
 And the glittering board and gem-studded plume
 Proclaimed thee a monarch's revelling room.

But now the spider is weaving his woof,
 Making his loom of thy sculptured roof ;
 The slug is leaving his slimy stain,
 Trailing his way o'er thy Gothic pane ;
 Weeds have gathered and moss hath grown
 On thy topmost ridge and lowest stone ;
 And the wheeling bat comes flapping his wing
 On the walls that circled a banqueting king.

The idle stare and vulgar tread
 May fall where the regal train was spread ;
 The gloomy owl may hide its nest,
 And the speckled lizard safely rest.
 Who were the revellers? where are their forms?
 Go to the charnel, and ask of the worms.
 They are low in the dust, forgotten and past,
 And the pile they raised is following fast.

Oh, man, vain man ! how futile your aim,
 When building your temples to pleasure and fame!
 Go, work for Heaven with Faith and Care ;
 Let good works secure thee a mansion there.
 For the palace of pageantry crumbles away ;
 Its beauty and strength are mocked by decay ;
 And a voice from the desolate halls of kings
 Cries, " Put not your trust in corrupted things ! "

THE LAST LOOK.

Long, long had he waned from life, but now
 Strange faintness drained his breath ;
 An icy paleness stole to his brow—
 The shadow of coming death.
 He gazed around the little room
 Where his happiest hours had been spent,
 Conning the page of poet and sage,
 Or holding merriment :
 He felt he was dying, and calmly took
 A sad, a long, last farewell look.

He threw a glance on all he prized—
 A glance that was glazing and dim :
 He marked the lute unstrung and mute,
 To be touched no more by him :
 He dwelt where the precious volumes lay—
 Those treasures of pure delight,
 That had charmed away the lonely day,
 And solaced the sleepless night—
 Cherished till they had formed a part
 Of idols closest to his heart.

He raised his eye, with a gentle sigh,
 To the picture-blazoned wall,
 And his father's portrait met him there,
 The dearest thing of all !
 He fixed his gaze, and a tremor passed,
 Betraying some sudden pain :
 His dark lids fell : that look was the last !
 He raised them not again :
 He gasped, and murmured falteringly,
 " 'Tis o'er ; now lead me forth to die ! "

But the sand was out, his drooping head
 Sunk heavily on his breast ;
 The chord had snapped and his soul had fled
 Where " the weary are at rest ! "

Years have gone by, but memory still
 E'er yields to his spirit's claim ;
 My cheek will whiten, my eye will fill,
 To hear his whispered name ;
 For the moment passes when he took
 His last, that long, that dying look.

THE SLUMBER OF DEATH.

Peaceful and fair is the smiling repose
 That the breast-cradled slumber of infancy knows ;
 Sound is the rest of the weary and worn,
 Whose feet have been galled with the dust and the thorn :

Sweet is the sleep on the eyelids of youth,
 When they dream of the world as all pleasure and truth ;
 Yet child, pilgrim, and youth shall awaken again
 To the journeys of toil and the trials of pain.

But, oh ! there's a fast and a visionless sleep,
 The calm and the stirless, the long and the deep :
 'Tis the sleep that is soundest and sweetest of all,
 When our couch is the bier, and our night-robe the pall.

No voice of the foe or the friend shall impart
 The proud flush to the cheek or warm throb to the heart :
 The lips of the dearest may seek for the breath,
 But their kiss cannot rouse the cold stillness of death.

'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,
 When all sorrow has passed from the brow and the breast,
 And the lone spirit truly and wisely may crave
 The sleep that is dreamless, the sleep of the grave.

OUR SAILORS AND OUR SHIPS.

How dashing in sun and light the frigate makes her
 way,
 Her white winds spreading full and bright beneath the
 glancing ray!
 The gale may wake, but she will take whatever wind may
 come,
 Fit car to bear the ocean-god upon his crystal home.
 She cleaves the tide with might and pride, like war-horse
 freed from rein,
 She treats the wave like abject slave—the empress of the
 main.
 All, all shall mark the gallant bark, their hearts upon
 their lips,
 And cry, “ Old England, who shall match thy Sailors and
 thy Ships ? ”

Stout forms, strong arms, and dauntless spirits dwell upon
 the deck ;
 True to their cause in calm or storm, in battle or in
 wreck.
 No foe will meet a coward hand, faint heart or quailing
 eye :
 They only know to fall or stand, to live the brave or die.
 The flag that carries round the world a Nelson’s victor
 name
 Must never shield a dastard knave or strike in craven
 shame.
 Let Triumph scan her blazing page, no record shall eclipse
 The glory of old England’s Cross, her Sailors and her
 Ships.

The tempest breath sweeps o'er the sea with howlings of
 despair,
 Death walks upon the waters, but the tar must face and
 bear.
 The bullets hiss, the broadside pours, 'mid sulphur, blood,
 and smoke,
 And prove a British crew and craft alike are hearts of
 oak.
 Oh! ye who live 'mid fruit and flowers—the peaceful, safe,
 and free—
 Yield up a prayer for those who dare the perils of the sea.
 "God and our Right!" these are the words e'er first upon
 our lips;
 But next shall be, "Old England's flag, our Sailors and
 our Ships!"

 STANZAS.

My Joy, my Hopes, let others share,—
 In Grief, I'd play the miser's part;
 My lips, my brow should never bear
 The index of a stricken heart.

If riches were consigned to me,
 No griping hand would clutch the pelf;
 For valueless the gold would be
 If hoarded only for myself.

If Pleasure's cheering rays were mine,
 I would not bask in selfish light,
 But have the circle spread and shine,
 And make all round as glad and bright.

But should my spirit bend and ache
 Beneath some pressing load of woe,
 Unheard the heavy sigh must break,
 Unseen the scalding drop must flow.

With sudden stroke or wearing pain
 The barb might pierce, the worm might feed :
 I'd cloak the wound, I'd hide the chain—
 In secret weep—in silence bleed.

For did my troubled breast reveal
 Its anguish to the world's wide ear,
 The few would grieve, partake, and feel—
 The many would not care to hear.

And could I bear the few, the loved,
 To make my fears and sorrows theirs ?
 Could I e'er wish a bosom moved
 To note and mourn my doubts and cares ?

'Twere easier far to inly groan,
 And let the canker rankle deep ;
 Better the worst of pangs my own
 Than see a dear one watch and weep.

And who among the busy throng
 Would heed my words or mark my tear ?
 The saddest tale, the foulest wrong,
 Might raise a smile or call a sneer.

Oh ! well I know, whate'er my fate,
 I'd meet and brook it firmly proud,
 And rather die beneath the weight
 Than tell it to the soulless crowd.

Joy, Hope, and Wealth, let others share ;
 In *grief* I'd play the miser's part :
 I'd scatter all that's sweet and fair,
 But lock the nightshade in my heart.

CHARLIE O'ROSS, WI' THE SLOE BLACK EEN.

'Tis down in the glen where the wild thistle grows,
 Where the golden furze glitters and bonnie broom blows,
 There dwells the braw laddie, sae gallant and free,
 The laddie wha blithely comes wooing o' me.

You may ken him from a' by his beauty sae rare,
 By the bloom on his cheek, and his dark glossy hair ;
 Oh, there's nane half sae bright on the hills to be seen
 As Charlie O'Ross, wi' the sloe black een.

He looks like a laird, in his bonnet o' blue ;
 His words are sae soft, and his heart is sae true ;
 The sang that he sings is sae sweet, and sae clear,
 That it falls like the mavis's notes on the ear.

To be loved by him dearly is a' my delight ;
 And he'll gang through the heather to meet me to-night ;
 For I promised to lead off the dance on the green,
 Wi' Charlie O'Ross, wi' the slow black een.

THE FISHER BOY JOLLILY LIVES.

Merrily oh! merrily oh!

The nets are spread out to the sun:

Merrily oh! the fisher-boy sings,

Right glad that his labour is done.

Happy and gay, with his boat in the bay,

The storm and the danger forgot;

The wealthy and great might repine at their state,

And envy the fisher-boy's lot.

Merrily oh! merrily oh!

This is the burden he gives;

Cheerily oh! though the blast may blow,

The fisher-boy jollily lives.

Merrily oh! merrily oh!

He sleeps till the morning breaks;

Merrily oh! at the sea-gull's scream

The fisher-boy quickly awakes.

Down on the strand he is plying his hand,

His shouting is heard again;

The clouds are dark, but he springs to his bark

With the same light-hearted strain.

Merrily oh! merrily oh!

This is the burden he gives;

Cheerily oh! though the blast may blow,

The fisher-boy jollily lives.

I THANK THEE, GOD! FOR WEAL AND WOE.

I thank Thee, GOD! for all I've known
 Of kindly fortune, health, and joy;
 And quite as gratefully I own
 The bitter drops of life's alloy.

Oh! there was wisdom in the blow
 That wrung the sad and scalding tear,
 That laid my dearest idol low,
 And left my bosom lone and drear.

I thank Thee, GOD! for all of smart
 That thou hast sent, for not in vain
 Has been the heavy aching heart,
 The sigh of grief, the throb of pain.

What if my cheek had ever kept
 Its healthful colour, glad and bright?—
 What if my eyes had never wept
 Throughout a long and sleepless night?

Then, then, perchance, my soul had not
 Remembered there were paths less fair,
 And, selfish in my own blest lot,
 Ne'er strove to soothe another's care.

But when the weight of sorrow found
 My spirit prostrate and resigned,
 The anguish of the bleeding wound
 Taught me to feel for all mankind.

Even as from the wounded tree
 The goodly, precious balm will pour ;
 So in the rived heart there'll be
 Mercy that never flowed before.

'Tis well to learn that sunny hours
 May quickly change to mournful shade ;
 'Tis well to prize life's scattered flowers,
 Yet be prepared to see them fade.

I thank Thee, GOD! for weal and woe ;
 And, whatsoe'er the trial be,
 'Twill serve to wean me from below,
 And bring my spirit nigher Thee.

STANZAS.—THE TOMB.

Few years ago I shunned the tomb,
 And turned me from a tablet-stone ;
 I shivered in the churchyard gloom,
 And sickened at a bleaching bone.

Then all were round my warm young heart—
 The kindred tie—the cherished form ;
 I knew not what it was to part,
 And give them to the dust and worm.

But soon I lost the gems of earth,
 I saw the dearest cold in death ;
 And sorrow changed my joyous mirth
 To searing drops and sobbing breath.

I stood by graves all dark and deep,
 Pale, voiceless, wrapt in mute despair;
 I left my soul's adored to sleep
 In stirless, dreamless slumber there.

And now I steal at night to see
 The soft, clear moonbeams playing o'er
 Their hallowed beds, and long to be
 Where all most prized have gone before.

Now I can calmly gaze around
 On osiered heaps, with yearning eye,
 And murmur o'er the grassy mound—
 " 'Tis a glorious privilege to die!"

The grave hath lost its conquering might,
 And death its dreaded sting of pain,
 Since they but ope the path of light
 To lead me to the loved again.

MY BIRTHDAY.

Mother, there's no soft hand comes now
 To smooth the dark curls o'er my brow;
 I hear no voice so low and mild
 As that which breathed "my own loved child!"
 No smile will greet, no lips will press,
 No prayer will rise, no words will bless,
 So fond, so dear, so true for me,
 As those I ever met from thee.

Oh! that my soul could melt in tears,
 And die beneath the pain it bears ;
 The grief that springs, the thoughts that goad,
 Become a heavy maddening load ;
 For all that heart and memory blends
 But hotly scathes and sorely rends ;
 And feeling, with its biting fangs,
 Tortures with sharp and bleeding pangs.

My Mother! thou didst prophesy,
 With sighing tone and weeping eye,
 That the cold world would never be
 A kindred resting-place for me.
 Oh, thou wert right! I cannot find
 One sympathetic link to bind,
 But where some dark alloy comes in
 To mar with folly, wrong, or sin.

My Mother! thou didst know full well
 My spirit was not fit to dwell
 With crowds who dream not of the ray
 That burns the very soul away.
 That ray is mine; 'tis held from God,
 But scourges like a blazing rod,
 And never glows with fiercer flame
 Than when 'tis kindled at thy name.

My Mother! thou'rt remembered yet
 With doting love and keen regret ;
 My birthday finds me once again
 In fervent sorrow, deep as vain.
 Thou'rt gone for ever, I must wait
 The will of Heaven, the work of fate ;
 And faith can yield no hope for me
 Brighter than that of meeting thee.

BLUE BELLS IN THE SHADE.

The choicest buds in Flora's train, let other fingers twine ;
 Let others snatch the damask rose, or wreath the eglantine.
 I'd leave the sunshine and parterre, and seek the woodland
 glade,
 To stretch me on the fragrant bed of blue-bells in the shade.

Let others cull the daffodil, the lily, soft and fair,
 And deem the tulip's gaudy cup most beautiful and rare ;
 But give to me, oh, give to me, the coronal that's made
 Of ruby orchis mingled with the blue-bells from the shade.

The sunflower and the peony, the poppy, bright and gay,
 Have no alluring charms for me ; I'd fling them all away.
 Exotic bloom may fill the vase, or grace the high-born maid ;
 But sweeter far to me, than all, are blue-bells in the shade.

THE SMUGGLER BOY.

We stole away at the fall of night,
 When the red round moon was deepening her light,
 But none knew whither our footsteps bent,
 Nor how those stealthy hours were spent ;
 For we crept away to the rocky bay,
 Where the cave and craft of a fierce band lay ;
 We gave the signal cry, " Ahoy !"
 And found a mate in the smuggler boy.

His laugh was deep, his speech was bold,
And we loved the fearful tales he told
Of the perils he met in his father's bark,
Of the chase by day and the storm by dark ;
We got him to take the light boat out,
And gaily and freshly we dashed about,
And naught of pleasure could ever decoy
From the moonlight sail with the smuggler boy.

We caught his spirit, and learnt to love
The cageless eagle more than the dove ;
And wild and happy souls were we,
Roving with him by the heaving sea.
He whispered the midnight work they did,
And showed us where the kegs were hid :
All secrets were ours—a word might destroy—
But we never betrayed the smuggler boy.

We sadly left him, bound to range
A distant path of care and change ;
We have sought him again, but none could relate
The place of his home, or a word of his fate :
Long years have sped, but we dream of him now,
With the red cap tossed on his dauntless brow ;
And the world hath never given a joy
Like the moonlight sail with the smuggler boy.

SONG OF THE IMPRISONED BIRD.

Ye may pass me by with pitying eye,
 And cry " Poor captive thing ! "
 But I'll prove ye are caged as safely as I,
 If ye'll hearken the notes I sing.

I flutter in thrall and so do all ;—
 Ye have bonds ye cannot escape,
 With only a little wider range,
 And bars of another shape.

The noble ranks of fashion and birth
 Are fettered by courtly rule ;
 They dare not rend the shackles that tend
 To form the knave and fool.

The parasite, bound to kiss the hand
 That, perchance, he may loathe to touch ;
 The maiden, high born, wedding where she may scorn
 Oh ! has earth worse chains than such !

The one who lives but to gather up wealth,
 Though great his treasures may be,
 Yet, guarding with care and counting by stealth,—
 What a captive wretch is he !

The vainly proud, who turn from the crowd,
 And tremble lest they spoil
 The feathers of the peacock plume
 With a low plebeian soil ;—

Oh ! joy is mine to see them strut
 In their chosen narrow space ;
 They mount a perch, but ye need not search
 For a closer prison place.

The being of fitful curbless wrath
 May fiercely stamp and rave ;
 He will call himself free, but there cannot be
 More mean and piteous slave ;—

For the greatest victim, the fastest bound
 Is the one who serves his rage :
 The temper that governs will ever be found
 A fearful torture cage.

Each breathing spirit is chastened down
 By the hated or the dear ;
 The gentle smile or tyrant frown
 Will hold ye in love or fear.

How much there is self-will would do,
 Were it not for the dire dismay
 That bids ye shrink, as ye suddenly think
 Of “ What will my neighbour say ? ”

Then pity me not ; for mark mankind,
 Of every rank and age ;
 Look close to the heart, and ye'll ever find,
 That each is a bird in a cage.

THE WILLOW TREE.

Tree of the gloom, o'erhanging the tomb,
 Thou seem'st to love the churchyard sod ;
 Thou ever art found on the charnel ground,
 Where the laughing and happy have rarely trod.
 When thy branches trail to the wintry gale,
 Thy wailing is sad to the hearts of men ;
 When the world is bright in a summer's light,
 'Tis only the wretched that love thee then.
 The golden moth and the shining bee
 Will seldom rest on the Willow Tree.

The weeping maid comes under thy shade,
 Mourning her faithful lover dead ;
 She sings of his grave in the crystal wave,
 Of his sea-weed shroud and coral bed.
 A chaplet she weaves of thy downy leaves,
 And twines it round her pallid brow ;
 Sleep falls on her eyes while she softly sighs,
 " My love, my dearest, I come to thee now !"
 She sits and dreams of the moaning sea,
 While the night wind creeps through the Willow Tree.

The dying one will turn from the sun,
 The dazzling flowers, and luscious fruit,
 To set his mark in thy sombre bark,
 And find a couch at thy moss-clad root.
 He is fading away like the twilight ray,
 His cheek is pale and his glance is dim ;
 But thy drooping arms, with their pensive charms,
 Can yield a joy till the last for him ;
 And the latest words on his lips shall be,
 " Oh, bury me under the Willow Tree !"

STANZAS.

They told me in my earlier years,
 Life was a dark and tangled web ;
 A gloomy sea of bitter tears,
 Where Sorrow's influx had no ebb.

But such was vainly taught and said,
 My laugh rang out with joyous tone ;
 The woof possessed one brilliant thread
 Of rainbow colours, all my own.

They talked of trials, sighs, and grief,
 And called the world a wilderness,
 Where dazzling bud or fragrant leaf
 But rarely sprung to cheer and bless.

But there was one dear precious flower
 Engrafted in *my* bosom's core,
 Which made my home an Eden bower,
 And caused a doubt if heaven held more.

I boasted—till a mother's grave
 Was heaped and sodded—then I found
 The sunshine stricken from the wave,
 And all the golden thread unwound.

Where was the flower I had worn
 So fondly, closely, in my heart ?
 The bloom was crushed, the root was torn.
 And left a cureless, bleeding part.

Preach on who will—say “Life is sad,”
 I'll not refute as once I did ;
 You'll find the eye that beamed so glad
 Will hide a tear beneath its lid.

Preach on of woe ; the time *hath* been
 I'd praise the world with shadeless brow :
 The dream is broken—I have seen
 A mother die :—I'm silent now.

FIRE.

Blandly glowing, richly bright,
 Cheering star of social light ;
 While I gently heap it higher,
 How I bless thee, sparkling fire !
 Who loves not the kindly rays
 Streaming from the tempered blaze ?
 Who can sit beneath his hearth
 Dead to feeling, stern to mirth ?
 Who can watch the crackling pile,
 And keep his breast all cold the while ?

Fire is good, but it must *serve* :
 Keep it thrall'd—for if it swerve
 Into freedom's open path,
 What shall check its maniac wrath ?
 Where's the tongue that can proclaim
 The fearful work of curbless flame ?
 Darting wide and shooting high,
 It lends a horror to the sky ;

It rushes on to waste, to scare,
 Arousing terror and despair ;
 It tells the utmost earth can know,
 About the demon scenes below ;
 And sinks at last all spent and dead,
 Among the ashes it has spread.
 Sure the poet is not wrong
 To glean a moral from the song.
 Listen, youth ! nor scorn, nor frown,
 Thou must chain thy Passions down :
 Well to serve, but ill to sway,
 Like the Fire they must *obey*.
 They are good in subject state
 To strengthen, warm, and animate ;
 But if once we let them *reign*,
 They sweep with desolating train,
 Till they but leave a hated name,
 A ruined soul, and blackened fame.

LINES TO THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Lady, perchance my untaught strain
 May little suit a royal ear ;
 But I would break my lyre in twain
 Ere aught it yield be insincere.

There's been enough of dulcet tone
 To praise thy charms and greet thy youth ;
 But I, though standing by thy throne,
 Would proudly dare to sing the truth.

I cannot join the minstrel throng
 Who pour idolatrous pretence;
 Because I deem such fulsome song
 Must sadly pall upon thy sense.

Thou art a star, whose leading light
 Must beacon through a stormy way;
 Shine out, and if thou guidest aright,
 Our hearts will bless the saving ray.

If thou wouldst walk a better path
 Than regal steps have chiefly trod,
 So sway thy sceptre, that it hath
 Some glorious attributes of GOD.

Peace, Mercy, Justice, mark *His* reign,
 And these should dwell with all who rule;
 Beware! resist the poison bane
 Of tyrant, knave, or courtier fool.

Thou hast been trained by goodly hand
 To fill thy place of mighty care;
 And Heaven forbid that Faction's band
 Should turn our hopes to blank despair.

Lean on thy people, trust their love,
 Thou'lt never find a stronger shield;
 The "toiling herd" will nobly prove
 What warm devotion they can yield.

Remember, much of weal or woe
 To millions, rests alone with thee;
 Be firm, and let Old England show
 A nation happy, wise, and free.

STANZAS.

I've tracked the paths of the dark wild wood,
 No footfall there but my own ;
 I've lingered beside the moaning flood,
 But I never felt alone.
 There were lovely things for my soul to meet,
 Rare work for my eye to trace :
 I held communion close and sweet
 With a Maker—face to face.

I have sat in the cheerless, vacant room,
 At the stillest hour of night,
 With naught to break upon the gloom
 But the taper's sickly light ;
 And there I have conjured back again
 The loved ones, lost and dead,
 Till my swelling heart and busy brain
 Have hardly deemed them fled.

I may rove the waste or tenant the cell,
 But *alone* I never shall be ;
 While this form is a home where the spirit may dwell ;
 There is something to mate with me.
 Wait till ye turn from my mindless clay ;
 And the shroud o'er my breast is thrown,
 And then, but not *till* then, ye may say,
 That I am left alone !

SONG OF THE SUN.

Supreme of the sky—no throne so high—
 I reign a monarch divine ;
 What have ye below that doth not owe
 Its glory and lustre to mine ?
 Has Beauty a charm I have not helped
 To nurture in freshness and bloom ?
 Can a tint be spread—can a glance be shed
 Like those I deign to illumine ?
 Though ye mimic my beams, as ye do and ye will,—
 Let all galaxies meet, I am mightiest still !

The first red ray that heralds my way,
 Just kisses the mountain top ;
 And splendour dwells in the cowslip bells
 While I kindle each nectar drop :
 I speed on my wide refulgent path,
 And Nature's homage is given ;
 All tones are poured to greet my adored
 As I reach the blue mid-heaven,
 And the sweetest and boldest, the truly free,
 The lark and the eagle come nearest to me.

The glittering train so praised by man,
 The moon, night's worshipped queen,
 The silvery scud, and the rainbow's span,
 Snatch from me their colours and sheen.

I know when my radiant streams are flung,
 Creation shows all that is bright,
 But I'm jealous of naught save the face of the young
 Laughing back my noontide light :
 I see nothing so pure or so dazzling on earth,
 As childhood's brow with its halo of mirth.

My strength goes down in the crystal caves,
 I gem the billow's wide curl,
 I paint the dolphin and burnish the waves,
 I tinge the coral and pearl.
 Love ye the flowers? What power, save mine,
 Can the velvet rose unfold?
 Who else can purple the grape on the vine,
 Or flush the wheat-ear with gold?
 Look on the beam-lit wilderness spot—
 'Tis more fair than the palace, where I come not.

Though giant clouds ride on the whirlwind's tide,
 And gloom on the world may fall,
 I yet flash on in gorgeous pride,
 Untarnished, above them all.
 So the pure warm heart for awhile may appear,
 In probations of sorrow and sin,
 To be dimmed and obscured, but trial or tear
 Cannot darken the spirit within.
 Let the breast keep its truth, and Life's shadows may roll,
 But they quench not, they reach not the Sun nor the Soul.

A SUMMER SKETCH.

'Tis June, 'tis merry, smiling June,
 'Tis blushing Summer now ;
 The rose is red—the bloom is dead—
 The fruit is on the bough.

Flora, with Ceres, hand in hand,
 Bring all their smiling train ;
 The yellow corn is waving high,
 To gild the earth again.

The bird-cage hangs upon the wall,
 Amid the clustering vine ;
 The rustic seat is in the porch,
 Where honeysuckles twine.

The rosy, ragged urchins play
 Beneath the glowing sky ;
 They scoop the sand, or gaily chase
 The bee that buzzes by.

The household spaniel flings his length
 Along the stone-paved hall ;
 The panting sheep-dog seeks the spot
 Where leafy shadows fall.

The petted kitten frisks among
 The bean-flowers' fragrant maze ;
 Or, basking, throws her dappled form
 To court the warmest rays.

The opened casement, flinging wide,
 Geraniums gives to view ;
 With choicest posies ranged between,
 Still wet with morning dew.

'Tis June, 'tis merry laughing June,
 There's not a cloud above ;
 The air is still, o'er heath and hill,
 The bulrush does not move.

The pensive willow bends to kiss
 The stream so deep and clear ;
 While dabbling ripples, gliding on,
 Bring music to mine ear.

The mower whistles o'er his toil
 The emerald grass must yield ;
 The scythe is out, the swath is down,
 There's incense in the field.

Oh ! how I love to calmly muse
 In such an hour as this ;
 To nurse the joy Creation gives,
 In purity and bliss !

There is devotion in my soul
 My lip can ne'er impart ;
 But thou, oh God ! will deign to read
 The tablet of my heart.

And if that heart should e'er neglect
 The homage of its prayer,
 Lead it to Nature's altar-piece,—
 'Twill always worship there.

THE WELCOME BACK.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,
 Where all will spring to meet us ;
 Where hands are striving as we come,
 To be the first to greet us.
 When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath,
 And care been sorely pressing,
 'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
 And find a fireside blessing.
 Oh, joyfully dear is the homeward track,
 If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What do we reck on a dreary way,
 Though lonely and benighted,
 If we know there are lips to chide our stay,
 And eyes that will beam love-lighted ?
 What is the worth of your diamond ray,
 To the glance that flashes pleasure ;
 When the words that welcome back betray
 We form a heart's chief treasure ?
 Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
 If we are but sure of a welcome back.

WHILE THE CHRISTMAS LOG IS BURNING.

Hail to the night when we gather once more
All the forms we love to meet;
When we've many a guest that's dear to our breast,
And the household dog at our feet.
Who would not be in the circle of glee
When heart to heart is yearning—
When joy breathes out in the laughing shout
While the Christmas log is burning?

'Tis one of the fairy hours of life,
When the world seems all of light;
For the thought of woe, or the name of a foe,
Ne'er darkens the festive night.
When bursting mirth rings round the hearth,
Oh! where is the spirit that's mourning,
While merry bells chime with the carol rhyme,
And the Christmas log is burning?

Then is the time when the grey old man
Leaps back to the days of youth;
When brows and eyes bear no disguise,
But flush and gleam with truth.
Oh! then is the time when the soul exults,
And seems right heavenward turning;
When we love and bless the hands we press,
While the Christmas log is burning.

THE ACORN.

Beautiful germ! I have set thee low
 In the dewy earth—strike, spring, and grow!
 Oh! cleave to the soil, and thou mayst be
 The king of the woods, a brave, rare tree.
 Acorn of England, thou mayst bear
 Thy green head high in the mountain air:
 Another age, and thy mighty form
 May scowl at the sun and mock at the storm.

A hundred years, and the woodman's stroke
 May fiercely fall on thy heart of oak:
 Let Time roll on and thy planks may ride
 In glorious state o'er the fathomless tide.
 Thou mayst baffle the waters, and firmly take
 The winds that sweep and waves that break;
 And thy vaunted strength shall as nobly stand
 The rage of the sea as the storm on the land.

A hundred years, and in some fair hall
 Thou mayst shine as the polished wainscot wall;
 And ring with the laugh and echo the jest
 Of the happy host and the feasting guest.
 Acorn of England! deep in the earth
 Mayst thou live and burst in flourishing birth;
 May thy root be firm and thy broad arms wave,
 When the hand that plants thee is cold in the grave.

TO A CRICKET.

Merry cricket, twittering thing,
 How I love to hear thee sing!
 Chirping tenant, child of mirth,
 Minstrel of the poor man's hearth!—
 Stay, merry Cricket, stay and be
 Companion in our jollity.

Winter days are round us now,
 Stormy winds and falling snow;
 Pelting hail is rattling fast,
 Driven by the northern blast;
 Dark December's dreary night
 Needs the fagots' blazing light:
 Grandsires tell the goblin tale,
 Urchins listen,—mute and pale;
 Mistletoe is hung on high;
 Christmas tide is drawing nigh;—
 Stay, merry Cricket, stay, and be
 Partner in our jollity.

Holly branches deck the walls
 Of peasants' cots and barons' halls;
 Scarlet berries peep between,
 Twined with laurel, darkly green,
 Close commingled, rudely bound,
 Sacredly they wreath around.—
 Polished tankards grace the board;
 Racks and cellars yield their hoard;

Flowing ale, with cheering zest,
 Animates the song and jest ;
 Wine, rich sparkling, greets the lip,
 Such as Bacchus' self might sip ;
 Such that Horace might have sung
 Praises of with honest tongue ;
 Giving to the world its name,
 Sharing the Falernian fame.—
 Laughing voices, bounding feet,
 In many a happy circle meet ;
 Sports and feasting make the hours
 Light as those in summer bowers ;—
 Stay, then, merry Cricket, stay,
 Tarry with the glad and gay.

Spring about the oaken floor,
 Dread not pussy's murderous paw ;
 Dainty crumbs and fragments rare
 Shall be scattered for thy fare ;
 Gambol in thy covert warm,
 None shall chase thee, naught shall harm ;
 I will guard thee, for I dote
 Upon thy timid whistling note.

Stay, then, merry Cricket, stay,
 Tarry with the glad and gay ;
 Share our blazing fire, and be
 Partner in our jollity.

ANACREONTIC.

Wine! Wine! Wine!
 Thou purple stream of bliss;
 Thy Lethe powers drown bygone hours,
 And make a heaven of this.
 Go, look upon the boundless sky,
 Where shining planets roll;
 There's none can match the sparkling eye,
 When Wine lights up the soul!
 Let monarchs say, their Eastern gems
 All other gems surpass;
 We'll show them brighter in the drops
 That stud each draining glass;
 Wine! Wine! Wine!
 Thou purple stream of bliss;
 Thy Lethe powers drown bygone hours,
 And make a heaven of this.

There's beauty round that might entice
 The angels as of yore:
 Once drawn to Earth by such a charm,
 They'd seek the sky no more.
 There's music, soft and thrilling—hark!
 What magic in the strain!
 'Twere madness for to listen long,
 Come, fill the glass again.
 Wine! Wine! Wine!
 Thou purple stream of bliss;
 Thy Lethe powers drown bygone hours,
 And make a heaven of this.

Young Bacchus reels about our board
 With face like morning's blush ;
 His cheeks have pilfered from the grapes
 Their rich carnation flush.
 The rosy rogue around to-night
 A treble rapture flings ;
 He revels with Apollo's lyre,
 And Cupid's burning wings.
 Wine! Wine! Wine!
 Thou purple stream of bliss ;
 Thy Lethe powers drown bygone hours,
 And make a heaven of this.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

The Holly! the Holly! oh, twine it with bay—
 Come give the Holly a song ;
 For it helps to drive stern winter away,
 With his garments so sombre and long.
 It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,
 And its leaves of burnished green,
 When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,
 And not even the daisy is seen.
 Then sing to the Holly, the Christmas Holly,
 That hangs over peasant and king :
 While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,
 To the Christmas Holly we'll sing.

The gale may whistle, and frost may come,
 To fetter the gurgling rill ;
 The woods may be bare, and the warblers dumb—
 But the Holly is beautiful still.

In the revel and light of princely halls,
 The bright Holly-branch is found ;
 And its shadow falls on the lowliest walls,
 While the brimming horn goes round.
 Then drink to the Holly, &c.

The ivy lives long, but its home must be
 Where graves and ruins are spread ;
 There's beauty about the cypress tree,
 But it flourishes near the dead :
 The laurel the warrior's brow may wreath,
 But it tells of tears and blood.
 I sing the Holly, and who can breathe
 Aught of *that* that is not good ?
 Then sing to the Holly, &c.

SAY, OH! SAY, YOU LOVE ME!

By the gloom that shades my heart,
 When, fair girl, from thee I part ;
 By the deep impassioned sigh,
 Half suppressed when thou art nigh ;
 By the heaving of my breast,
 When thy hand by mine is pressed ;
 By these fervent signs betrayed ;
 Canst thou doubt my truth, sweet maid ?
 Then say, oh ! say, you love me !

By the joy that thrills my frame,
 To hear another praise thy name ;
 By my mingled dread the while,
 Lest that one should woo thy smile ;
 By the flush that dyes my cheek,
 Telling what I ne'er could speak ;
 By these fervent signs betrayed,
 Canst thou doubt my truth, sweet maid ?
 Then say, oh ! say, you love me !

Heart and soul, more fond than mine,
 Trust me, never can be thine ;
 Heart and soul, whose passion pure,
 Long as life shall thus endure.
 Take, oh ! take me, let me live
 On the hope thy smiles can give ;
 See me kneel before my throne ;
 Take, oh ! take me, for thine own,
 And say, oh ! say, you love me !

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Let the scholar and divine
 Tell us how to pray aright ;
 Let the truths of Gospel shine
 With their precious hallowed light ;
 But the prayer a mother taught
 Is to me a matchless one ;
 Eloquent and spirit-fraught
 Are the words—"Thy will be done."

Though not fairly understood,
Still those words, at evening hour,
Imply some Being, great and good,
Of mercy, majesty, and power.
Bending low on infant knee,
And gazing on the setting sun,
I thought that orb his home must be,
To whom I said—"Thy will be done."

I have searched the sacred page,
I have heard the godly speech,
But the lore of saint or sage
Nothing holier can teach.
Pain has wrung my spirit sore,
But my soul the triumph won,
When the anguish that I bore
Only breathed—"Thy will be done."

They have served in pressing need,
Have nerved my heart in every task,
And howsoever my breast may bleed,
No other balm of prayer I ask.
When my whitened lips declare
Life's last sands have almost run,
May the dying breath they bear
Murmur forth—"Thy will be done."

FILL MY GLASS, BOY, FILL UP TO THE BRIM !

Fill my glass, boy ; fill up to the brim ;
 Here's to thee, dear, my life and my love !
 Though thy truant one roved from thy side for awhile,
 He's returned to thee fond as a dove.

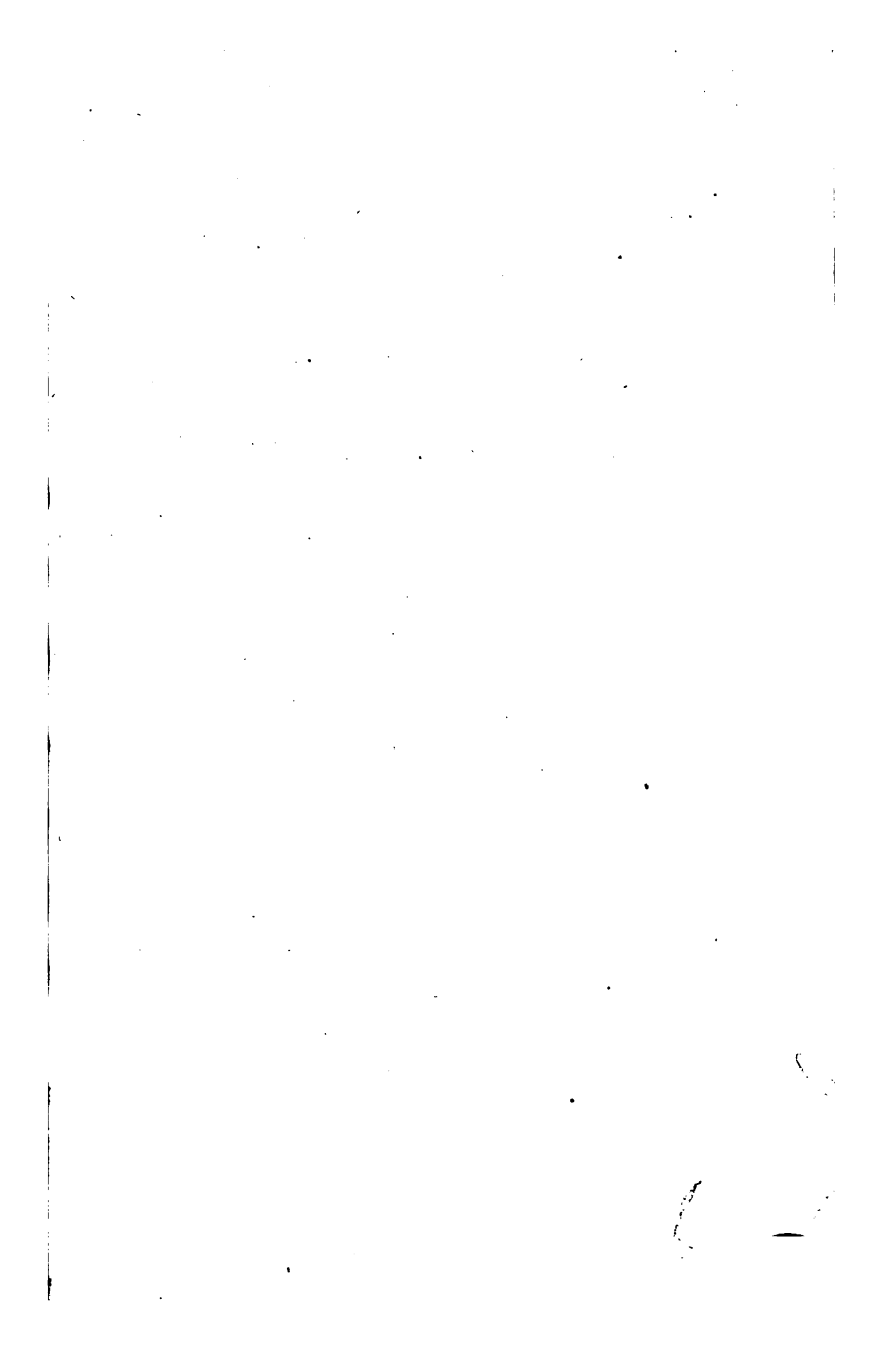
I've wandered, and sportively sought
 For another like Venus and thee ;
 But found I had looked on the sun too long,
 For aught else to be bright to me.

Like Adam, I mournfully sighed,
 To get back to my Eden of bliss ;
 For there's naught half so radiant on earth as thy smile,
 Nor so sweet as the fruit of thy kiss.

Like the mate of the glow-worm, I found
 I had left one so brilliant behind,
 That backward I flew, lest the gem should be lost,
 Which a sultan right gladly would find.

And truly I turn to thine eye,
 As the Mussulman turns to the flame ;
 And the faith I this moment so zealously hold,
 Shall in death, love, continue the same.

Fill my glass, boy ; fill up to the brim ;
 Here's to thee, dear, my life and my love !
 Though thy truant one roved from thy side for awhile,
 He's returned to thee fond as a dove.





J. H. Wainwright

H. Adlard sc.

But the marble shall crumble, the pillar shall fall,

And Time, Old Time, will be King after all.

Song of Old Time

SONG OF OLD TIME.

I wear not the purple of earth-born kings,
 Nor the stately ermine of lordly things;
 But monarch and courtier, though great they be,
 Must fall from their glory and bend to me.
 My sceptre is gemless; yet who can say
 They will not come under its mighty sway?
 Ye may learn who I am,—there's the passing chime,
 And the dial to herald me—Old King Time!

Softly I creep, like a thief in the night,
 After cheeks all blooming and eyes all light;
 My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow,
 In the deep-worn furrows and locks of snow.
 Who laughs at my power? the young and the gay;
 But they dream not how closely I track their way.
 Wait till their first bright sands have run,
 And they will not smile at what Time hath done.

I eat through treasures with moth and rust;
 I lay the gorgeous palace in dust;
 I make the shell-proof tower my own,
 And break the battlement, stone from stone.
 Work on at your cities and temples, proud man,
 Build high as ye may, and strong as ye can;
 But the marble shall crumble, the pillar shall fall,
 And Time, Old Time, will be king after all.

SONG OF THE GOBLET.

I have kept my place at the rich man's board
 For many a waning night,
 Where streams of dazzling splendour poured
 Their galaxy of light :
 No wilder revelry has rung
 Than where my home has been ;
 All that the bard of Teos sung,
 Has the golden goblet seen ;
 And what I could tell, full many might deem
 A fable of fancy, or tale of a dream.

I have beheld a courteous band
 Sit round in bright array ;
 Their voices firm, their words all bland,
 And brows like a cloudless day :
 But soon the guests were led by the host
 To dash out Reason's lamp ;
 And then GOD's noble image had lost
 The fineness of its stamp :
 And their sober cheeks have blushed to hear
 What they told o'er to me without shame or fear.

Their loud and tuneless laugh would tell
 Of a hot and reeling brain ;
 Their right arms trembled, and red wine fell
 Like blood on a battle-plain.

The youth would play the chattering ape,
 And the grey-haired one would let
 The foul and sickening jest escape
 Till I've loathed the lips I've met ;
 And the swine in the dust, or the wolf on its prey,
 Gave less of sheer disgust than they.

The drunkard has filled me again and again
 'Mid the roar of a frantic din,
 Till the starting eyeballs told his brain
 Was an Etna pile within.
 Oh! sad is the work that I have done
 In the hands of the sot and fool ;
 Cursed and dark is the fame I have won,
 As Death's most powerful tool :
 And I own that those who greet my rim
 Too oft will find their bane on the brim.

But all the golden goblet has wrought
 Is not of the evil kind ;
 I have helped the creature of mighty thought,
 And quickened the godlike mind.
 As gems of first water may lie in the shade,
 And no lustre be known to live,
 Till the kiss of the noontide beam has betrayed
 What a glorious sheen they can give :
 So, the breast may hold fire that none can see,
 Till it meet the sun-ray shed by me.

I have burst the spirit's moody trance,
 And woke it to mirth and wit,
 Till the soul would dance in every glance
 Of eyes that were rapture lit.

I have heard the bosom all warm and rife
 With friendship, offer up
 Its faith in heaven, its hope on earth,
 With the name it breathed in the cup!
 And I was proud to seal the bond
 Of the truly great and the firmly fond.

I have served to raise the shivering form
 That sunk in the driving gale ;
 I have fanned the flame that famine and storm
 Had done their worst to pale ;
 The stagnant vein has been curdled and cold
 As the marble's icy streak ;
 But I have come, and the tide hath rolled
 Right on to the heart and cheek ;
 And bursting words from a grateful breast
 Have told the golden goblet was blest.

Oh! Heaven forbid that bar or ban
 Should be thrown on the draught I bear ;
 But woeful it is that senseless man
 Will brand me with sin and despair.
 Use me wisely, and I will lend
 A joy ye may cherish and praise ;
 But love me too well, and my potion shall send
 A burning blight on your days.
 This is the strain I sing as ye fill—
 "Beware! the goblet can cheer or kill."

WASHINGTON.

Land of the west! though passing brief the record of
thine age,

Thou hast a name that darkens all on History's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be loudest
far,

Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er
depart;

'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the
coldest heart;

A war-cry fit for any land where Freedom's to be won:
Land of the West! it stands alone—it is thy Washington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave; but stain was on
his wreath:

He lived the heartless conquerer, and died the tyrant's
death.

France had its eagle; but his wings, though lofty they
might soar,

Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in
murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have
chained the waves—

Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world
of slaves—

Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely
waded on.

Oh, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Wash-
ington!

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to
 defend;
 And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.
 He strove to keep his country's right by Reason's gentle
 word,
 And sighed when fell Injustice threw the challenge—
 sword to sword.
 He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and
 sage;
 He showed no deep avenging hate—no burst of despot
 rage.
 He stood for Liberty and Truth, and daringly led on,
 Till shouts of Victory gave forth the name of Washington!

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with
 grief;
 No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor-
 chief:
 He broke the gyves of Slavery with strong and high
 disdain,
 And cast no sceptre from the links when he had crushed
 the chain.
 He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings
 down,
 To change them for a regal vest, and don a kingly crown.
 Fame was too earnest in her joy, too proud of such a son—
 To let a robe and title mask her noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine—my loved, my native
 earth—
 The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that mother
 birth!

Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy
 shore,
 And faltering my breath, that sighed, "Farewell for ever-
 more!"
 But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to
 dwell
 Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's song
 to tell.
 Away, thou gallant ship! I'd cry, and bear me swiftly
 on;
 But bear me from my own fair land to that of Washington.

SONNET,

WRITTEN AT THE COUCH OF A DYING PARENT.

'Tis midnight! and pale Melancholy stands
 Beside me, wearing a funereal wreath
 Of yew and cypress: the faint dirge of Death
 Moans in her breathing, while her withered hands
 Fling corse-bedecking rosemary around.
 She offers nightshade, spreads a winding-sheet,
 Points to the clinging clay upon her feet,
 And whispers tidings of the charnel-ground.
 Oh! pray thee, Melancholy, do not bring
 These bitter emblems with thee; I can bear
 With all but these—'tis these, oh God! that wring
 And plunge my heart in maddening despair.
 Hence, for awhile, pale Melancholy, go!
 And let sweet slumber lull my weeping woe.

LOVE'S FIRST DREAM.

Bright is the froth of an eastern wave,
 As it plays in the sun's last glow ;
 Pure is the pearl in its crystal bed,
 Gemming the worlds below ;
 Warm is the heart that mingles its blood
 In the red tide of Glory's stream ;
 But more flashingly bright, more pure, more warm,
 Is Love's first Dream.

Hope paints the vision with hues of her own,
 In all the colours of Spring ;
 While the young lip breathes like a dewy rose
 Fanned by the fire-fly's wing.
 'Tis a fairy scene, where the fond soul roves,
 Exulting in Passion's warm beam ;
 Ah, sad 'tis to think we should wake with a chill,
 From Love's first Dream.

But it fades like the rainbow's brilliant arch,
 Scattered by clouds and wind ;
 Leaving the spirit, unrobed of light,
 In darkness and tears behind.
 When mortals look back on the heartfelt woes
 They have met with in Life's rough stream,
 That sigh will be deepest which Memory gives
 To Love's first Dream.

TIME.

Oh, never chide the wing of Time,
Or say 'tis tardy in its flight!
You'll find the days speed quick enough,
If you but husband them aright.

Thy span of life is waning fast;
Beware, unthinking youth, beware!
Thy soul's *eternity* depends
Upon the record *moments* bear!

Time is indeed a precious boon,
But with the boon a task is given;
The heart must learn its duty well
To man on earth, and God in heaven.

Take heed, then, play not with thine hours,
Beware, unthinking youth, beware!
The one who acts the part he ought,
Will have but little Time to spare.

THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.

There are hearts—stout hearts—that own no fear
 At the whirling sword or the darting spear,—
 That are eagerly ready to bleed in the dust,
 'Neath the sabre's cut or the bayonet's thrust;
 They heed not the blows that Fate may deal
 From the murderer's dirk, or the soldier's steel:
 But lips that laugh at the dagger of strife
 Turn silent and white from the surgeon's knife.

Though bright be the burnish and slender the blade,
 Bring it nigh, and the bravest are strangely afraid;
 And the rope on the beam or the axe on the block
 Have less terror to daunt and less power to shock.
 Science may wield it, and danger may ask
 The hand to be quick in its gory task:
 The hour with torture and death may be rife,
 But death is less feared than the surgeon's knife.

It shines in the grasp—'tis no weapon for play,
 A shudder betrays it is speeding its way;
 While the quivering muscle and severing joint
 Are gashed by the keen edge and probed by the point.
 It has reeked in the dark and welling flood
 Till purple and warm with the heart's quick blood;
 Dripping it comes from the cells of life,
 While glazing eyes turn from the surgeon's knife.

Braggarts in courage, and boasters of strength,
 At the cannon's mouth or the lance's length,
 Ye who have struggled sword to sword,
 With your wide wounds drenching the battle sward—
 Oh, boast no more till your soul be found
 Unmoved with a breathless silence round,
 And a dread of the grave and a hope of life,
 That rest on the work of the surgeon's knife !

LOVE ON.

Love on, love on, the soul *must* have a shrine—
 The rudest breast must find *some* hallowed spot ;
 The God who formed us left no spark divine
 In him who dwells on earth, yet loveth not.
 Devotion's links compose a sacred chain
 Of holy brightness and unmeasured length ;
 The world with selfish rust and reckless stain
 May mar its beauty, but not touch its strength.

Love on, love on—ay, even though the heart
 We fondly build on proveth like the sand ;
 Though one by one Faith's corner-stones depart,
 And even Hope's last pillar fails to stand :
 Though we may dread the lips we once believed,
 And know their falsehood shadows all our days,
 Who would not rather trust and be deceived,
 Than own the mean, cold spirit that betrays ?

Love on, love on, though we may live to see
The dear face whiter than its circling shroud,
Though dark and dense the gloom of Death may be,
Affection's glory yet shall pierce the cloud.
The truest spell that Heaven can give to lure,
The sweetest prospect Mercy can bestow,
Is the blest thought that bids the soul be sure
'Twill meet above the things it loved below.

Love on, love on—Creation breathes the words—
Their mystic music ever dwells around ;
The strain is echoed by unnumbered chords,
And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound.
As flowers keep springing though their dazzling bloom
Is oft put forth for worms to feed upon,
So hearts, though wrung by traitors and the tomb,
Shall still be precious, and shall still love on.

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